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SONG FOR JUNE.

WORDS BY E. P. DYER.

COMPOSED BY L. MARSHALL.

Dolcezza.

mp

1. When Sum - mer suns are shin - ing hot, And June with grace re - pos - es In ma - ny a sweet
 2. The balm - y air, the leaf - y shade, The Floral month's pro - fus - ion, A - round my happy
 3. I re - cog - nise the won - drous hand, Which sets the fields a - bloom - ing, And call to mind the
 4. The bowers of Par - a - dise are fair, More fair than June with ros - es: And ma - ny a happy

Din.

SONG FOR JUNE, Concluded.

enchanting spot, A-mid the bloom of roses,
 home displayed. Seems so much like ill - us - ion,
 flow - ery land, Where an - gel wings are pluming,
 home is there, Where ma - ny a saint reposes;

I love to think of happy home, Of no spot am I fonder, Where-
 of - ten ask, 'Can this be earth, This scene of lavish beauty, Where
 To fly abroad o'er vernal vales Along life's rolling river: And
 And many a harp, to glory strung, Awakens deep e - mo - tion, Of

c'er on earth my heart may roam, Where'er my footsteps wander.
 thoughts of E - den - bliss have birth, As well as thoughts of duty?
 won - der if when this home falls, I there shall dwell for-ev-er.
 love, in bo - som's ev - er young, And glowing with e-mo-tion.

JOHN WICKLIFF.

THIS English proto-reformer was born A. D., 1324, in the village of Wickliff, in Yorkshire, on the river Tees. Then the Papacy had gathered strength in England from the days of Thomas Becket, at first Chancellor of the realm, and subsequently Archbishop of Canterbury, who is regarded by historians of the Catholic Church as a hero and a saint, but by others as a hypocrite and a traitor. At that time, the pontificate was hardly less influential in England than the throne, as we learn from the fact that Henry II., who sought to reform clerical abuses by the Constitution of Clarendon, who was the opponent of Becket, and whose servants assassinated him in the cathedral, was constrained by public sentiment to do penance at the martyr's tomb, where the monks drew blood from his bare shoulders with their scourges.

This power continued and increased with little variation during the reigns of Richard I., and Henry III., and the first three Edwardses. Indeed, it received no effectual check till Wickliff, in the reign of Edward III. This reformer was educated at Oxford University, where he distinguished himself in theology and the philosophy of Aristotle—many of whose works he committed to memory. He was also a proficient in law, in the original Hebrew and Greek Scriptures, and in the works of the Latin fathers. He was a severe student, a profound scholar, a sarcastic writer, and a subtle disputant.

One of his earliest literary productions was a treatise against the authority of the Pope. He sedulously opposed the efforts of the mendicant friars who endeavored to exert a controlling influence over the university, exposing their arts and intrigues. In 1361, he was elected President of Canterbury College in this university; but his disputes with the ecclesiastics, and his opposition to their intolerance, procured his expulsion.

But subsequently having taken the degree of doctor of divinity, then no unmeaning title, he delivered lectures to

crowded assemblies with great applause. He had thrown down the gauntlet, and the champions of the Roman See had taken it up. The war had commenced — on one side the Papacy; on the other, Wickliff and his followers, Edward III. and his courtiers. In publications and discourses, this champion of reform assailed not only the monks and their loose morals, but the pontiff and the corrupt and unscriptural doctrines of the Roman hierarchy, denouncing the Pope as anti-Christ, a proud, worldly priest, the most cursed of clippers and purse-cutters. He urged upon the people the study of the inspired volume and the trial by this infallible standard of the faith and practice of the Catholic Church and of its priesthood, inveighed against their doctrine of visible church unity, of the supremacy of Peter among the apostles, and of the Roman among churches, of transubstantiation or the conversion of the sacramental elements into the literal body and blood of Christ, of the absolute nullity of the official acts of any and all ecclesiastics involved in mortal sin, of the impropriety and unscripturalness of large temporal possessions vested in the clergy, of the folly and sin of confession to a priest where contrition is sincere, of the parity of the clergy, and of the sufficiency of Scripture as a rule of faith and practice. These were among the sentiments which Luther subsequently defended at Worms and Calvin at Geneva, the cardinal points of the reformation.

The pontiff and his allies, being over-matched in argument, and finding the general conviction and sympathy of the people supporting their opponents, resorted to ecclesiastical authority and physical force. The vatican thundered, because the Pope's bull was disregarded, and Wickliff was cited to appear before a council in London with the Archbishop of Canterbury at its head, who was authorized to try the cause, and to demand, if necessary, the assistance of the civil power to suppress what was falsely denominated the heresy of this reformer. Crowds from city and country flocked to St. Paul's church to witness the trial. The excitement extended to the remotest parts of the kingdom, inspiring hope in the advocates of the new doctrines and alarming the fears of

their opponents. The king died before the decisive day arrived, but the royal authority, in the person of the Duke of Lancaster and other noblemen, protected the reformer and opposed the violence of the bishops, so that the assembly broke up in a tumult, and Wickliff escaped.

But he was next cited to appear at Lambeth, where he presented a paper explanatory of his sentiments, which his opponents very properly thought it prudent to pronounce satisfactory, probably because Gregory XI. had died before the London meeting and the popedom was divided between the two pontiffs, Urban II. and Clement VII. ; and with it were also divided the infallibility of his highness and the visible unity of the papacy.

But the spirit of opposition which Wickliff had roused survived the death of Gregory. In his lectures in Oxford and his publications, he had expressed himself so strongly against transubstantiation that the vice-chancellor and other officers of the university passed sentence against him, and the Archbishop of Canterbury summoned him to London for trial.

His friends prevailed with him not to obey the summons, and the government of the university sent the commissioners appointed to try his cause a recommendation of him for eminent learning, piety and orthodoxy.

Yet his sentiments were condemned, and a royal edict procured and sent to the chancellor and protectors of the university, requiring the immediate expulsion from Oxford of himself and his adherents. He retired to his parish in Lutterworth, where he continued the undisturbed discharge of his ministerial duties, and completed his translation of the Bible from the Latin vulgate into the English language. Soon after his arrival at this place he was seized with a slight shock of palsy ; but he continued his labors till 1384, when the attack was repeated in his pulpit, from which he was borne by his parishoners who were ardently attached to him, and soon died in the sixtieth year of his age.

In the pulpit he was a Boanerges, in controversy an Achilles, and among the luminaries of the religious firmament, the morning star of the reformation. His followers, who

became numerous, were denominated Wickliffites, or by a vulgar term of reproach, Lollards. His writings, some of which have come down to our time, inspired with love of truth the minds of Huss and Jerome, of Prague in Bohemia; of Luther and other reformers in Central Europe. Their influence in Germany may be learned from the action of the council of Constance, which condemned his sentiments as heretical, and ordered his bones to be dug up and burnt—a sacrilegious sentence which was executed in 1425. But that conflagration gave new light to the world, and awoke to more vigorous and powerful action the enemies of papal oppression. It burnt up the Roman yoke that had galled for ages the neck of religious liberty, and gave her freedom and scope for personal development and the world's reformation. She still lives to execute her mission and to shout, as the engineery of arbitrary power and ecclesiastical oppression crumbles to atoms, "Glory to God in the highest."

A LANDSCAPE.

BY J. MONTGOMERY.

Sweet was the scene! apart the cedars stood,
A sunny islet open'd in the wood;
With vernal tints the wild-brier thicket glows,
For here the desert flourish'd as the rose;
From sapling trees with lucid foliage crown'd,
Gay lights and shadows twinkled on the ground:
Up the tall stems luxuriant creepers run,
To hang their silver blossoms in the sun;
Deep velvet verdure clad the turf beneath,
Where trouder flowers their richest odors breathe:
O'er all, the bees with murmuring music flew
From bell to bell, to sip the treasured dew;
Whilst insects myriads, in their solar gleams,
Glanced to and fro, like intermingling beams;
So fresh, so pure, the woods, the sky, the air,
It seem'd a place where angels might repair,
And tune their harps beneath those tranquil shades
To morning songs or moonlight serenades.

CHATEAU DE RAMBOUILLET.

BY REV. E. PORTER DYER.

Rambouillet (pronounced Ram'boo-eel'ya) is a delightful and somewhat noted town in the North of France. It is situated in the department of Seine-et-Oire. In geographical position it lies twenty-seven miles south-west from Paris, seventeen from Versailles, and thirty north-east from Chartres. The railroad from Chartres to Paris passes directly through the town, and somewhat disturbs its ancient air of tranquility.

The population of Rambouillet does not much exceed five thousand souls. In the beauty or extent of its woodland scenery, it cannot compare with St. Germain. Nor can it claim the antiquity of Dreux, which the Anglo-Normans ravaged near the close of the twelfth century, nor compare with it in public buildings generally, nor in manufactures. But it has become somewhat celebrated by the successful efforts of the unfortunate Louis XVI., about the time of the French revolution, to establish here a Model Farm. On this farm some experiments were made in wool-growing, and here were kept the first Merino sheep imported into France. When it is remembered that France (out of Paris) is emphatically an agricultural and horticultural country, that scarcely one fifth of its whole population is occupied in manufactures, and a very large proportion of the residue are fruit-raisers and vine-dressers, and farmers generally, it may easily be supposed that the Model Farm established by the King of such a country would be a model farm indeed. Such is the farm at Rambouillet.

Aside from this, Rambouillet is distinguished for a fine old Chateau, not, perhaps, so magnificent as that of St. Germain, a century ago, yet occupied formerly as one of the royal residences of the Kings of France.

Here Francis I., Duke of Angoulême, the great-great-grandson of Charles V., breathed his last. During a noble reign of thirty-two years on the throne of France, though engaged much of the time in war with his great rival, Charles V. of Germany, he won for himself the enviable reputation of an able statesman

and warrior, a patron of literature, and an accomplished gentleman. He is reputed to have been likewise a popular sovereign. But even Kings are subject to the reverses of fortune, and it was so at length with Francis I. At the battle of Pavia, in 1525, he was taken prisoner, and expired, as already observed, in the Chateau of Rambouillet, in 1547.

When Charles X., successor to Napoleon, was on his way to Charbourg, in 1830, he made this Chateau his temporary summer residence.

This venerable pile is beautifully situated on a branch of the Eure River, which empties into the Seine near Louvres. It is a fine old castellated building, three stories in height, surmounted by Lutheran windows, and surrounded by numerous round and square turrets piercing the sky. Its basement is almost hidden from view by luxuriant shrubbery, and masses of thick foliage of dark rich green. Its gardens are laid out and adorned with such taste and skill as might become the summer residence of the ancient kings of the French. These are protected on two sides by walls of solid masonry. The beautiful stream at the base of these walls, sweeps gracefully round the Chateau on two sides, and by the sheen of its sparkling waters enhances the loveliness of the landscape.

In rear of the gardens the eye rests on shady groves, which offer cool retreats for summer rambles. Just over the stream, southward, stand tall old trees, none the less ornamental because of spontaneous growth. Across the stream, westward, stands a noble old mansion, which by its elegant rural surroundings seems fit to be the Palace of the Model Farm. Within the walls which protect the garden of the Chateau from the current, the building is encompassed by a high iron fence which gives the retreat at once an air of strength and security.

The lithographic view of this old establishment and its environs, as executed by Vander, is fine, and exhibits it as a charming place to one fond of rural scenery and sequestered walks. No wonder the Kings of France loved its seclusion, before the superior charms of Versailles and its proximity to Paris presented more powerful attractions as a royal residence.

A PLACE WITHOUT SICKNESS.

BY REV. CYRUS MANN.

“THERE is a place where there is no sickness,” said a little child who was suffering with a severe attack of scarlet fever. He was a bright, lovely boy of six years, and had for many days endured great pain ; anxious parents had watched about him, fearing that the dear object of their hopes was soon to be taken from them, and that all their fond expectations were to be crushed. The mind of the little sufferer was unusually active, and where does he now look for comfort ? In what does he now repose for quietness and support ? He knows that his condition is critical, and that he may never recover. The toys and amusements of childhood can no longer satisfy and delight the restless spirit ; it flies upward to that home of which it had often heard in the Sabbath school and from the lips of believing parents. Impressions had been made upon the heart which could not be effaced by the raging fever ; chords had been touched which reached beyond the grave and which would vibrate during future existence. There is a natural conviction, that the spirit will survive the ravages of death, and be susceptible of joy or sorrow amidst the unwasting ages of immortality. This conviction exists to some extent in the darkest regions of paganism. It has been common among all nations and is deeply implanted in the soul by the hand of the Creator. There are fairer fields and brighter days than earth affords with all its variegated beauty and loveliness, with all its charms and attractions. With whatever can regale the appetite and gratify the senses with pleasure, the mind leaps forward to something higher and nobler than this world presents, something more enduring and unfading than can be found in the present imperfect state.

What, then, is the great want of human nature, the one thing needful to the completion of its desires and wishes ? For what should parents most of all seek in behalf of their children to secure their highest happiness ? It is true piety,

the love and favor of the Redeemer, confidence in a Father who can relieve every suffering, whose bounty can supply every want, whose care can reach every condition and shed sweet peace and celestial light through the dark valley. Here we are assailed with almost innumerable diseases at the very dawn of our existence. The first tones heard from the little infant are cries of pain. Could he express his feelings, what a catalogue of sufferings would he relate. Joyous as are the days of youth, they are overcast with many a cloud, and the frail tabernacle is shaken with many a storm and tempest. The young need, and must have, a refuge to flee too in the time of trouble. Their anticipations must rest on something future, on a place where there is fulness of joy and pleasures forever more.

To be adapted to their comprehension, heaven must be a place. Nearly all the ideas of the young are derived from locality. Their conceptions require something visible and tangible, like the objects seen around them. That which is purely spiritual, or simple space, invisible and ethereal, is too abstract for their minds. It does not move and effect them, and call forth their earnest longing and panting for its attainment. Accordingly, the Scriptures uniformly represent heaven as a place. It is a city, whose builder and maker is God. It is described as having in it whatever is most desirable and adapted to our wants. There is "a pure river of the water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life which bore twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month." In such representations there may be much that is figurative, and yet they forcibly imply locality. Without idea of the place, we can scarcely conceive of heaven as a reality. It appears as a thing of the imagination, and fails essentially of filling and satisfying the mind.

Heaven is a place where sickness and pain never come. This world is a vale of tears. The groans of the sick and dying are wafted on every breeze. "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain until now." The pestilence

is in the city, and it becomes a vast hospital resounding with the cry of disease and death. The destroyer is in the wilderness and the solitary places, and there is no escape from his grasp. What multitudes are attacked on the wide ocean and find a watery grave. Sickness lurks beneath every opening flower.

“In his grief, man seems
Like the young tree, bowed low, as from its top
Some strong hand tears away the clinging vine,
Breaks by degrees the innumerable ties
Of branches and soft tendrils intertwined,
But, when quite parted, rising, and despoiled
Of all its own with all its borrowed bloom,
Standing, in naked loneliness, sublime.”

But no inhabitant of heaven shall ever say, I am sick. None will ever be called to watch around their agonizing friends, or wipe the cold sweat from their feverish brow, or wet the parched tongue and the quivering lip. Sighing and sorrow will then forever cease and all tears will be wiped away. The bloom of youth will never fade, the strength of manhood will never weaken, nor tire, nor be paralyzed. Every power of body and of mind will flourish in immortal vigor. The eye will never grow dim, nor the voice falter in the song of redeeming love, nor the heart faint in swift and cheerful obedience to the mandates of Jehovah. Eternal spring and unwithering joys will tune every harp in the realms of bliss.

Heaven is a beautiful place. Many things are beautiful on earth. The blossoms of spring, the fields clothed with verdure, the forests decked in lovely attire, the bow in the clouds and the sun shining in his strength, fill us with admiration and delight. We are charmed with the beauties of art, with the delicate painting, the elegant and magnificent edifice, and the statuary which “almost makes the marble speak;” but all these fall immeasurably below the realities of the spiritual and, to us, invisible world. Bring together all that charms us most in this probationary state, and concentrate all the beauties of earth, and they are as nothing, compared with the glories which shine around the eternal

throne and adorn the mansions, where the Creator displays his "all-sufficiency" to make the bliss of every inhabitant complete. In the description of the upper sanctuary, the spirit of inspiration has exhausted all the stores of metaphor which language can supply or imagination reach. Every thing there is infinitely beautiful, bright and glorious, without one defect to mar or detract from its lustre. There are streets of gold and gates of pearl, and the foundations of the walls of the city are garnished with all manner of precious stones. The glorious sun of that world is obscured by no cloud, no dark night. The beauteous scenes and prospects of the hills and fields of paradise never fade. The leaf doth not wither, the blossoms diffuse immortal fragrance. Every countenance beams with joy and loveliness. There is no sin, no deformity in the blest inhabitants of that world. They are clothed in white, and the last stain has been washed from their robes in the blood of the Lamb. The rich variety of whatever can adorn and exalt, which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, and which the heart of man hath not conceived, is always in view. Say, ye redeemed from among men, ye inhabitants of the brighter, better world, is there any loss of beauty or grandeur which you have sustained by exchanging the objects of time for those nobler works of God in the celestial paradise? Would you not weep to be recalled from those blissful abodes to dwell again amidst the imperfections and trials of earth? "All here is empty shade, all there is solid ground."

Heaven is a home. Here are realized all the endearments which that word expresses. Home is the centre of our affections, the source of our joys. To that dear spot the thoughts fly from the remotest regions of the earth. The mariner, tossed on the raging seas, thinks of home; the wanderer in the wiles of Africa dwells in imagination on the loved ones whom he has left behind; the soldier, rushing to the conflict, remembers the hearts which will bleed for him should he fall on the battle-field; and the missionary of the cross, in the dark regions of paganism, yearns over the kin-

dred and friends from whom he is so widely separated. Kane and his company, in the frozen regions of the Arctic, and Fremont, buried in the snows of the Rocky Mountains, long for the dear home which may never greet them again. Every disciple of Jesus looks to heaven as his final abode, as the consummation of all his hopes. To the great family of the redeemed he feels united by stronger ties than any which bind him to earth. There is the elder Brother, whose affection never abates, the infinite Father, an ocean of love, from whose fulness every want is satisfied, and the spirits of the just made perfect, stamped with the same image, and glowing with the same zeal, with the same high and enraptured emotions of gratitude and praise. In this home there is the same mutual sympathy and delight in each other. The soul of each is dear to all. Confidence knows no abatement, friendship no alloy, for all are perfect as their Father in heaven is perfect.

Heaven is a place of purity. On earth the believer seems to be sanctified but in part. He loves the holy and perfect law of God and desires to be wholly conformed to its pure precepts; but temptations allure, the remains of corruption turn him aside, and he often laments his imperfection. But in heaven he will be purified from all sin. Every feeling and emotion will there be holy; the whole heart and soul will be poured into every act of obedience; it will be rendered with the alacrity of the angels of light, and be in perfect conformity with the will of the Supreme. Like the wrapt seraphim the whole being will be absorbed in the beatific vision of God and the Lamb. Selfishness will there be lost forever. To please and honor the Father of spirits will be the delightful employment of the multitude who surround the eternal throne. As those who were brethren and friends in Christ meet there, they will be clothed in white and love each other with a perfect love. No imperfection will mar their felicity or interrupt their mutual affection and confidence. They will be changed from glory to glory, and their only emulation will be to serve the great King with all

their powers. No whisper of envy will be heard in those regions of the blessed. No serpent will lurk beneath the flowers of Eden to tempt the higher or lower. No sin can ever enter those peaceful bowers, "those holy gates forever bar pollution, sin and shame."

We learn how to make home happy. To say nothing of intellectual and physical education, parents and guardians should make assiduous efforts to recover their children from the ruin which sin has induced, by inculcating religious principles and enforcing them by parental example. Let the mind be early imbued with the precious truths of the gospel; let the light from heaven shine into it, and it will be like the cheering ray of the sun in the morning. The clouds of sorrow will be dispersed, the storm of angry passion will pass away and cheerfulness will pervade the domestic circle. A calm and delightful peace will alleviate every suffering and heighten the joyousness of prosperity. Home will be a little paradise begun on earth to be perfected beyond the grave.

What a blessing are pious parents to their children. By their prayers, counsels and fidelity, their offspring learn to "tread the road to endless joy." They will be secured against the allurements of vice and the blandishments of the wicked. They will enjoy the smiles of a Father in heaven, whose favor is life and his loving kindness is better than life. It is said of the illustrious statesman of Marshfield, that "to the close of his life, he retained that reverence for the Bible and the religion it inculcates, which his excellent parents taught him in infancy." Here were the true elements of his greatness and his surpassing, world-wide influence. Ye parents, as you value the happiness and future usefulness of your children, labor incessantly to fit them, through divine grace and assistance, for the mansions of purity and bliss. Direct their thoughts and affections upward in the morning of life, and let not your solicitude for them cease till Christ is formed in them the hope of glory. Blend in your earliest instructions those associations which will cheer them in their moments of sorrow, and buoy up

their spirits with the assurance, "that there is a place where there is no sickness."

"There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven ;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.
There, fragrant flowers, immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given ;
There, rays divine disperse the gloom :—
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven."

THE CROSS.

Blest they who seek,
While in their youth,
With spirit meek
The way of truth.
To them the Sacred Scriptures now display
Christ as the only true and living way ;
His precious blood on Calvary was given
To make them heirs of endless bliss in heaven.
And e'en on earth the child of God can trace
The glorious blessings of his Savior's grace.

For them he bore
His Father's frown ;
For them he wore
The thorny crown.
Nailed to the cross
Endured its pain,
That his life's loss
Might be their gain.
Then haste to choose
That better part,
Nor ever dare refuse
The Lord your heart,
Lest he declare,
"I know you not ;"
And deep despair
For ever be your lot.

Now look to Jesus who on Calvary died,
And trust on Him alone who there was crucified.

THE SISTER'S INFLUENCE.

BY MRS. MADELINE LESLIE.

Hopeless insanity ! The words rang in his ears as a death-knell to all his hopes of happiness. What a change from the years of domestic bliss which looked brighter than ever in the retrospect, now that they were gone forever.

Captain Wilson leaned his weary head upon his hand, and for a few moments gave way to the most poignant grief. The wife of his bosom hopelessly insane, as had just been the announcement of a council of able physicians ; about to be sent from her home to spend the few years which might be assigned her in a public asylum, there to breathe out her soul to God, with not one relative or friend to perform the last sad offices of affection. This was surely affliction enough of itself to make one weary of life ; but when he remembered his children, deprived of the tenderness and care of one of the most devoted of mothers, the desolation of his own heart without her cheering smile and sympathy, he shrank from what was before him.

But Captain Wilson was a Christian, and though sorely oppressed, yet he was not wholly cast down. He had allowed himself to view the picture in its darkest shades. Now he tried to call to mind everything which would fortify him to meet calmly and submissively the trial before him. He knew where to seek for strength, and after a short but severe struggle, he could say from the heart, " Shall we receive good from the hand of the Lord, and shall we not also receive evil ? Though he slay me yet will I trust in him."

His meditations were at this moment interrupted by the voice of a little urchin upon whom three summers had smiled, who, putting his head in at the door, called out, " Come pa, see doctor."

The father started quickly to his feet, wondering at his own forgetfulness. The physicians, after a minute and careful examination of the state of his wife, had, in compliance with his

wishes, proceeded to the chamber of his daughter, who, it was feared, had received an injury in the spine. They were now in consultation, and his little son had come to request his attendance.

How true it is, in the dispensations of Providence, that one affliction seldom comes alone. Certainly this was so in the case of Captain Wilson, for here was his daughter just budding into womanhood, condemned to her bed for many months, while in answer to the eager, trembling inquiry of the father, "*Will she ever be well?*" Dr. Spaulding, the family physician, answered, "I will not deceive you. Her's is a very doubtful case."

At the age of twenty-one Captain Wilson married his cousin, Catherine Rand, who died just one year after leaving a feeble infant to take the place in her father's affections, rendered vacant by her mother's decease. The little Martha lived and grew, and when she was eight years old, welcomed with open arms another mother to their desolate home. Through the ten years which followed, Mrs. Wilson was indeed a mother to the young girl, and when a few months before this time her complaints assumed a nervous character, which, at the birth of her fifth child, terminated in hopeless insanity, not one of her own children mourned as did the almost heart-broken Martha.

She shrank from the sight of her father's grief, and for a brief period was entirely overwhelmed with the thought of the weight of care which would rest upon him, and as she feared would sink him into a premature grave.

"Oh, if I were only well and strong," she cried out almost in an agony of apprehension, "how much I could do to relieve him."

"You are still able to render his situation far more comfortable, by your cheerful submission to the will of your Heavenly Father," was the suggestion of her inward monitor. Upon this principle Martha endeavored to act; and when next her father visited her couch, and with a sickly attempt at a smile asked, whether she suffered much pain, her face brightened as she answered with an affectionate caress, "No

more than is good for me. I know who sends this affliction, and that 'he doeth all things well.' "

The week following was one which would not soon be forgotten in that suburban dwelling. Captain Wilson conveyed his wife to the asylum, with scarce a hope that she would ever return ; and when at the last moment while her children clung around, to beg her not to leave them, and the feeble wail from the infant stirred the deepest fountains of the father's heart, the once-fond mother only looked on in stupid astonishment ; even the experienced nurse owned to herself that the physicians were right,—she was lost to her family forever.

That was indeed a dark day, both to the sorrow-stricken husband and the group of little nurselings he left at home. It was with the utmost difficulty he could command his feelings sufficiently to assume the calmness of exterior so necessary to manage an invalid. Mile after mile was passed, while only a monosyllable fell from his lips in answer to the indifferent remarks of the attendant, while Mrs. Wilson gazed stupidly from the windows of the carriage, or fell asleep upon the shoulder of her nurse. But who can tell the agony concentrated into the period occupied by their ride of twenty miles ? How fresh in the mind of the weary man was the first introduction to his wife, then a lovely girl of twenty. Then came their betrothal and marriage, hastened by the necessity for his joining his ship. How quickly she had won the heart of his little daughter. How rapidly sped away the few weeks which followed before he was to leave her. Then the happy seasons occurring once in a few months when he returned to his family. With what smiles and tears of joy was he welcomed. For one brief moment he forgets his grief, and a bright smile plays around his mouth ; but it is instantly succeeded by a look of anguish such as it would melt the hardest heart to witness. He sighs heavily as he remembers that those days are gone, never to return. The most tender words of affection, the most endearing caress brings no response. A vacant inanimate stare seems stereotyped upon that once bright, intelligent, loving countenance.

"O my God ! place thine arm underneath me, support me

in this hour of trial," burst from his lips; "give me strength to submit to thy righteous will." But we must turn from this scene to the little ones whom he had left at home.

For hours after the carriage rolled slowly from the yard the children clung together in the chamber of their sick sister, weeping as if there was not in the future one ray of hope to light their path. Feeble and nervous as the invalid was, for a time she yielded herself without restraint to her own sorrow, and her tears flowed with the rest. Occasionally the maiden sister of Captain Wilson, who had come to reside with them, opened the door, said a few words in a cheerful voice, but finding it only added to their grief, she thought it best to let Nature have its free course, knowing that the buoyant spirits of youth would soon come to their relief.

The good old nurse, who had been in the family since Martha was a baby, having soothed her own little charge, who only of all the household was quiet in the midst of the sorrow which surrounded her, and who was never to experience a mother's love or tenderness, proceeded to the room which had been recently fitted up for the invalid. Here she found that Sammy had crept to his sister's side, and exhausted by his sorrow, had fallen asleep; his yellow curls lying on Martha's bosom. Sarah, Louise and little Thomas sat holding each other by the hand, their eyes red and swollen with weeping, and their lips quivering as their sister tried to induce them to go below for dinner.

Very quietly Betsey removed Sammy to his crib, bathed Martha's forehead and hands, smoothed the counterpane and then after a low whisper left the room, and returned bearing the tiny form which she proceeded to place in the arms open to receive it. Just at this moment the little one, moved by an infantile dream, smiled in the face of its protectress, and Betsey seizing the opportunity, said, "There, Martha, she is yours. If your mother could speak, she would say so. You must be its mother. I know you will love the sweet little creature."

There was a holy look of affection upon the pale face as with a smile and a tear the young girl received the trust and

pressed the darling to her breast. What a revulsion in her feelings! But now she had prayed that God would take her from a world of sin and sorrow, now her whole soul went out with the petition, "Spare me, Lord, for the sake of this motherless babe."

Seemingly satisfied with the result of her proceedings, Betsey turned with a smile upon her lip to the silent group who had been observant of every motion.

"Come Sarah," she said, addressing the eldest, "you will feel better to eat some dinner and take a run in the garden."

Sarah only answered by a sorrowful shake of the head.

Just at this minute a pleasant little coo from the baby caused a rush of all three of the children to the bed.

"See, Martha! oh, do look, Thomas!" shouted Louise for a moment, forgetful of her grief; "the baby knows me; see her laugh," and the childish head nodded merrily, while pleasant words of endearment sounded out clear and musical through the room.

"This is the prettiest baby I ever saw," said Thomas firmly, while his large thoughtful eyes, so like his mothers, were fixed intently upon his little sister.

"So she is," rejoined Sarah. "Louise, please let me play to her now, you've had your turn."

With some reluctance Louise allowed her sister to take her place; and for the fifteen minutes which succeeded, the little Miss was won to repeat the story, her listeners loved so well, and received very graciously the terms of fondness lavished upon her. In the midst of this scene the dinner bell rang, and a few words from Martha induced the older children to answer the summons. Betsey soon came with the tray covered with a most tempting repast; taking the babe from the bed, and propping her charge with pillows. When the meal was finished, as it was very quickly, for Martha's appetite was small and variable, she said, "Betsey, I have been thinking that although I am confined to my bed, I can do something to help my poor father."

"Indeed you can, Martha," replied the good woman, speaking with the familiarity which her long residence in the family

prompted. "You have great influence with the children, and if you would try to keep up and be cheerful for their sakes, and have a care for them, it would be the best thing to take your mind from yourself and be doing them a world of good."

"I dread to see father," suggested Martha, after a pause.

"Yes, he is to be pitied more than all the rest," said the tender-hearted woman. "He knows nothing more of the care of children than this baby; and no wonder. He has all his life long been to sea until the last year. I can't get his pale, haggard face out of my mind. It will be a dreadful change for him."

"I mean to try to be cheerful for his sake," answered Martha, making an attempt to smile.

"And you will succeed I'm sure," replied Betsey, in an encouraging tone, as she laid the babe, who was asleep in the bed. "I'm going to send the children out in the garden while you have a nap, and then I will talk about to-morrow."

When she was left alone, Martha tried in vain to sleep. The ensuing hour was passed in forming plans for the future, and in praying for grace and wisdom to train the little ones so early deprived of a mother's care, when the sound of steps was heard upon the stairs, and a tiny face peeped into the door, her mind was calm and firm for the duties before her.

"She's awake; I saw her eyes wide open," shouted Sammy to the group waiting below; "I'll ask her to let us come up." He opened the door, laughed a low, pleasant laugh in return for her smile, and warned by her uplifted finger that baby was still asleep, approached the bed on tip-toe. "We've been out in the garden, may we come in here now?" he asked in a whisper, when hardly waiting for a nod of assent, he went to the door to call his brother and sisters.

They had been having a fine romp, as appeared from their rosy cheeks and quickened breath. The grief of the morning had for a time been forgotten; but it needed only a word to recall it.

Martha motioned them to draw their chairs to the side of her bed, when in a most tender-loving manner she reminded them of their loss, and of their father's sorrow, and asked them

if they would promise to be kind to each other, and obedient to her wishes if she would try to be a mother to them.

Sarah and Louise gave a ready assent too evidently without much thought, while Thomas sat looking at his sister, his eyes expressive of great interest. At length he said, "If you're going to be our mother, who'll be our Martha?"

At this they all laughed, and Martha drew him down for a kiss.

"I shall be your sister just the same, and I shall try to do just as mother would wish, if she were here. Now the first thing is to have the house cheerful to receive papa. When we have arranged our plan, I will ask aunt Ann to help us to execute it. I want everything to look as cheerful as possible; and as he will not be here until late, you may all sit up to tea, and you must not cry or look sober, but try to be obedient, good children, and that will make him forget some of his cares."

Aunt Ann coming in at this time, joined heartily in their plans, and soon four pairs of little hands were working with a right good will to make all ready for papa.

The apartment in which Mrs. Wilson had been confined was a large pleasant room on the second floor, with a small one attached, which had been used as a play-room for the children. As the affectionate daughter could readily understand, that arranged as it was, everything would tend to increase the sadness of her father by reminding him of his loss, she had determined to appropriate this room to her own use, and by making it as cheerful as possible, induce him to remain in it more frequently. The children were therefore set to work to clear the play-room to receive a bed, while an old-fashioned sofa which was intended for an invalid, was brought from the attic for her use through the day.

Children are fond of a change, and while these arrangements were taking place, Sammy jumped and shouted with delight, and the older ones were not behind him in their expressions of joy. Pictures were hung in every place which afforded an opportunity, and to crown the whole, a fine portrait of their mother as she was when she came a bride to the

house, was suspended from the wall just opposite the invalid's couch. It hung just where the rays of the setting sun fell upon it, warming the bright, happy countenance into life and beauty; and when Martha, placed in a large chair, supported by pillows, was drawn into her new apartment, a brilliant light reflected from the pure brow, and it seemed to the young girl to meet her gaze with a smile of encouragement and approbation.

Captain Wilson had followed the sea from his boyhood; had risen through the successive stages from a cabin boy to be the commander and part owner of a large merchant vessel, running from New York to Havre. His family lived in the vicinity of Newark, N. J., and as we have intimated, consisted of his wife and six children. His sister, with Betsey the nurse, a cook, and a man-servant, constituted the household.

It was early in September, and though the days were warm and the weather delightful, the evenings were cool and chilly. As Captain Wilson drew near his home, the weight upon his spirits only seemed to increase. He actually shrank from the weeping, sorrowing group he expected to encounter. The coachman drove the weary horses slowly into the yard, and the father, overcome by his emotions, pressed his handkerchief to his eyes, while his form shook with emotion. In imagination he even now heard his little ones calling aloud for their mother, their grief renewed at the sight of him. Hardly raising his eyes he stepped from the carriage and slowly ascended the steps; but scarcely had he reached the door, when a little curly head was thrust out into the night-air, and a merry voice shouted back in glee, "He's come! I's so glad! Yes, he has, he has come!" was echoed joyfully through the hall; and before he could collect his thoughts, the agitated father was conducted up the wide staircase, where the door of the room he had so dreaded to enter was thrown wide open, and the happy group who accompanied him ushered him in and led him across the apartment to the couch where lay his sick daughter, waiting with open arms to receive him and welcome his return.

As Captain Wilson gazed in his daughter's expressive face, and met her tearful, earnest eyes so full of anxious affection,

he realized all her care for him, and her desire to do everything in her power to lighten his heavy load of sorrow. In that one moment their hearts were knit together, as under other circumstances they could not have been for years; and through all the months of trial which followed, was recalled by both with softened recollections.

"God bless you, my child!" he exclaimed, in a husky voice, "and may he long continue you to be a comfort and a blessing to your father."

He then turned, and approaching the cheerful fire which blazed upon the hearth, said, "this is indeed comfortable, the air without is very chilly." Directly over the mantel-piece hung the portrait before mentioned; and the bright blaze flashing up and flitting across the features, gave the countenance a most life-like appearance. He started forward, while poor Martha's heart fluttered like a caged bird, when Sammy clung to his father, saying, "See, papa, that's my pretty mamma; sister Martha says I may kiss her every day I'm good. Please hold me up to kiss it now."

Captain Wilson, without a word, complied with the child's wish. He could not command his voice to speak, and the embarrassing silence was relieved by the entrance of the nurse with the tray for tea.

"Papa, papa, why can't we have supper up here every night," called out Louise in an ecstasy of delight, as Betsey proceeded to roll into the centre of the room a large table and to lay the cloth.

"I thought," suggested Martha, in an apologizing manner, "that you would be cold — and — that — that it would be pleasant for all to be together this evening."

"Thank you, my child," responded the Captain, approaching the couch. "My feelings have been consulted in every particular. My home seems like a paradise" — and so indeed it *did*, in comparison with the scenes his imagination had painted. "What fairies have been here to-day," he asked, addressing his younger daughters, whose eyes followed his every movement. "I could hardly have believed in such a change."

"We have made a nice room in here, too," replied Sarah, opening the door into Martha's bedroom.

"That is really delightful. Then we are to have Martha with us every day." Captain Wilson spoke warmly and more cheerfully than he had done since the announcement of his wife's hopeless state. His only anxiety was removed, and that was the fear lest the movement from so distant a room as the one Martha had occupied, might prove of injury to her — certainly, if the effort were often repeated.

"I moved all the books," "And I moved the playthings," was the eager cry of Sarah and Louise. "I helped you move the blocks," was the quiet rejoinder of the more exact Thomas.

"And what did Sammy do?" asked the really delighted father, taking the golden-haired boy upon his lap.

"I combed Betsey's hair to make it look pretty, for papa," said the boy in an exulting tone.

At this reply, papa really laughed and told the boy that he must certainly make a barber, he had succeeded so well.

"But Betsey said I pulled like an old Trojan," continued the child, much excited at the merriment he had caused.

The laugh was now turned upon the good woman, who was glad to escape from the room; and in a moment Aunt Ann entered, and was followed by the cook with the tea. It was an unusual event for the younger children to be up at so late an hour, and they evidently intended to make the most of it. Captain Wilson poured a cup of tea for his daughter, buttered her muffins, and placed them upon the small teapoy at her side. As he had scarcely tasted food through the day, he evidently enjoyed the repast upon which the cook had expended no little skill; and when at its close they drew around the family altar, though his voice trembled as he prayed for the absent member of the household, yet his heart swelled with thankfulness as he remembered the blessings still left him.

When the children had bid their father good night, and the sound of their voices in the hall had ceased, Captain Wilson seated himself by his daughter, and enjoyed with her

a quiet season, such as soothed and comforted both their hearts. He felt that he had never known her worth; that it needed just this affliction to develop those latent traits which she herself hardly knew she possessed. She evidently had a tact in governing the children without seeming to exercise authority, which would be of inestimable value under the present circumstances. Then she had exhibited a forethought and judgment in her plans which greatly pleased her father.

"You are wonderfully like your own mother," he said, gazing lovingly into her face. "Both in person and character you resemble her more than I was aware."

Martha smiled, as she replied, "I should like to name the baby for my mother. Betsey says she is to be my particular charge, and if there is no objection"—she hesitated, for her father's countenance had assumed the look of distress which it always wore when the motherless infant was mentioned.

Making an effort, however, he quickly regained his composure, and said, "Katy then it shall be. It is a pleasant thought, and we shall love her all the more for her name. You know, my dear, I have heretofore been scarcely able to endure the sight of the poor little wee thing, when I remembered—well I must try to imitate your example, and perform the present duties, leaving it for the softening hand of time to allay the poignancy of our sorrow; but of little Katy, I shall love to think as the object of your tender care. But, my child, I fear all this will be too much for your strength. Can you endure so much bustle and confusion as the presence of the children will bring to your room?"

"God will give me strength," was the murmured response. "Yes," she added, after a moment's pause, and gazing into her father's face with eyes moistened by her emotion, "he has given me a mission, and I feel sure he will grant me the necessary wisdom and strength to execute it. You can hardly imagine the delight it is to me to feel that I am not to be wholly laid aside from usefulness. I think I can bear pain with more courage when I am assured of that."

"You have already accomplished much, my child," was

the almost inarticulate reply. "When I see you, notwithstanding your pain, doing so much to alleviate my suffering, and for the good of your brothers and sisters, it causes me the keenest mortification. I see that I have not yielded a cheerful submission to the will of my heavenly Father. I had a feeling, though unacknowledged to myself, that my trial was so great that it relieved me from all other duties and responsibilities; and I am now forgetting in my own pleasure that you have been through far more excitement than is good for you. You are very pale. I shall send Betsey to you at once. If I had been told as I approached the house, that I should have passed the evening in the enjoyment of so much real comfort, I could not have believed it possible. Good night, love; I know you will not forget the absent one in your prayers."

For several days, the children were mindful of their promise to their sister. Sarah and Louise were willing to occupy themselves in their studies, and under her supervision hear each other's recitations. Thomas was always thoughtful of her wishes, and ready to obey her commands; but the poor girl was afflicted with an almost constant pain in her head, and she soon became aware that if she would continue to exercise the watchfulness of a mother over her young charge, she must adopt some plan whereby she could be wholly free from the care of their studies. She knew her mother had a dislike to sending them so far as it would be necessary to enable them to reap benefit from the best schools in the neighboring city, and there was no private school near at hand; though there were a sufficient number of children to maintain one. At length, after losing her sleep one entire night, and having a day of serious sickness in consequence, a happy thought occurred to her which, if accomplished, would relieve her of all her difficulty. She was sure of her father's cooperation in any plan she might propose, and only waited for a suitable opportunity to inform him of it before she took measures to put it in execution.

Belonging to her father's estate, and but a few rods distant from the house, was a neat cottage formerly occupied by a

maiden sister of the owner. This was vacant, and one of the rooms might be fitted up, at a trifling expense, as a school-room. Among the friends of the family was a widow lady in destitute circumstances, who, with one daughter, had been for some time seeking employment. Her mother had been in the habit of giving them assistance, and she knew would approve of their influence upon the children. The daughter was well educated and could have obtained an eligible situation as teacher, but for her unwillingness to leave her mother. Martha had no doubt a sufficient number of pupils might be obtained from the neighboring families to afford them a comfortable support.

Captain Wilson was so much delighted with the proposition, that he immediately ordered the carriage and rode to the city to see them, and returned in an hour in company with Miss Palmer, the lady in question. She said her mother gratefully accepted their offer. She was ready to commence making her arrangements at once, and indeed proposed going that very day to the cottage, and calling upon such ladies as they might name in regard to pupils.

Captain Wilson smiled his approbation of her promptness, and told her she had one requisite for a commander of a vessel; while Martha made out a list of scholars, such as she thought would be glad to attend school.

So energetic was Miss Palmer, that before the close of the week she and her mother were settled in their new home, ready for their school of twenty pupils to commence on Monday morning.

By this arrangement, Martha was enabled to have several hours every day of absolute quiet, and soon found the beneficial result upon her system. She was now able to enjoy the nightly gathering in her room, and it soon became quite a matter-of-course that tea should be carried up there. Little Katy grew every day more fond of her loving sister, and her presence enlivened many weary hours.

Not many weeks had passed before this dutiful daughter became aware that her father was failing in strength and spirits. He often sat gazing absently into the fire, and was

obliged to make an effort to arouse himself when addressed by his children. Little Sammy, his pet and plaything, used to climb into his lap, and touched by his look of sadness, whisper, "I is sorry papa feel bad. Martha say I is good, 'cause I don't cry now; and God will let me see my pretty mamma some time up in the sky."

Captain Wilson, on such occasions, could only press the child closer to his heart. He had given up the command of the ship in which he had sailed for years, with the intention of remaining at home; but now he felt the need of the stimulus of active life, and a hankering for the sea. Had Martha been in health, he would not have hesitated a moment; but he could not think of adding to her care. He had determined to seek some other employment, when a most favorable offer was made him to go to India. He felt a strong desire to accept it, but the thought of his family withheld him. His sister, though capable of providing for their bodily wants, was not such an one as he should choose to be with his children in case Martha's health should fail. She was altogether too indulgent, especially with the little boys, who were her favorites. His answer must be given in a few days. What should he do?

"Father," said Martha, one night after the children had retired and when they had sat silent for the space of half an hour.

He started quickly, and approaching her looked inquiringly in her face.

The young girl's voice trembled, as she asked, "Now that we are all so comfortably settled, why don't you go to sea for a time? I think a voyage would do you good."

As the result of this conversation, Captain Wilson wrote an acceptance of his appointment before he retired to rest, and in a fortnight, after having paid a farewell visit to his wife, without being recognized by her, and made every possible arrangement for the comfort of his family, sailed for Calcutta expecting to be absent thirteen months.

With the family at home the winter passed very quietly away. Sarah, Louise and Thomas gained the approbation of their teacher by their studiousness and careful attention to the

rules of the school, while at home the precept, and more particularly the example, of their elder sister was producing its legitimate fruits. Far less often than formerly did the little girls dispute about trifles, or show a disposition to take advantage of Thomas, or tyrannize over him in their plays.

On one occasion, particularly, Martha listened with a swelling heart to a conversation carried on in her room, and felt that she ought never to yield to discouragement while her instructions had so evidently taken root and were yielding such pleasant fruit. It was the afternoon of Wednesday, the week succeeding New Year, Sarah and Louise were intent upon a new puzzle which had been one of their presents. It proved indeed a puzzle to them. Louise first discovered the mode of putting it together, and in rather a triumphant manner began to explain it to her sister.

"Do keep still," began Sarah, sharply; "I want to find it out myself;" but instantly checking herself, she added, softly, "I did not mean to speak so, will you please to excuse it?"

"Yes indeed, replied Louise, "I ought not to have told you at all. I know you can do it if you take it in your own hands. There, that is right!" and in her joy she leaned forward and kissed her sister's cheek.

"How happy it makes us to try to do right," said Sarah. "Martha says, if I try I shall overcome my quick temper; and I am trying with all my might. It makes me love everybody when I can think quick enough to conquer myself."

"Martha told me," responded Louise, "that it is a great deal more credit to you to govern your temper, than it is to me to govern mine, for you are naturally quick to feel any thing. But she says she sees it is more difficult for me to forgive than for you. How hard she tries to have us do right." Just at this moment Thomas came from the bedroom drawing little Katy in a light wagon. The child was worrying, and the little boy was weary with trying to amuse her. "Won't you please to take baby a little while?" he asked, approaching his sisters.

"No, we can't; don't you see we are busy? and she's cross. Carry her to nurse," answered Sarah.

"Nurse has gone away, and Aunt Ann is ironing. She wants us to amuse her a little while, and my arms ache so."

Martha started up on her couch, with the intention of calling the boy to her side, when Louise said, "Let's take her, we can play afterward," and for a few minutes the room resounded with the merry shouts of the little girls, and the responsive laugh from the baby, while Thomas was rendered perfectly happy by the voluntary offer of Sarah to allow him to take the new top, which Sammy left his pile of blocks to see spin.

It is now again mid-winter: Captain Wilson has arrived at New York; the vessel has been spoken in the harbor, and he is hourly expected home. Let us once more enter the large parlor where the family have assembled to welcome him. Martha, pale, yes, paler than ever, but with a bright light of happiness beaming from her eye, lies in her wonted place upon the couch, while Thomas and Sammy are standing near, receiving instruction in the mysteries of cats-cradle. There is a world of patience on the part of the teacher and some perseverance in the pupils; but still the cord will not assume the proper shape on Sammy's hands. "I guess it slips off too often," he says, looking archly in his brother's face, and bursting into a merry laugh. Sarah and Louise sit by the window, each holding a book, but far oftener their eyes are fixed upon the road than upon the page. Nearly opposite them sits Aunt Ann with her knitting, for she thinks the time will pass more quickly if she is at work.

But who is that frail lady seated in the large stuffed chair? Is she a stranger, to intrude upon the group at such a sacred hour of reunion? A flush mantles her pale cheek as she hears a carriage approaching, and she almost loses her hold upon the little fair form she has been coaxing to remain in her arms. But the carriage passes on and leaves her paler than before. Hark! what is she saying, "Katy, sweet little Katy, will she not stay with mamma?"

Can it be then, that the light of intelligence again beams from those eyes? — that reason again sits upon her throne? Yes, it is indeed so. By a severe fever Mrs. Wilson was brought

to the verge of the grave, and for days lay hovering between time and eternity. Betsey was summoned to the asylum, where she watched her mistress with the most untiring care, and had the unalloyed happiness, when the patient was pronounced out of danger, to see that she was recognized. She remained with Mrs. Wilson until the physician of the asylum pronounced it safe for her to return to her family.

Katy, however, cannot be contented to remain so quiet. She sees the kitten under the sofa and she jumps down to catch it. Pussy is reluctant to be caught, and tries to elude the little grasp which only secures the tail. Presently a scream from baby proclaims that she has revenged herself upon her pursuer. Sarah and Louise run from the window to Katy's rescue, and are loud in their abuse of pussy, and their condolence with the little miss. In the midst of all this noise a carriage stops unnoticed at the gate—a manly form approaches the house, and a firm, well known step is heard ascending the stairs.

“Papa! Papa!!” is shouted by all the younger children, while Martha, in her excitement, sits upright, and the lady in the chair presses her hands upon her heart. Sammy is already in his father's arms and Thomas clinging to him, while the little girls each strive for a hand to lead him into the room. He enters the door, takes a step toward Martha's couch, then stops, his eyes rivetted upon the lady in the chair, while a death-like pallor overspreads his bronzed cheek. He thinks it an illusion of the imagination, but one he cannot shake off. She opens her arms and her white lips move, when with a joyful cry he starts forward and clasps her in his strong embrace, exclaiming, “My God, I thank thee; it is my own, my precious wife!”

And here we must leave them, having already extended our story beyond its original limits. Mrs. Wilson recovered her health; and as Martha slowly declined, was able to render her last days happy by her tender solicitude, while the children never forgot that they owed much of their comfort and usefulness in after life to their sister's influence.

RACHEL.—A JEWISH STORY.

BY SHARASIAH BETHLEHIM.

CHAPTER I.

The sky was cloudless, and the sun rose bright. Every hill-top rejoiced in the baptism of glory, and the flowers of the valleys lifted their sweet brows for the scattered drops. Olivet—blessed Olivet—and all “the mountains about Jerusalem,” shook off their fragrant dews upon the soft wings of the light breeze. The palatial towers that defended and adorned the massive walls, flung their long shadows athwart the city and out upon the suburbs.

But in the whole scene, the most conspicuous, the most glorious object—like a mountain of snow, circled and capped with fire—was the Sacred Temple of the pure and awful Jehovah. Situated on an eminence that rendered it visible for many miles, it caught the first beams of the morning sun, and poured them dazzling into the eyes of the beholder.

Among those who, in various places in the vicinity, stood for a moment to view the material beauty, the natural allurements outspread on every side, were a venerable man and a young woman.

The abundant white beard of the former, lay upon a broad breast; and the unruffled brow, the composed mouth, the serene eyes, indicated a long familiarity with that “peace that passeth all understanding.”

The form of the latter, was full of the beauty of symmetry, and all her motions were charming for their modest grace. Her complexion was rare for the richness and exquisite beauty of its tints. Her black eyes were full of soft fire.

As they were standing, and occasionally conversing, the younger said,

“O, my father! in all thy travels saw'st thou ever a night so beautiful?”

“It is true, my daughter, that I have sojourned in many lands, and beheld the chief glories of the Gentiles; and it is, perhaps, fondness of old affections, the sacredness of the associ-

ations of the past, that makes me prefer this, that was the city of the Great King. To me, at least, it seems that the whole earth hath not its equal; nowhere else is there so much of such beauty. And even now, as in youth, my eyes drink in this loveliness, with such a joy in my heart, as would be mine were I to listen to a psalm of David chanted by a thousand singers."

And the old man unconsciously raised his eyes to the blue and profound heavens, silently thanking God in his heart. Then casting his glances about the Holy City, he sighed as he continued,

"Yet, over all earthly joy there is some shadow; and lo! the darkest is here."

"It is the stain of the blood of brothers shed in mutual anger, and the eagle ensigns of yonder host."

"Yes! daughter! and the entire profanation of religion and patriotism—the commission of the foulest crimes in the name of God and country. O Jerusalem! thou art fallen indeed, when thy best sons long for the iron rule of a haughty enemy—long for it, and have it not, being delivered to a worse fate."

"Yet it is said that several among those eminent for the dignity of their families and the propriety of their character have despatched reliable messengers to the Roman General, inviting him in the name of the orderly citizens, to approach and enter the city."

"Alas! on whom can we now rely? Those emissaries must have reached Cestius three days ago; yet has he not advanced. If they rightly delivered the message, why lies he idle in his camp on Scopus?"

"Alas! alas! We cannot fly, and yet I dare not remain. O, my father! what shall we do?" And she passionately clasped her father's arm.

"Peace! Rachel, Peace! Thou art in safety for the present. Be not too anxious concerning the future. God, who cares for the swallows, keeps watch over us."

"I know not that I am in safety, even at present."

"How? What mean'st thou?"

"Yesterday, when I went for water for our evening meal,

one who is well known to be of Simon's most reckless minions, sat at the well ; and, as I approached, gazed at me so ceaselessly and so boldly, that I became affrighted and turned into a lane, and concealed myself, lest he should follow me ; for what is there that the seditious fear to do ? I had not misjudged him ; for shortly he passed by my hiding-place with such lightning in his angry eyes as has quite blasted my peace."

"Thou should'st have told me yesterday. Hast thou informed thy kinsman, Saul ?"

"No, Father ; for, alas ! he is not here."

"Not here ?"

"He was one chosen on this secret embassy to the Romans."

"I must think that, if not intercepted on the way, he would faithfully fulfil his trust."

"We cannot doubt it."

"Yet why does Cestius delay ?"

"And if he come, he would bring his murderous soldiers, whose mad fury will abuse the guilty and the innocent alike. Happy are those who are already fallen asleep and have escaped from the calamities that encompass us on every side !"

"Peace ! child ! and envy not the dead ! I do by no means despair ; for I have a secret assurance in my heart, that we shall be rescued from all the perils that menace this doomed city."

"List ! Father ! What faint sound comes on the morning breeze ?"

"I do not hear aught."

"Scarcely do I. It is very faint. It comes from towards Scopus."

"Possibly thou hear'st the Roman trumpets sounding some order to the legions. Look ! canst thou see aught ?"

"A quivering light trembles down the hill-side, as though the varnished leaves of a forest were shaken by a restless breeze."

"It is the movement of men in armor. Cestius approaches."

"O, my father !"

"My poor child !" and he unclasped his folded arms, and

placing his right about her, supported her tenderly, while she threw her own arm around his neck, and leaned her young cheek on his snowy beard; "canst thou not be calm? Commend thyself to God; and fail not to be ever near me,—at least until thy betrothed returns."

At the same hour in which Rachel and her father stood viewing Jerusalem and its environs, Cestius, the Roman General, mounted on his black war-horse, gazed from the brow of Scopus, over his advancing legions, and towards the Holy City. Tyrannius Priscus, also mounted, was near him.

Now the latter had been corrupted by Flores, the Roman Procurator over the Jews, who desired nothing more than a war between the latter and the Romans, that, in the consequent confusion and misery, the nation might forget to accuse him before Cæsar, for his numerous flagrant crimes in the administration of his government. Therefore Priscus never omitted, at a favorable opportunity, to say something that would render the tangle already existing in the affairs of the Jews, still more inextricable.

"I almost regret," said the General, "that we did not, at first, act according to the invitation of those honorable families, and proceed at once to the gates. Our delay has given the disorderly and rebellious more time in which to strengthen themselves, and the result will be a greater loss of life, before an entrance can be effected."

"Be not deceived by this subtile nation," answered Priscus. "I confess that I supposed that the presence of our large and well-ordered camp would have intimidated them before now. But, let us not, because they have not yet manifested their fright, regret inaction. Without doubt, they were as well prepared to join in an appeal to arms then as now. For the invitation, I say as I before said, that it was the cover of some stratagem, which our procrastination will defeat."

"Be that as it may; we shall soon see how well this contumacious people will relish a serious conflict with the legions of invincible Rome."

"Yet I trust we shall not be too impetuous, too precipitate, even now. Famine will soon fight for us, if we be not over-

hasty in shedding the blood of our cohorts. Already they refuse to allow any to pass out of the gates ; and how long will it take the thousands assembled within those walls, to consume the provision that happens to be collected ? My counsel is for moderation."

"Counsel, that, coming from you, Priscus, has a strange sound. What has so cooled your blood of late ? But look over our fine legion ! Warriors, every one, they are as impatient to be at those mad rebels as this black brute is to follow the sound of the trumpets. Down ! Carthage !" he continued, addressing his charger that was caracoling and rearing and spreading wide his quivering nostrils.

"A grand sight, truly," answered Priscus, adjusting his morion. "See how yonder forest of spears gleams on the slant sunlight !"

"Yes ! and the keen rays enter my soul. Away ! thou heart of fire !" he said as he gave his charger rein.

The Roman host was indeed eager to be in the fray. Both the officers and common soldiers felt provoked with the whole nation for a hundred vexatious affairs ; and their pagan hearts, in an extacy of rage, anticipated the furious pleasure of glutting their revenge. Scopus was not far from Jerusalem, and ere long they reached the outer wall.

The seditious defenders were indeed terrified, when they witnessed the orderly but enthusiastic approach of the Roman veterans. They retired from the exterior defences, and were followed by all the suburban inhabitants who could make the requisite efforts. A few were left behind, who met with a quick doom at the pitiless hands of the Roman soldiery ; and were afterwards envied by those who succeeded in escaping. Among the last of the fugitives, was the same old man and young woman who, in the morning stood admiring the scene. He was still remarked for his serene composure ; but she was trembling with terror and pale with horror.

"Oh ! Father ! let us strive no longer ! Let us stop and die here !"

"Courage, my child !" he answered, firmly and cheerfully, as he raised her drooping figure again from the wayside rock on which she had wearily sat down.

“ There will be famine, and all misery and death. No worse thing will overtake us here. Let us stay and die at once !”

“ Within the wall, we find at least a respite from these things ; and we know not what way of escape a day may bring. Remember, my daughter, that God watches the course of battle, and cares for the lot of his children. Hasten !”

Rachel endeavored according to her remaining ability, to comply with the injunction of her parent ; and they succeeded in reaching a place that so far as the wild fury of the foreign soldiery was concerned, was one of apparent safety. But this retreat was in the bosom of the wildest, insanest body of desperadoes, that ever inhabited the world.

However, just at this juncture an unaccountable fear—unaccountable in connection with their previous rashness and succeeding obstinacy—had seized the whole multitude. Yet they endeavored to mask this emotion under an appearance of security ; and whenever their attention could be turned for a short time from the preparations for defence, murder, rapine and all crime, was freely and boldly committed upon their fellow-prisoners.

Now, in the city, distinguished individuals entered earnestly into that plotting, that, in ordinary cases, the world would condemn as treason ; but which, in the miserable and otherwise irremediable distraction of all government, authority and strength, that had fallen upon them, was justifiable.

After some discussion in a clandestine assembly of some of the leading men of Jerusalem, Joseph, a nephew of the last Herod, expressed the opinion of every one composing that assembly, when he said :

“ It is now manifest that the preservation not only of our lives, but also of our nationality, or even the semblance of a nation, requires that we do what seems the most contrary to that purpose. We must open our gates to a foreign and enraged enemy. Jehovah, who has so often fought our battles for us, and turned destruction away from us by a prodigy, has hidden his face. And Jerusalem, dear, and dainty, and sacred as she has been, must bare her shoulders to the stripes of incensed Rome. Those stripes will doubtless wound her deeply,

but not destroy her utterly. The Roman General will regard the sanctity of our Temple, and thus we shall be preserved from the danger of augmenting the anger of God—a danger that every hour's rule by our demoniac populace renders imminent. Many of us, perhaps most of us, will, in our own persons, meet the hard fate of conquered enemies; but otherwise all of us, with our wives and children, are exposed to more horrible sufferings, more wretched deaths, and more ignominy thereafter. It is the counsel of prudence and religion, to open the gates and crave the mercy of our adversary. But how to obey that mandate it is as difficult to perceive, as for our hearts to recognise, and be reconciled to its propriety. Two things, each of them exceedingly difficult and hazardous, must first be accomplished. We must inform the Roman General of our voluntary submission."

Here he was interrupted by an eager listener who asserted that such information had already been despatched.

"It seems impossible!" said the previous speaker. "How, and when, was it done?" he asked.

"Several days ago, at dusk, two young men were silently lowered from the wall, at a place that happened for a short time to be unguarded," answered the other.

"Then Cestius must have known of this, before he left his camp on the Scopus."

"Probably he did."

"Then his actions are inexplicable, unless it be true that Jehovah has doomed Israel to utter destruction and has inspired Cestius to pursue such a course as will best achieve our ruin! Alas! who can stand before the anger of the Almighty!" And he rent his garments, and bowed his head, and covered his face.

A painful gloom had before pervaded the assembly; but now, a silent awe seemed to press down the hearts of all.

After a pause, "What have we done?" bitterly inquired Joseph.

"Crucified the Messiah and said, 'Let his blood be on us and on our children,'" answered a venerable man, who had silently occupied a corner during the meeting.

"That Galilean!" sneered Ananias, with such a contemptuous curl of the upper lip as nearly forced the full black beard into his nostrils.

"Very possibly the messengers met with some accident and did not communicate with Cestius," suggested another.

"True!" spoke a third. "Let us not seek to pry too familiarly into the purposes of Jehovah."

The natural hope and courage of all seemed to revive immediately upon the mention of the crucifixion. And Joseph arranged his robes, and proceeded with what he was saying, when interrupted. "Then, what remains for us, is to convey our wishes to the Romans and maintain an attack upon the defenders of the gates at the same time that Cestius attempts to force a passage. To engage in either of these undertakings, is to seek almost inevitable death.—Since the seditious have uncontrolled possession of the entire wall no one can address aught to the Romans contrary to their desires; for, ere a message could be half uttered, the speaker would be thrown headlong from the wall."

"I will undertake to accomplish that," said Ananias; "and I will make my words so few that I can but say them all. Then they may thrust me down. I have no kindred left to bewail my death."

"And let us all be at the gates," said Joseph; "and bring with us as many as we dare trust with the knowledge of our design."

"Agreed!" responded nearly all present.

"And now," said one who had spoken little, "let us decide upon the hour, and then separate; lest the seditious get knowledge of our gathering, and cheat us of the speedy and honorable death to which we have doomed ourselves."

"At the morning watch the guards will be more weary. Let the attack be then," said Joseph.

"Not so weary that the movements of the Romans will not arouse them: then they will wake those who have rested during the night. A better time will be at the going down

of the sun, when the guards will be tired with the conflict of the day, and suppose their antagonists, equally weary, are retiring. Then let us, in fresh strength, rush upon them, while the Romans suddenly return to the attack."

"It is well. Let it be so," said several.

"Let it be so!" repeated the company.

"Then I bid you all farewell until we meet in that happy land appointed for those who die in defence of their country and their religion," said Ananias, with somewhat of pride in his sorrow.

"Farewell, until then, Ananias!" replied many.

"Farewell! forever!" added several of the most richly attired, who were Sadducees, and believed that, at death, the soul "went out like the burnt taper's flame."

CHAPTER II.

The next morning, the operations of the Romans were resumed with great energy, and the Jews' resistance was continued with intense fury. That portion of the city that Cestius had already taken, was set on fire; and a dusty cloud of smoke rolled up into the firmament, and darkened the sky, and threw an appalling shadow on the hearts of the Hebrews.

The ensigns of Rome were planted near the Temple, the hallowed presincts of which were already in the possession of the impious rebels, and a fierce attack was made upon the wall at the northern corner. This onset was repulsed, again and again, by the furious Jews, who, as often as the besiegers returned, greeted them with a hurricane of darts.

Among the defenders of the wall, his rich garments thrown aside and himself otherwise disguised, appeared the wealthy Ananias, the last of his immediate family, carrying a handful of darts, and seeming to seek a position where they could be most effective. At length, as one of the cohorts approached quite near that portion of the wall on which he was standing, he selected one of the darts, raised his arm high, shouted in a tremendous voice, "Read my dart," and flung the weapon among the assailants.

"A traitor! kill him! kill him!" shouted all the Jews who had witnessed this affair; and those immediately about him instantaneously hurled him, headlong, from the wall; and the proud Ananias never spoke again.

For many hours the din and clangor of the besiegers continued to rise ceaselessly, and, mingled with the vociferations of those in the towers and upon the walls, smote dismally upon the ears of the inhabitants, while the sullen roar of the flames of the burning city, added not a little to the horrors of the day.

Exasperated by numerous repulses, the Roman legions having received orders to defend themselves in the manner of the *Testudo*, returned to the wall; and, as each row approached, they raised their shields, joining each to the one in advance, the first rank having leaned theirs against the wall. Thus was formed an impenetrable screen from which the darts of the beleaguered slid off harmless, and beneath which the besiegers steadily undermined the wall.

"How goes the battle," asked a venerable man of one who, reeking with perspiration and covered with dust, had just descended from the wall.

"Badly, for us," he answered; "but give me something to eat," he continued, as he lifted his helmet from his wet brow. "I am half famished; but give me something, and I will be back to the tower immediately."

"I have nothing."

"Take that for your lie! old man!" and he struck him upon his cheek. "Has that girl been nourished on nothing?"

The old man calmly bore the affront, but Rachel clung closer to his arm. He repeated his former answer, and added that they had not eaten during the day.

"Come, quick! or you shall fare worse!" persisted the ruffian.

"I have hidden a little cake for my father, of which he knew nothing," said Rachel, tremulously; and, lifting the cover of a small basket that she held in her hand, "here it is," she continued, offering it to the hungry caitiff.

"That's right, my beauty!" said he, snatching it eagerly. "By the way, I believe I have seen you before." And through the grim of battle Rachel recognized him who had sat at the well. "Now for a kiss!"

He attempted to suit the action to the word, and would have done so, had not a sudden but sure and heavy blow from the old man laid him at their feet, while his helmet fell from his hand and rolled several yards from him.

"Let us fly, daughter!" said the old man, "and escape his sight before he recovers."

"They joined hands, and, rapidly as possible threading the by-ways, they reached the farther part of Jerusalem. At length they sat down by the wayside.

"Art thou not hungry and faint, Father?" asked Rachel.

"Somewhat hungry, but not very faint," he answered. "Art thou very weary, Rachel?"

"Weary and faint; and I care not how soon this troublous dream of life is all over."

"Speak not so sadly!"

"I can but be sad. Thou art starving—I know not what is the fate of Saul, death by—oh! I cannot say it!—and I am weary of living."

"Thou shouldst not be ungrateful to the Giver of Life. Thy trials are great, but thy redemption is not far."

"What is the token, Father?"

"The eagles of Rome set over against the Temple."

"Dubious deliverance, methinks."

"One day, when Christ sat on Mount Olivet, viewing Jerusalem, and foreseeing this miserable day, he bade us, when we saw the abomination of desolation standing where it ought not, and Jerusalem encompassed with armies, flee into the mountains."

So they sat and talked; and he told her familiar but thrilling stories of the scenes of his own young manhood, and the heavenly interviews that he then had with the holy crucifix. Rachel became dispassionate and tranquil.

[To be continued.]

A MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTER.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Weary and sad, my precious girl,
Must be your path through life,
Beset with dangerous secret snares—
With dark temptations rife;
But bear in mind, where'er you go,
What ever may befall—
Distress or anguish, joy or pain,
That God rules over all.

Despair may dim thy brightest hopes,
And darkness hang around;
Severe affliction pale thy brow,
And bitter tears abound;
But, darling one, be brave of heart,
The starting drops recall,
Maintain good cheer, for sure it is,
That God rules over all.

'Tis hard, at times, to meekly say,
"Father thy will be done,"
But, precious child, the heart is light,
When victory is won.
The conquest of a sinful heart
Is not a trifle small,—
Then bow submissively thy head,
For God rules over all.

Thy mother cannot always be
A near to soothe thy cares;
Then listen, now, my gentle girl,
And heed her pleading prayers.
Rebel not at the Saviour's will,
But on his mercy fall,
And look above, for well we know,
That God rules over all.

And if in meekness, love and faith,
Thy life on earth be passed,
A home in Heaven, my darling one,
Awaits thee at the last.
And thou, with joy, when life is done,
Shall hear thy Father call,
"Come hither, child, in heaven to dwell
Where God rules over all!"

“MY SON!”

BY REV. WILLIAM P. BRIGGS.

These words suggest their co-relatives—“My father”—“my mother.” They present the outlines of “Home”—a spot which is designed to be and which usually is our best emblem of paradise. Only a parent can enter into the deep meaning of that relation—its joys, its anxieties, its responsibilities. A blind man has no just idea of colors; and within the “charmed circle,” there must be experience ere we can speak the truth.

“*My son!*” I find these two words altogether fruitful of pleasant and serious thought. I look upon the little boy whose cheek the breeze of only two summers has fanned! I reflect on the new world he has already opened to me!—the new class of emotions and responsibilities his very birth awakened, and the bright light he has ever shed within the dwelling, and I find that little heart is firmly clasped, and interwoven with the strong affections of my own. “*My son!*” ah! *is* he mine? “Can I fix the number of his months, or appoint the bounds which he cannot pass?” O, no! he is a jewel lent only for a season,—how brief the season is known only in heaven. But I have him now; from my own bosom and beneath my own eye he commenced an endless life, and must here pass through a training which shall fit him for immortality.

“*My son!*” I think of what he *now* is—my heart throbs anew when I think of what he *may become*. With a father’s pride and partiality I say to myself, he is a goodly child—yet what a contrast will the unfoldings of even a few years reveal! Every thoughtful parent looking upon his infant son, has anxiously inquired whether he would be “a wise man or a fool.” When we revert to Abraham, that prince of patriarchs, it hardly seems possible that he once lay helpless in Terah’s arms.—What a contrast between the infancy of Moses, cradled in bulrushes, gazed upon by the proud daughter of Pharaoh, and

the same Moses giving the law on Sinai—parting the waters of the sea—smiting the rock and quenching the thirst of a multitude of followers! Those holy men of old where are they now? What position in the ascending scale have they reached? Possibly they stand where once an archangel stood. Onward and upward their march will be forever. Yet from the highest elevation—from the most expansive stretch of thought, they will look back upon an origin as helpless and impressible as the clay of the potter.

From this view I try to exhaust the meaning of that little word "*son*." In my relation as a parent, have I a share in his destiny? I ask myself to sound this inquiry and not blink the responsibilities which God has seen fit to lay upon a father. I find the parent is not divorced from the child even *morally* at birth. Its transition to a state of entire moral freedom and independence is slow and gradual. For a long period the parent lives in the child and acts for it, and to a fearful extent breathes into it his own moral life. The infant soul as well as body draws its support from the parent. In moral as well as physical ability it is helpless and therefore irresponsible. While incapable of acting for itself, its natural guardians assume its responsibilities. They impress upon it their own image—they give its first bent—they create the atmosphere, and order the circumstances in which at first it shall dwell.

I ask myself then, am I daily re-produced in my little son? Am I laying a foundation on which he will build his character as an accountable being? Ought I not fairly to expect that the parental life will be continued in him? If so, then is my responsibility indeed fearful. In my own life is hidden to a great extent, the life of my child, and I again ask myself shall the religious life of my child be my crown of rejoicing or shall his wayward course be a daily and bitter reproach? Above all, shall the benedictions of my son follow me into the eternal world, or shall I meet him as the parent of his ruin, through neglect or an unworthy example?

"The promise is to you and your children." By virtue of the prayers and faithfulness of Christian parents there is encouraging reason to believe that the Divine Spirit may regen-

erate and so influence the child that it shall grow up, in the most literal sense, in the “nurture and admonition of the Lord.”

In this direction the church must look for healthy growth. It must rear the lambs of the flock naturally, to take the place of the fathers. How much better to expand through the power of its interior life and vital forces, than by aggressive movements and the conquest of those who are confirmed in courses of sin. How much better to rear within its own bosom those who shall be its defence, than attempt to bring back prodigals who have wandered far, and whose propensities to sin have become rigid by indulgence. Beautiful and strong will be that church whose infant members are trained up by its own watch and prayers, so as never to forsake the fold. The good old Puritan fathers seemed to understand this when the piety of the church was made domestic, and the public instructions of the Sabbath were enforced from parental lips, and followed by lessons from that family text-book—the Assembly’s Catechism. For our own children’s sake and the gospel’s sake, the church needs a great awakening within itself—a more complete and natural manifestation of piety in the family. There the light should shine from golden candlesticks, and its members all be made to feel that the worship and service of God are paramount to all earthly claims.

“*My son!*” The light of mine eyes and the joy of my heart! Shall it be well between me and thee? Precious and full of encouragement are Divine promises; but I also perceive in the very structure and susceptibility of the infant mind an omen of good to every faithful parent. During the most plastic period, the parent lives in and acts most fully for the child. Then the slightest mistake may grow into a moral deformity and cover the whole character. The pliant twig stiffened into the stalwart oak. The rill leaping from the mountain side, may be turned in any direction with a very little stick, but gradual accessions increase its volume and force.—Now it is a swift stream, — now a deep rolling river — at last a resistless torrent. Thus the plastic infant mind becomes rigid through age, and confirmed in habits either good or bad.

Therefore should Christian training commence with the dawn of being, and the subsequent life flow naturally from the parent as the stream flows from the fountain. The time is coming when “All shall know the Lord—from the least to the greatest.” Why not now ? what hindrance ? None surely on the part of God, who peoples heaven with so great a proportion of infants. None certainly on the part of Christ, who “took little children in his arms and blessed them and said, suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of heaven. The obstacle must therefore be such as parents can remove ; such as I am sure will be removed when each family is a church, with its natural priest and with the morning and evening incense burning on the altar. Blessed thought that members of each household may be joined to Christ and through Christ to each other, by those spiritual ties which are never to be sundered, and the family on earth be but the emblem and foretoken of the same in heaven. My faith is that all permanent Divine arrangements in this world have their counterpart above. Especially do I look forward to something there corresponding to the family relation.

“*My little son !*” Fondly do I gaze upon thy bright, speaking eye, and give back to thee the throbbings of thine affectionate heart, and lift up the silent prayer for thy conversion, and send my thoughts forward to the better land ; — and picturing the family circle unbroken, call thee “*my son,*” and hope to hear the reply—“Thou art *my father* indeed, for thou hast begotten me through the gospel.”

DECEIT.—Persons who practice deceit and artifice always deceive themselves more than they deceive others. They may feel great complacency in the view of the success of their doings, but they are in reality casting a mist before their own eyes.

Editor's Miscellany.

BIBLICAL NOTES.

Luke 15 : 11-32.—*Parable of the Prodigal Son.*

FEW, if any, illustrations of genuine repentance are more simple and impressive. The spirit in which he demands his patrimony and finally departs from his father's house, shews his need of renovation. His career of vice and crime commenced in his unfilial conduct, his disregard and contempt of his father. "Give me," he says, "the portion of goods that falleth to me."

What disrespect! He employs no term of endearment, none of reverence. He says not, *dear* father, *venerable* parent, but only "father." He sets up a claim where he ought to have made a request, "give me my patrimony." He speaks as if he were master and lord. Why his hot haste? Why could he not wait till his father's decease, before he took possession? His cupidity and selfishness sought the means of gratifying his lusts. These impelled him to disregard the proprieties of life. "The heir, as long as he is a child, differeth nothing from a servant, though he be lord of all, but is under tutors and governors until the time appointed by the father." Fool that he was thus to disregard decency of filial duty! His conduct prepares us to expect his ruin.

Once in possession of his patrimony, he takes his journey into a foreign land. He may have disliked his father's restraint, the order and discipline of his father's house. Like many a youth since that day, he felt quite competent to take care of himself, to project his own plans and direct his steps. He was too wise in his own esteem to profit by the experience and wisdom of his father. He had but one counsellor, himself, a sciolist, a fool.

After his wicked departure from his father's house in search of pleasure, fortune and fame, he began to spend his money in "riotous living." He fell into bad company, the vortex in which so many young men are engulfed. He associated with the lewd and riotous, and worked all manner of uncleanness with greediness.

But was he happy? We shall see. Retribution treads upon the heels of transgression. His money was soon spent; then his wicked

companions forsook him. A mighty famine arose. Starvation often follows waste. "He began to be in want." Evil pursued him, as it always does the transgressor. "Sins," says Luther, "come home to roost." The reaction of vice punishing its subject, evinces the natural retribution of God. He had poverty for his prodigality, hunger for his voluptuousness, friendlessness for his bad company, and misery for his sensual delight.

In his beggary and distress he very naturally thought of his father and his forsaken home, of the condition which he had left for that into which he had plunged.

But his self-dependence was not yet destroyed. He verily thought he could recover his position and regain his property. Therefore, "he went and joined," or let himself to a citizen of that country, who sent him into the field to feed swine, an employment to which no special disgrace attaches among us, but which was an abomination with the Jews, who accounted the animal unclean. In the circumstances, this service was "an image of the most stringent necessity, of the utmost wretchedness, and of the deepest degradation." Once he was a son, now a most menial slave; formerly in comfort, at present in wretchedness; yet in his self-righteousness, the last fortress of sin surrendered in the return of a soul to God, he sought to support himself and to improve his condition.

Want came upon him like a strong man armed. "He would fain have filled his belly with the husks which the swine did eat; but no man gave unto him." These husks are the food of the *Ceratia* or *Careb* tree, which produces a bean from which oil is manufactured. The husks, an inch wide and a foot in length, are sweet and nutritious, like our green Indian corn stalk; and the rules of his service forbade his partaking of them without his master's permission. He was indeed in extremity. Fit emblem of sinful men who wander from their heavenly Father and vainly attempt to construct a righteousness of their own, and to satisfy the cravings of their immortal minds with husks! As they follow the prodigal in his guilty wanderings, O that they would also tread in his returning footsteps!

He contrasted his condition with that of the servants in his father's house, and even envied them the supply of all their wants. While he thought of his guilt and wretchedness, he came to his right mind and resolved well. "I will arise and go to my father, and will say to him, father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son, make me as one of thy hired servants." Excellent resolve! Truly, he had at last come to his right mind. He

acted at once upon his resolution. Notice the steps; he thought on his guilty way, resolved on the performance of his duty, arose immediately, went to his father, made his confession and implored forgiveness and restoration to forfeited favor.

His father's reception of him well illustrates the readiness of God to receive returning penitents. "While he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, had compassion on him, ran, fell on his neck and kissed him." And what father would not? There is no vision but that of God which is so extensive, quick, clear as that of the eye of parental affection. Here it discerns a child a great way off. Its subject forgets all the waywardness, the disobedience, the contempt. His aged and tottering feet runs to meet him. He falls on his neck, and Jacob did not embrace Joseph more cordially. He is overcome by his son's confession, and by the sight of his poverty and wretchedness. He forgives and receives him, puts on him the best robe, kills for him the fatted calf, proclaims a festival, eats, drinks, and makes merry, proclaiming this, "my son was lost, but is found." Faint and feeble illustration of the readiness of God to receive the penitent and believing! His compassion is greater, and so are his forgiveness and love. He pardons, adopts, and enriches as no others pretend to. His mercy is great above the heavens, broader than the earth, deeper than the sea — an ocean in which our thoughts are drowned. But we may safely walk on its beach, bathe in its waters, look out on its expanse, and wonder at its greatness and its power. Venture upon it; plead it; endeavor to grow in the knowledge of it.

And if others, imitating the example of the elder brother of the prodigal, envy your condition, tell them there is mercy enough for them and you, and overcome their evil with good, that the whole family may be received by your father that is in heaven, and made forever perfect in love.

"Review thy wanderings with surprise,
From folly now awake,
And from the grave of sin arise
Begin thy heart to break.

O cry, I starve, nor can I bear
The famine in this land:
While servant's of my father's share
The bounty of his hand.

With deep repentance, I return,
And seek my father's face,
Unworthy to be called a son,
I ask a servant's place.

Far off he sees me slowly move,
In pensive silence mourn ;
My father runs with arms of love,
To welcome my return.

In heavenly courts the news is told,
And spreads fresh joy around ;
And angels tune their harps of gold,
The prodigal is found."



CHOICE SELECTIONS.

A HOME VISIT.

"The memories of boyhood
Come back with smiles and tears ;
And I treasure up the pictures
Of my home in early years !"

There is a thrilling, joyous sensation that one experiences upon nearing the home of his childhood after a protracted absence. As you enter the precincts of the neighborhood, and cast your eye on the familiar objects that meet your gaze, the mind unconsciously wanders back to that period when each took a part in the great drama of boyhood life ; at least, it so affected me, as escaping from the din, smoke, and confined air of the city's mart, I hurried forth to inhale the delicious fragrance of trees, flowers, and new-mown hay, as it comes wafted along by each passing zephyr ! I soon reached the low-roofed cottage by the roadside which was my destination, and which stood in all its primeval simplicity. The four trees in front still remained, while the clambering woodbine embraced in its luxuriant folds nearly one side, shading the windows, and affording a calm and cool retreat.

After the usual recognition of friends, I wandered forth to view my old familiar haunts. There lay the verdant meadows, partly shorn of their crops, divided by the same brooklet that formerly wound its circuitous way along ; the glassy surface of which I had often rippled by my smooth skipping-stones, but which now was nearly concealed by the thick foliage of the overhanging banks. The upland supported and nourished a luxuriant growth of maize, with their tall, slender stalks, with tassels and long green leaves rustling in the breeze. There, too, behind the door, stiff and hardened by age, stood the identical bow and arrow with which I had so often mimicked the famous Tell, until the fire of patriotism would burn high and fierce in my young breast !

I then turned to behold the fading glories of the setting sun. Heaven's great luminary had completed his allotted circle, and was fast sinking to repose in his cloudy pavilion ; a flood of mellow light was bathing the surrounding hills in various hues, while the source from which it emanated was reclining in a molten sea of gold ! I saw it imperceptibly going down, still bright and beautiful, until at last it disappeared, leaving a halo of rich golden lustre

in its track ; and then came the thought how few of us mortals sink thus quietly to rest, with a halo of noble deeds encircling their brow !

But night's mantle soon overspread the earth ; its complete hush had fallen upon nature, which was broken only by the shrill chirp of the cricket, and the occasional croaking of a distant frog.

All things have an end, and the time of my departure drew near. There is a saddened feeling that steals over us when about to part with home and friends, however much we may endeavor to avoid it. The mind and affections cling to their early home with the tenacity and tenderness of a tendril to its parent stem ; but summoning all my courage and resolution, and with a forced laugh I gave the parting hand and hurried away from the scene, and jumping on board one of those annihilators of space which was destined to convey me back to my city home, I chose a seat and resigned myself to the chastening spell. The iron horse seemed aware of my feelings, as, with a loud snort of defiance, he plunged madly on over hill and dale, bearing me swiftly away from all that was dear !—Arriving, I plunged again into the maelstrom of business, which alas, soon damped all my pleasing emotions ; but they are still fresh and green in my memory, as this faint delineation will show.

HINTS FOR HUSBANDS.

There is an article afloat in the papers entitled "Golden Rules for Wives," which enjoins on the ladies a rather abject submission to 'their husband's wills and whims. But the art of living together in harmony is a very difficult art ; and, without confuting the position of the authors of the aforesaid Rules, we offer the following, as the substance of what a wife likes in a husband.

Fidelity is her heart's first and most just demand. The act of infidelity a true wife cannot forgive—it rudely breaks the ties that bound her heart to his, and that tie can never more exist.

The first place in her husband's affections no true wife can learn to do without. When she loses that, she has lost her husband ; she is a widow, and has to endure the pangs of bereavement intensified by the presence of what she no longer possesses. There is a living mummy in the house, reminding her of her loss in the most painful manner.

A woman likes her husband to excel in those qualities which distinguish the masculine from the feminine being, such as strength, courage, fortitude and judgment. She cannot entirely love one whom she cannot entirely respect, believe in, and rely on.

A wife dearly likes to have her husband stand high in regard of the community in which they reside. She likes to be thought by her own sex a fortunate woman in having such a husband as she has. She has a taste for the respectable, desires to have a good looking front door, and to keep up a good appearance generally. Some wives, it is said, carry this too far ; and some husbands, we know, are dangerously complaisant in yielding to the front door ambition of their wives. But a good husband will like to gratify his wife in this respect, as far as he can, without sacrificing more important objects.

Perfect sincerity a wife expects, or at least has a right to expect from her husband. She desires to know the real state of the case, however it may be concealed from the world. It wrings her heart and wounds her pride to discover that her husband has not wholly confided in her. A man may

profitably consult his wife on almost any project; it is due to her that he should do so, and she is glad to be consulted.

About most other things, a wife craves from her husband appreciation. The great majority of wives lead lives of severe and anxious toil. With unimaginable anguish and peril to their lives they become mothers. Their children require incessant care. "Only the eye of God watches like a mother's," says Fanny Fern in that chapter of 'Ruth Hall,' which depicts with such power and truth a mother's agonizing anxieties. And besides her maternal cares, a wife is the queen regent of a household kingdom. She has to think, and plan, and work for everybody. If, in all her labors and cares, she feels that she has her husband's sympathy and gratitude, if he helps her where a man can help a woman, if he notices her efforts, applauds her skill, and allows her deficiencies—all is well. But not to endure all this, and yet meet with no appreciating word, or glance, or act from him and for whom and for whose she toils and bears, is very bitter.

A wife likes her husband to show her all due respect in the presence of others; she cannot bear to be reproved or criticised by him when others can hear it. Indeed, it is most wrong in a husband thus to put his wife to shame; we cannot help secretly admiring the spirit of that French woman, who when her husband had so wronged her, refused ever again to utter a word, and for twenty years lived in the house a dumb woman. We admire her spirit, though not her mode of manifesting it. Husbands owe the most profound respect to their wives, for their wives are the mothers of their children. No man has the slightest claim to the character of a gentleman who is not more scrupulously polite to his wife than to any other woman. We refer here to the essential of politeness, not its forms, we mean kindness in little things.

A wife likes her husband to be considerate. Unexpected kindness and unsolicited favors touch her heart. She appreciates the softened tread when she is sick; she enjoys the gift from a distance, and every thing that proves to her that her husband thinks of her comfort and good.

Husbands, reflect on these things. Your wife has confided her happiness to you. You can make it unspeakably wretched, if you are ignoble and short-sighted. Let the contest between husband and wife be this—which shall do the most for the happiness of the other.—*Life Illustrated*.

FEMALE MARTYRS.

It was during the bitter persecution of the Scotch Covenanters, in the years 1682 and 1686, when Baxter, Flavel, and about two thousand other clergymen were shut out from the pulpits by the act of Uniformity, under Charles II, that Margaret and Agnes Wilson, daughters of a wealthy farmer in Wigtonshire, were obliged to leave their father's house, and secretly wander from one poverty-stricken hovel to another, to avoid the fury of the watchful soldiery. They had early received a religious education, and as they grew towards womanhood they became ardently attached to the faith of the Dissenters, and could not be induced to attend the Established Church.

Though still so young—for Margaret was not eighteen, and Agnes scarcely twelve—they had attracted the attention of the Conformists by their firm adherence to the cause of the Covenanters. For many weeks they were concealed in the caves and ravines of the mountains, spending long days and nights exposed to the piercing cold of severe winter; while the ensuing summer found them suffering as intensely beneath the scorching heat, and they wandered homeless in the swamps and marshes, from which the fear of dead-

ly sickness kept their persecutors. Yet, amid all trials, they did not waver. "Out of weakness" they "were made strong" by faith, which "is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

At length came a brief respite. The profligate and reckless Charles II. was called to his account, and for a short space the land had rest. Taking advantage of this pause in the persecution, the trembling girls came forth from their hiding places, to stay for a time with those who sympathised with them in their religious belief. And again, Widow M'Lauchlan, a long-tried friend, who had herself been an outcast for conscience' sake, received them at her home, and by her pious counsels and motherly care greatly encouraged the weary and almost heart-sick wanderers.

While enjoying this season of peace, the sisters were discovered and betrayed by a base fellow named Patrick Stuart, and, without a shadow of a trial, were thrown into a loathsome prison. Here they were soon joined by their friend, Mrs. M'Lauchlan, who was arrested about the same time—were treated with the utmost rigor, not allowed sufficient food, deprived of fire though the weather was severely cold, and at night they stretched their aching limbs on the bare stone floor.

A document denying the peculiar doctrines of their faith was presented to them. Apostacy or death was the only alternative. Their father saved the life of Agnes, his youngest daughter, by the payment of one hundred pounds, her youth rendering her persecutors indifferent to her fate; but all the agonizing intercessions and brilliant offers of the afflicted parents could effect nothing for Margaret's release.

The eleventh of May was appointed for her execution, and that of the aged Mrs. M'Lauchlan. Two heavy stakes were driven into the sand on the Wigton beach, half way between high and low water mark. The shore, the rocks, and the country around, for a great distance, were thronged by the clamorous multitude, eager to witness the terrific scene. A band of soldiers surrounded the defenceless women on their way to execution. The aged matron was bound to the post nearest the advancing tide, while the young maiden was fastened to that nearest the shore, in such a position that she could not avoid seeing the death of her friend. Slowly, yet surely, the surging billows approached; each successive wave rose higher and higher, and soon all that was mortal of Margaret M'Lauchlan was buried beneath the water.

The shout of the rabble had died away, and now they gazed in mute horror on the raging flood. Undismayed the young girl watched her fate. Her persecutors brought her once more to the shore and offered her the "oath of abjuration," but she was strong even to the end.

Again her slight form was bound to the stake, and in the hush on the beach, her clear, firm voice was heard distinctly above the roar of the sea, saying: "There is therefore no condemnation to them which are in Jesus Christ, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." And still her tones grew stronger and more triumphant, until she reached the close of the glorious chapter: "Nay, in all things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Jesus Christ our Lord."

While the spell-bound multitude gazed, the waters closed the fearful struggle. A small monument has been erected to the memory of these martyrs, in the church-yard of Wigton. They have long joined that goodly company "which came out of great tribulations, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

HOME AND FAMILY.

MOTHER TOLD ME NOT TO GO.

Allen was sent to the city when he was quite a lad. The new scenes and new objects which there met his eye, unlike the quiet and unchanging life of his native village, filled him with interest and excitement. He never felt tired of looking and walking about in the time spared from his employment. Amongst other places of which he had heard much, was the theatre. Some of his associates went and there was no end to the wonderful stories they told of what they saw and heard. Allen felt a rising desire to go too. He manfully resisted it, however.

"Come," said one of his companions, "go with us to-night."

"No," answered Allen, "not to-night."

"So you always say, not to-night—come: decide at once to go."

"No, not this time. Not to-night," still replied Allen, walking away.

"You shall have a ticket, if you'll only come," again urged his companion. Allen shook his head; "no, no," said he, "no, no, keep it yourself. I cannot take it."

"How obstinate," rejoined the other; "why, what can be the reason?"

Allen hesitated for a moment. "My mother told me not to go to the theatre: therefore I cannot go," he at length firmly replied.

His companion ceased to urge him longer; he beheld in Allen's face a certain purpose to obey, and he left without saying a word more. That was his mother's last injunction: "My son, do not go to the theatre."

Under such circumstances, some lads might have said, "Why, I see no harm in the theatre, why should not I go? I see no reason why I cannot. My mother, I fancy, did not know as much as she thought she did; she, away off home, cannot tell what is what; besides, other young men of my age go." I say, some might have reasoned thus, and disobeyed, and gone. Not so with Allen. His mother bade him not to go—that was sufficient for him. He trusted in her knowledge, and confided in her judgment—and he meant to obey her; yes, and what was better, he was not afraid to say so. It was a wise decision; and if every youth away from home had moral courage enough to decide doubtful questions in the same way, there would be many better men for it. Allen is now an excellent clergyman.—*Christian Witness.*

SAD CHILDREN.—There is one thing which strikes me as very affecting in the condition of any child. It is when that condition is necessarily a melancholy one—when the circumstances which hem it around, cast over the surface of that young life an abiding gloom. A melancholy child! What an anomaly among the harmonies of the universe, a something as incongruous as a bird drooping in a cage, or a flower in a sepulchre. The musical laughter muffled and broken: the spontaneous smile transformed to a sad suspicion: and the austerities of mature life, the fearful speculation, and forecasts of evil, fixed and frozen on a boy's face! And then the sorrow of a child is so absorbing, for he lives only in the present. In the afflictions which fall upon him, man has the aid of reason and faith: he looks beyond the present issue; he detects the significance of his calamity, and strengthened thus, a brave heart can vanquish any sorrow. But as Ritchee beautifully says, 'The little cradle or bed-canopy of the child is easier darkened than the starry canopy of man. Surely then it is a blessed thing to contribute aught that will lighten this gloom, and place the child in natural conditions.'

FEMALE CHARACTER.—Daughters should thoroughly acquaint themselves with the business and cares of a family. These are among the first objects, of a woman's creation; they ought to be among the first branches of her education. They should learn neatness, economy, industry and sobriety. These will constitute their ornaments. Nature will appear in all her loveliness of proportion, of beauty; and modesty, unaffected gentleness of manner, will render them amiable in the kitchen and drawing room, and ornaments in the sitting room and parlor. Everything, domestic or social, depends on female character. As daughters and sisters, they decide the character of the family. As wives, they emphatically decide the character of their husbands, and their condition also. It has been not unmeaningly said, that the husband may ask the wife whether he may not be respected. He certainly must inquire at the altar whether he may be prosperous and happy. As mothers, they decide the character of their children. Nature has constructed them the early guardians and instructors of their children, and clothed them with sympathies suited to this end.

A TRUE WIFE.—She is no true wife who sustains not her husband in the day of calamity; who is not, when the world's great frown makes the heart chill with anguish, his guardian angel growing brighter and more beautiful as misfortunes crowd around his path. Then is the time for a trial of her gentleness—the testing whether the sweetness of her temper beams only with a transient light, or like the glory of the morning star, shines as brightly under the clouds. Has she smiles just as charming? Does she say, “Affliction cannot touch our purity, and should not quench our love?” Does she try, by happy little inventions, to lift from his sensitive spirit the burden of thought?

There are wives—no! there are *beings* who, when dark hours come, fall to repining and upbraiding—thus adding to outside anxiety the harrowing scenes of domestic strife—as if the blame in the world would make one hair white or black, or change the decree gone forth. Such know not that our darkness is in heaven's light—our trials are but steps in a golden ladder, by which, if we rightly ascend, we may at least gain that eternal light, and bathe forever in its fulness and beauty.

Her husband had been on the verge of distraction—all his earthly possessions were gone, and he feared the result of her knowledge, she had been so tenderly cared for all her life! But, says Irving's beautiful story, “a friend advised him to give not sleep to his eyes, nor slumber to his eyelids, until he had unfolded to her his hapless case.”

And that was her answer, with the smile of an angel—“*Is that all?*” I feared by your sadness it was worse. Let these things be taken—all this splendor, let it go! I care not for it—I only care for my husband's love and confidence. You shall forget in my affection that you ever were in prosperity—only still love me, and I will aid you to bear these little reverses with cheerfulness.”

Still love her! a man must reverence, aye, and liken her to the very angels, for such a woman is a living revelation of heaven.—*N. Hampshire Sentinel.*

TRUE RELIGION.—Old Jeremy Taylor, in describing the religion of a certain pious female, thus beautifully though quaintly remarks: “The religion of this excellent lady took root downwards in humility, and brought forth fruit upwards in the substantial graces of the Christian; in charity and justice, in chastity and modesty, and true friendship and sweetness of conversation. She had not so much of the forms and outside of godliness, but she was careful of the honor of it, for the moral, useful, spiritual, essential parts—such as would make one to be, and not seem to be, religious.”

"LET ME PRAY FIRST."—A very intelligent little girl was passing quietly through the streets of a certain town a short time since, when she came to a spot where several idle boys were amusing themselves by a very dangerous practice of throwing stones. Not observing her, one of the boys by accident threw a stone towards her, and struck her a cruel blow in the eye.

She was carried home in great agony. The surgeon was sent for and a very painful operation was declared necessary. When the time came, and the surgeon had taken out his instruments, she lay in her father's arms, and he asked her if she was ready.

"No, father; not yet," she replied.

"What do you wish us to wait for, my child?"

"I want to kneel in your lap, and pray to Jesus first," she answered.

And then kneeling she prayed a few minutes, and afterwards submitted to the operation with the patience of a woman.

How beautiful this little girl appears, under these trying circumstances!—Surely Jesus heard the prayer made in that hour; and he will love every child that calls upon his name. Let every girl learn to pray; and let idle boys be careful how they throw stones.

A GOOD NAME.—Always be more solicitous to preserve your innocence than concerned to prove it. It will never do to seek a good name as a primary object. Like trying to be graceful, the effort to be popular will make you contemptible. Take care of your spirit and conduct, and your reputation will take care of itself. The utmost that you can do as the guardian of your reputation is to remove injurious aspersions. Let not your good be evil spoken of, and follow the highest examples in mild and explicit self-vindication. No reputation can be permanent which does not spring from principle; and he who would maintain a good character should be mainly solicitous to maintain a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man.—*Christian Observer*.

INCIDENT AND HUMOR.

INTERESTING ANECDOTE.—The *Band of Hope Review* tells the following: A few weeks ago a poor girl was looking in at the window of the Tract Society's shop in Piccadilly. She began to spell and read aloud some of the open pages. So intent was she in making out the words, that she knelt down close to the window. Hundreds passed by, but the girl heeded them not, neither was she noticed by them. At length a tall gentleman, passing, overheard the girl spelling out the words. Tapping her gently on the shoulder, he desired her to follow him into the shop. He then made several inquiries as to her parents, and whether she went to any Sunday or day-school. Finding her very fond of reading, but having no books of her own, he turned to the shopman, and ordered a copy of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," which, with a few words of good advice, he placed in her hands. The gentleman was the Earl of Shaftesbury.

A LITTLE BOY while writhing under the tortures of an ague, was told by his mother to rise up and take a powder she had prepared for him. "Powder! powder!" said he, raising himself on one elbow, and putting on a smile; "mother, I ain't a gun."

MOSQUE OF OMAR—JEWISH TRADITION.—Mr. Tragelles writes to the Times to say: "On the 14th ult. appeared a letter from Alexandria, mentioning that the Jews (at Jerusalem) declined to enter the court of the Mosque of Omar to pray for rain, on the ground that they were ceremonially unclean, and, also, because they believed that their law was buried under the site of the temple. I want to ascertain in what manner this opinion originated among the Jews that their law was buried there. Is there any historical account of any circumstance of the kind? And, if so, when did this concealment take place? These questions have some interest, because in a dry shaft beneath the Mosque of Omar—the ancient site of the temple of the Lord—one skin of a roll of the *Pentateuch* was found. Through the kindness of Mrs. Lieder, of Cairo, I possess this relic. It is written in three columns, beginning at Genesis xxii. 1, and going to the middle of chapter xxiv. The Jews had, therefore, some ground for their opinion, and that opinion may lead to the discovery of the time of the deposit of this existing portion.—*London paper.*

THE MUMMY OF NEBUCHADNEZZAR.—It is stated that Colonel Rawlinson, who is prosecuting the discoveries commenced by Layard and Botta and in exhuming from the mounds of the long-lost rival cities of Nineveh and Babylon, their instructive relics, has lately discovered in a state of preservation what is believed to be the mummy of Nebuchadnezzar. The face of the rebellious monarch of Babylon, covered by one of those gold masks usually found in Assyrian tombs, is described as very handsome—the forehead high and commanding, the features marked and regular. This interesting relic of remote antiquity is for the present preserved in the museum of the East India company. Of all the mighty empires whose names have escaped oblivion, none has so completely perished as that of Assyria. Over two thousand years have gone by since the two "great cities," renowned for their strength, and their luxury, and their magnificence, have crumbled into dust, leaving no visible trace of their existence, their very sites forgotten. Even the name and the fame of the great Nebuchadnezzar might have been buried in the ruins of his splendid city, and forever obliterated from the memory on earth, had not God made him a beacon to display his power and illustrate the sin and folly of pride and vanity.

A chance traveller, Layard, riding through the Mesopotamian valley, discovered "the buried city," and with a success that will immortalize his name, has commenced to unroll the book of Assyrian history and civilization, which of all the histories of the first period of the world is most clearly connected with the subsequent destinies of the human race. The discoveries already made, furnish ample testimony to refute the skeptic unbeliever of Scripture truth.

NIGHT BEFORE DAY.—The St. Louis *Leader* vouches for the following incident:—

Not a dozen years ago, a merchant of this city, well known and highly respected, failed in business, and after settling up his affairs, gave to his principal creditor a deed of trust on certain real estate, to secure the payment of \$12,000. At the time, the property was barely valued at that, so the creditor put the deed in his safe, and there, so far as he was concerned, the matter ended. The merchant, broken down, disappointed, poor, but yet enterprising, went South, visited California, Mexico, and South America, speculated, made half a dozen fortunes and lost them again. A few weeks since, he returned to this city, sick, travel-worn, needy and disheartened. By chance, he met his old lawyer, a gentleman high in his profession, and

who is deservedly respected. After the first greeting, the lawyer remarked, "I am glad to see you back, and as you seem to be in want of funds, the sale will be just in time."

The merchant looked hard at his friend, and finally said, "Sale, what sale? I've got nothing to sell."

"Nonsense, my dear fellow, you are richer than you imagine. Don't you remember the deed of trust I drew up for you some twelve years ago?"

"I do; what of it?"

"Well, at that time the property would not have realized the sum; so it was let lie; but it is now in the market, and I expect to close a contract for its sale this week."

"You amaze me! what price do you expect to get?"

"I've asked \$86,000! and shall get it, too. Your debt and interest will amount to \$21,000, or thereabouts; so you'll have \$65,000 to go upon."

The sensations of the party may be "more easily imagined than described," as the penny-a-liners have it; but one thing is certain, Mr. A. went home a happier man than he had been for ten years, at least.

Reader! what we have here related is simple fact; and more, the occurrence is not yet a week old.

JONAH wrote to his father, after the whale first swallowed him, stating that he had found a good "opening" for a young man in the oil business, but afterward wrote for money to bring him home, stating that he had been "sucked in."

HOUSEWIFERY.

TO MAKE GOOD BREAD.—Many recipes are given for making bread. Improvement of course is the order of the day, and each new mode and new ingredient is to help a little in the art.

But the question is asked—Have we better bread now than we had fifty years ago. With all our new matter and new modes of mixing, have we made any improvement on the methods which our mothers adopted in preparing the staff of life?

It seems now to be conceded that we mix too much foreign matter with the pure meal and flower from our mills. Saleratus has had a great run in our kitchens, and so abundant is the supply in some families that you may smell it in all parts of the house.

The taste of saleratus in bread is quite offensive to many people. The article seems to be used freely when the dough has risen too much and there is danger of souring before the oven is ready. Now, when the dough is watched and made to rise just enough, it is clear that the poisonous saleratus may be dispensed with.

Something is required to make the dough ferment, or rise, as the makers tell you. Well, what is better for this purpose than yeast?—the old yeast that our grandmothers knew how to make and to use quite as well as a modern baker?

The great question is, have we really made any advances in the art of making and baking bread within fifty years last past? With all the high

encomiums on flour from the West — on “fancy brands” and fancy prices, we seem to advance about as fast as we have of late years in improved ploughs and harrows — improved wheat, eorn, and rye.

The truth is, our bread is no better than it was sixty years ago ; and most of our old people will say it. Some allowance may be made for want of appetite in a Septuagenarian — yet, after all, the good old rye and Indian loaf was equal to any that has been made in these “latter days.” Why, the bare crust of the old loaf, baked in an oven with brick bottom, top, and sides, was better than the soft part of modern days sliced, and toasted, and buttered in the most improved modes.

The great object at present is to *save labor*. But bread fit for the table must be thoroughly kneaded before it is baked. It is hard labor to knead properly a bushel of rye and Indian meal — therefore, to save labor, the meal is put into a tub of water instead of a large bread trough where it can be worked. The meal is put in and stirred up thin, as you would stir it for the pigs. It is not worked over as in old times, and is as unfit for the oven as lime mortar is when it is not half worked. This is not the universal mode, for in many families good bread is made.

Professed bakers are obliged to work their dough thoroughly or not sell their bread. They use a long lever, or break, of much power, and labor long to bring the atoms into contact. If bread-makers in families would bestow half as much labor in kneading as bakers do, they would have better bread.

Brick ovens, of the old pattern, are better for baking than the iron stove ovens that are half the time too hot and half the time too cold. A uniform heat is required to bake good bread. And when the brown loaf can rest on the bottom of the oven, and be freely exposed to the heated air, instead of being confined in bean pots or pudding pots, to keep the crust soft, it comes out sweet and free from the liquid matter which cannot escape from a close vessel.

Bread is such an important article that all agricultural societies should offer premiums to such as excel in the making and baking.— *Ploughman*.

FASHIONS.

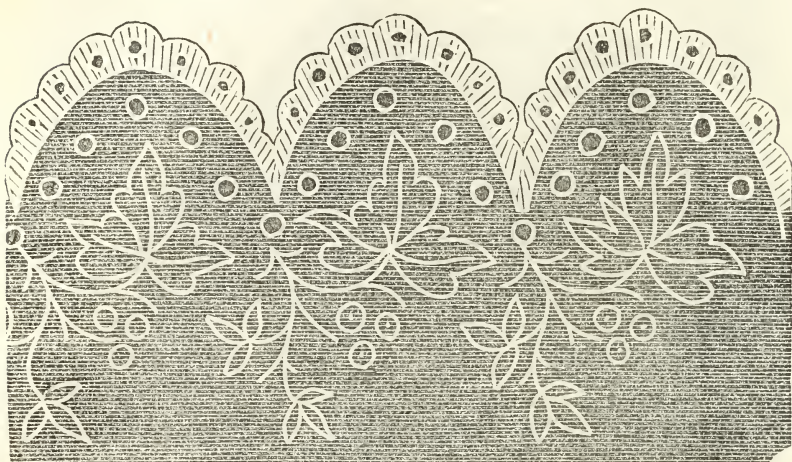
MORNING ROBE.—The material is a fine French lawn of a delicate shade of pink. It is made in the usual style for morning robes, with a back slightly full and gathered in at the waist by three fine shirrs ; the back of the skirt is made very long and bordered with a hem two inches wide. The open fronts are made sacque form and ornamented, at intervals of an inch, by white drop buttons. The shoulders are ornamented by a large cape which is round in the back, and curves gracefully over the shoulders, forming a graduated piece, which is continued down the entire length of the front ; the edge of the cape is bordered with a fluted ruffle an inch wide ; this ruffle is finished with a narrow hem, over which is laid a single row of narrow white linen braid, and above the ruffle are placed at intervals of a few inches delicate sprigs of embroidery, and a succession of linked circlets, done in white crochet, which, like the ruffle, are continued down the entire length of the skirt. The neck is finished with a small round collar edged with embroidery and a ruffle to correspond with the cape. The pockets are perfectly straight and ornamented by a simple ruffle edged with linen braid

The full flowing sleeves are made double, the upper one descends just below the bend of the arm, and is inserted at the top in three box plaits. The bottom of each sleeve is adorned with embroidery and ruffles. A broad tie of the same material, with rounded ends, edged with ruffles, serves as a fastening to the waist.





FASHIONABLE MANTLE. —The design we give this month is for a mantle of the newest and most elegant form. It is intended to be worn very low on the shoulders, over a high dress. It is of lavender, or any other silk, with an upper cape of the same color, covered with black net, put on full, as seen in the engraving, and confined here and there by ruches of ribbon, finished by bows and ends of satin or velvet. The upper cape has a bugle trimming. The lower cape is trimmed with black velvet ribbon and deep black lace. The ends are rounded, and intended to cross in front. Our diagrams convey the dimensions of the different parts. The black lace, we must observe, is put on very deep round the back, and gradually sloped off before the ends are to be trimmed. It is twelve inches in its greatest depth, and three in the narrowest.—*Lady's Book*.



PATTERN FOR EMBROIDERING A CHILD'S CLOAK.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE CONGREGATIONAL HYMN BOOK, for the service of the Sanctuary.
By Rev. Elias Nason. Published by John P. Jewett & Co.

We noticed this book in advance of publication, and by a re-examination of it since its issue from the press, our opinion of its merit and excellence is confirmed. Its typography is exceedingly neat and beautiful. It is sufficiently copious to embrace our best lyrics, so classified and arranged as to be found with ease, either by reference to their general topic, or to full indexes of first line, particular subjects, Scriptural texts, or authors. It possesses the advantages over "Watts and Select" in simple and lucid order, in completeness, in variety, in adaptation to musical expression and to the purpose of worship; over "The Church Psalmody" in freedom from barbarous alterations of the original, in purity, neatness and taste, in fulness, variety, pathos and poetic expression; and over any other collection with which we are acquainted. We do not suppose it faultless, for we believe with Dr. Johnson that it is nearly, if not quite, impossible to produce a perfect hymn book; but we sincerely think this so much in advance of any now in use and claiming public favor, as to deserve a general introduction by the churches for which it is specially designed. We predict for it wide popularity and extensive use till some second Watts shall arise.



Engraved by P. Falgout

Ed. Thomas, 1800

The new Evangelical Bible

1800



Governor Wood.



THE OLD HOVEL.

WORDS BY MISS H. W. PAYSON.—MUSIC BY B. F. BAKER.

LARGHETTO.

1. 'Twas an old hovel, — a cold hovel, No sun - beam played on the floor; No
 2. 'Twas a poor fellow, — a bad fellow, His wife was had enough too; And
 3. 'Twas a small cottage, a warm whole That warm, rich home of sun - down lakes, Where
 4. But they thought golden, golden, golden, That warm, rich home of sun - down lakes, Where

bird ever sang in a rose - tree there, For no rose tree grew by the door, Nor plot of green grass, but dust, only dust, And
 that hovel dark shut out from the light, Was the on - ly home that they knew, But Patrick McCleave times better had known, When
 clustering vines woo the bend - ing tree, And the light through stealthily breaks, And Patrick McCleave and Nel - ly McCleave, A -
 men were equal as brothers should be, In the ci - ty and country town. So Patrick mild signs and Nelly mild tears, bade

THE OLD HOVEL. Concluded.

The musical score is written on three staves. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The second staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The third staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The music is a three-part setting of the poem. The first staff (treble clef, Bb) contains the first two stanzas. The second staff (treble clef, F#) contains the third stanza. The third staff (bass clef, Bb) contains the fourth stanza. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with many eighth and sixteenth notes.

gloomy old high brick walls, Where shadow on shadow falls, On the cold street's sto - ney crust.
 more of a man was he, And more of a woman she, Though lit - tle they called their
 merry young groom and bride, With kindred and friends be - side, Were bu - sy from morning till
 a - dieu to friends and kin, To their home where stars look'd in - side, All the sun - side of their
 years.

5 Then the cold ocean, the bold ocean,
 They cross'd, and no face they knew,
 To care there was none for Patrick McCleave,
 Or to furnish him work to do ;
 Sadly with Nelly he sought for a friend,
 Sought for compassion and aid
 'Mid riches and false parade,
 But a kind word none would lend.

6 As their hopes darken'd, their hearts darken'd
 And that old hut in the shade,
 Their dwelling for years was the burial place
 Where their better feelings were laid.
 For wrapped in a shroud of blackness, there came
 A spirit of evil things,
 With its thousand deadly stings,
 A place at their hearth to claim.

7 There were their children, like all children,
 Who might have been fair as light,
 But all their teachers were mis'ry and vice,
 And their lessons were dark as night.
 Who of us all had been better than they
 Had our home so dark a dye ?
 Not any can answer I,
 For we grow as grows our way !

8 To the old hovel,—the cold hovel,
 Who'd turn to carry a smile,
 To ply in the depths of a wretched heart,
 Giving hope to a bosom vile ?
 Oh ! give a kind word to some erring one,
 In a gentle loving tone
 Wheat sowing where tares had grown,
 Sowing light where light was none.

A PIOUS MOTHER'S GRAVE.

EDITORIAL.

HALLOWED spot, circled with precious memories, confirming every good resolution and imparting strength to the hope of a glorious immortality ! Here rests the hand that rocked my cradle, and the lips that prayed for me and taught me to pray. Here the sorrow which I felt when weeping around her death-bed, and over her coffin, revives and creates fresh occasion for the consolations of God, neither few nor feeble, but various as human wants and larger than human conceptions.

The grief which we experience when death invades our family, is as various as the domestic relations. There is a sorrow at the death of a child ; another at the death of a brother ; but neither of these are the sorrow which we experience when a beloved and venerable parent is removed. A thousand hearts, schooled in affliction, respond to the sentiment, and re-affirm the fact, " there is a difference."

But our grief at the death of each of our parents is as various as their connection with us. Inspiration recognizes this idea. " I bowed down heavily," says the sweet Psalmist of Israel, " as one that mourneth for his mother."

Our father may be more renowned, and a greater number may participate in our sorrow at his departure. But when our mother dies, we mourn for one who endured for us a thousand pains and anxieties which no other person could feel, whose smile and fond embrace ever greeted our return, who loved us and cared for us, as no other human being could do, and about whom gathered the chief charms of home.

At her funeral the family mansion appears, as if hung with the drapery of wo ; and when her coffin is borne from that dear spot, and her precious remains laid in their sepulchral bed, the tenderest tie which binds us to the place of our nativity is sundered.

There our father and other loved ones may still dwell ; but their presence and the objects which meet our eye, serve only to force still deeper in our heart the impression of the great

ness of our loss. When we re-visit the place of our birth, and approach the entrance, alas, she presents herself no more at the door to welcome us! We go from room to room, the tide of our grief rising higher at every step, but we find her not.

At last we enter her private chamber, where she taught our infant lips to say "Our Father;" where she gave us those lessons of practical piety which have contributed so much to shape our character and to direct our life, and poured forth for us her prayers and tears. But alas, that private sanctuary is to us as the holy of holies in the second temple to the sons of Abraham after the departure of the Shekinah, the loss of the tables of the covenant, of the Urin and Thummin, and the cessation of the open vision. Yet like them, we bow down reverently, overpowered by the hallowed associations of the place, and seek from her God and our God the consolations we need.

When the first tide of our grief begins to ebb, we seat ourselves on the shore of the sea of our sorrows and send swift-winged reflection back to collect themes of profitable meditation. These we have put down for the benefit of our readers who have either been called to follow their beloved mothers to the grave, or are liable at any time to be summoned to that solemn service.

One of these is connected with the author of our being, with Him who has impressed his social image upon ourselves, who instituted all the relations of kindred, and who gave us a devoted mother. She it was who spoke to us of God, and taught us to express our sense of dependence on him in various forms of devotion; and how is that sense quickened when we see her who has so tenderly watched over us, ministered to our wants, comforted our sorrow and relieved our distress, sinking under a disease which no medicine can cure, and filled with distress which we cannot alleviate, especially when we wrestle in prayer for her recovery, and God answers by dashing our hopes to the ground and giving prevalence to our fears, when her physician assures us that the hour of her departure is at hand, when she calls us to her side to deliver her farewell

messages and her dying counsels, when she draws her last breath, when our thoughts follow the luminous track of her ascending spirit, and we realize that she is no more on earth, that our hearts and our home are desolate ; when we thus feel the greatness of our loss, we begin to appreciate the richness of the blessing which God has taken from us, and a thousand considerations remind us of ingratitude. We think of the amazing goodness of God in the gift of such a mother. We adore the mercy which spared her so many years, and the grace displayed in her triumphant death. We bow with submission to the sovereign dispensation and commune with the patriarch of Uz, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away ; blessed be the name of the Lord." Her life taught us how to live ; her death, how to die.

How precious now is every memorial of her goodness ! If she recorded her religious experience, how dear and instructive is her diary. Every word of it was written by the hand which once rested so gently on our head in prayer when she besought God to be our kind Father, to preserve us from the evil that is in the world, to adopt us into his spiritual family, and to enrich us with his heavenly inheritance. Here we read of her anxieties for us, and of the things which she laid up in her heart concerning us. As we dash the burning tears from our cheeks, we exclaim, "O that we had known more of these while she lived," had relieved her fears and confirmed her hopes concerning us. Here we look on the hitherto hidden springs of her action, and we discover why she prayed so frequently and fervently for us, — why she taught us so faithfully, and strove to govern us by the law of the Lord, — why she wept at our wayward steps and won our return to the path of duty by her tenderness and love. Here the finger of her faith still points us to heaven. We read on till we arrive at length to the last entry in her journal. It is the comment of her piety on the words of the apostle, "having a desire to depart and be with Christ." It seems like a presentiment of her approaching end, an anticipation of heaven, a vision of the Son of God.

(To be continued.)

H O M E .

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

There is a spot, a quiet spot, which blooms
On earth's cold, heartless desert. It hath power
To give a sweetness to the darkest hour,
As in the starless midnight, from the rose,
Now dipped in dew, a sweeter perfume flows;
And suddenly the wanderer's heart assumes
New courage, and he keeps his course along,
Cheering the darkness with a whispered song;
At every step a purer, fresher air
Salutes him, and the winds of morning bear
Soft odors from the violet beds and vines;
And thus he wanders, till the dawning shines
Above the misty mountains, and a hue
Of vermeil blushes on the cloudless blue,
Like health disporting on the downy cheek—
It is time's fairest moment — as a dove
Shading the earth with azure wings of love,
The sky broods o'er us, and the cool winds speak
The peace of nature; and the waters fall,
From leap to leap, more sweetly musical,
And from the cloudy bosom of the vale,
Come, on the dripping pinions of the gale,
The simple melody of early birds
 wooing their mates to love, the low of herds,
And the faint bleating of the new born lambs
Pursuing, with light-bounding steps, their dams;
Again, the shepherd's whistle, and the bark
That shrilly answers to his call; and hark!
As o'er the trees the golden rays appear,
Bursts the last joyous song of chanticleer,
Who moves in stately pomp before his train,
Till, from his emerald neck and burnished wings,
The playful light a dazzling beauty flings,
As if the stars had lit their fires again—
So sweetly to the wanderer o'er the plain,
The rose, the jessamine, and every flower
That spreads its leaflets in the dewy hour,
And catches in its bell night's viewless rain,
In tempered balm their rich aroma showers;
And with this charm the morning on his eye,
Looks from her portals in the eastern sky,
And throws her blushes o'er the sleeping earth,
And wakes it to a fresh and lovely birth.
O! such a charm adorns that fairy spot,
Where noise and revelry disturb me not.

But all the spirits that console me come,
And o'er me spread a peaceful canopy,
And stand with messages of kindness by;
And one sweet dove, with eyes that look me blessed,
Sits brooding all my treasures in her nest,
Without one slightest wish the world to roam,
Or leave me, and that quiet dwelling—home.

ABSALOM.

An American painter has given to us a series of pictures surpassingly beautiful in themselves, but of far greater worth from their teaching and influence. They illustrate the voyage of life. And there, from life's beginning, where the infant voyager in his tiny boat is first launched upon the returnless current, we trace, in successive pictures, his course through the deepening stream and under the gorgeous skies of childhood, the wilder eddies and thickening dangers of youth; the rocks, the gorges and the cataracts of manhood, its canopy of threatening clouds under which the voyager once so carelessly floating, is awakening to his perils and beginning to struggle with the downward current. All the while a form of angelic brightness is bending from above and beckoning to him, calling after him: a form that seems nearer and in clearer view in childhood—is more dim and distant in youth, is almost hidden, sad, and weeping in manhood. And then follows age—the voyage ended! And how! And where!

Of all youth, for American youth it was especially well that such a series of pictures should be painted. Let the beautiful copies of them, secured by Mr. Abbot, be procured for every school room and for every home. No teacher, no parent, can in any way more persuasively exhort, more impressively warn. These pictures will dageuerrotype themselves and their lessons upon the memory and the heart.

There is another series of pictures; to which all now have access, by which those just entering upon life, can see the beginning and mark the different courses and the different ends of the voyage of life, as others have made it before them.

A divine artist has sketched these pictures, they are not from fancy, but from fact; they are in no dream of fiction, but in the book of God. And of the pictures of the lives of others which God has given in his word, let us look now for a little time, at that of him whose end, wrung from the heart of David in the circle of stern warriors around him, and as he went alone to the solitude of the chamber over the gate, the cry of bitter anguish, "O my son Absalom, my son — my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son! my son!" There is something well nigh awful in the sobs of anguish, the tears wrung from the heart of a strong man.

But here it is a king, disciplined by a long and most eventful life, who is overwhelmed. It is the warrior, hardened by all the scenes of an hundred battle-fields, who is convulsed with weeping. The sight is strange and wonderful!

And yet not so — for that king, that warrior is a *father*, and it is a son's untimely death that is skaking his frame with anguish.

All the circumstances only deepen the sorrow. For he goes back in thought to the early days, the sweet opening childhood of that son of his love. He seems once more to hold him upon his knee, — to fold him in his arms — to feel his breath warm upon his cheek, and the infantile caress of his soft hand, — to listen once more to his merry prattle and lay him away in the deep slumber of infancy, bending over him with a father's fondness and a father's pride. And can it be that a life which opened with so bright a morning has ended ere noon in such a black eclipse! He thinks of that childhood so full of promise in this favorite son, of all the fond hopes built upon him — and in bitterness of spirit he asks, is this the end of all! He had looked forward in fond, parental confidence to the time when in his own age of infirmity he could lean upon his strong arm and find solace in the love of his manly heart. And now he is dead! has died a rebel against his father's throne, seeking in arms his father's life! He has died trampling upon the heart that loved him in his tender infancy, his wayward youth, his rebellious manhood, and now

loves him more than ever in his untimely death, and cries "would God I had died for thee."

It was a sad end; one David had never dreamed of beholding. And why should he have foreboded such evil? For there seemed to be in Absalom all that most men desire in a child.

He was beautiful. In features and in form he was well nigh perfection. "In all Israel there was none to be so much praised as Absalom for his beauty; from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head there was no blemish in him." And this a father's eye surely would see. Such beauty and grace and strength were in themselves the means of rejoicing to a father's heart. Absalom disfigured, weak and maimed would have been pitied and loved by his father. But being such as he was, the love was all admiration and exultant joy. In no way could that faultless body be a hindrance to his success. In that countenance all so loved to look upon, he carried with him a key to open every heart. That symmetrical frame gave him strength for exertion, and wide before him opened every path of noble endeavor. They were, in such a world as this, elements of hope and success, by no means to be overlooked or despised. Beyond question one reason of David's peculiar and ardent affection for Absalom was his resplendent beauty of form and feature — the fact that among all the thousands of Israel he was pre-eminent. *He was also richly endowed in intellect.* That faultless form was not tenanted by a weak and inefficient soul. Every act of his life is assurance of ability. In the brief record we catch such glimpses, as enable us to understand how much of promise a father's eye must have seen in its unfolding.

It was no small place he must have come to fill in the eye of the nation before he could have conspired against his father's throne. *By* the unusual force of his ability he made his way as he did into the confidence of the wise and farseeing men who were influential in Judea. How, when he had been banished from Judea and from his father's presence for cruelly avenging his sister's wrong, did he bend even the iron will of Joab to procure his recall — and through his fears compel him to mediate for him with his incensed father! Ahitophel,

that wisest of counsellors, and so long the most faithful of friends to David, was by Absalom's influence carried away.

Not merely the populace, so easily led, but those who, like this shrewd politician, could look beneath the fair exterior, acknowledged Absalom's ability. All his management of his private affairs, seems indicative of a clear and strong mind. As David saw increasing evidence of large capacity, parental pride strengthened parental love and hope. And Absalom had not mere power, ability, but a restless energy, a shrewd, keen penetration. Mingled with his lawless cruelty in respect to Ammon, there was a policy and shrewdness capable of better things. When he had been recalled from Geshur, whither he had fled, it was by consummate art that he secured all his ends. He seems to have known just how to approach people of every character, and how to turn them to his purposes. Even the sons of Jeremiah were no match for him. He forced his way into the king's court, and made himself conspicuous among the people by his retinue, and dear to them by his well timed suggestions and winning ways. Slowly and surely he matured his plans. There is evidence of deep capacity in his slow advances and perfect concealment of his designs. His growing ambition had swept before it all scruple and all principle, but developed and matured a master policy. The fond father, who never dreamed that all this was to be turned against himself, and with partial eyes saw only the qualifications for eminent success, might well be dazzled and blinded by the display. Absalom was capable also of *strong feeling and generous emotion*. Something of this he showed in his sympathy with his injured sister. The deep feeling of her wrong seems to have been the only thing that ever turned him aside from the line of a shrewd policy. He did not stop to consider the hazard, when through his love for her his heart was rankling with the deepest wound.

A man capable of such affection must have had the power of attaching to him other hearts and most of all the heart of a father. And he was also *courageous*. He proved it, though in an evil manner, when in the midst of the king's sons, in the heart of Judea, he dared to slay Ammon. He proved it when

he braved the anger of Joab. There was evidence of it when he refused the counsel of Ahitophel and determined in person to lead the army against the tried warriors who followed his father. His very ambition was the mark of a noble, but perverted nature. In truth there seems to have been in Absalom, had all been controlled by good principles and directed to good ends, every trait, every ability and characteristic a father could desire in a son. And David loved him. His black treachery and rebellion could not break the cords of that love. If Absalom in the battle had cleared his way to his father's heart, he would have found his own image there. How was this spoken when he said to his soldiers, as they went forth, Deal gently for my sake with the young man, even with Absalom, and when at the tidings of his death, he bowed in anguish and covered his face and cried, "O my son Absalom! O Absalom my son! my son!"

Never did his heart so yearn for him as when he had thus been taken away in his iniquity — in the day of his expected triumph hurried to his untimely grave. And this narrative, full as it is of interest is yet more fraught with instruction.

How plainly it teaches that there is little need of *urging parents to love their children*. They are loved, and will be, whatever their characters, whatever their conduct. The love that is born with the child, survives all time and all change. It follows him wherever he goes. And remains with him wherever he is. It may meet with injuries, with rebukes, with insults; but it will survive them all. The child may alienate any other heart; he may wither all other affection; but the heart of a father and mother will follow him still, parental affection cannot decay. That heart may be broken by the child — never can it be broken *from* him. As it was with David, so it is with fathers and mothers still. But if there is little reason to urge parents to love their children, there is reason to urge children to *honor and love their parents*. There is no specific command, "Parents love your children," but there is the command, "Honor thy father and mother;" for the child can forget the love of honor due the parent. As the mind becomes clear and the arm grows strong, the days of

helpless infancy, of ignorant, dependent childhood, may be forgotten — and forgotten with them, the unwearied love, the anxious watching, the toils undergone, the sacrifices made, the long agony of conflicting hopes and fears that the parents remember all too well.

Not often is there Absalom's rebellion and parricide. But how often and in how many hearts does God see that indifference and neglect that are near akin thereto! Let him who has a father, a mother, never forget them. And if either have gone — honor their memory — never by any act that would have pained that heart whose last pulsations were those of parental love, trample upon a parent's grave. There is in the history and fate of Absalom, another lesson — *parents should not be too much elated by the talent and promise of their children*. It is very natural to exult in increasing evidence of ability, in the developement of energies that betoken success in coming life. But alas! how many parents have done so, only, like David, to have their exultation turned to anguish. No parent supposes the little boy who is prattling upon his knee, will make shipwreck of all the hopes with which his little life is freighted. Yet all the men who have become such wrecks (and O, how is life's ocean strewn with them!) were once such little children.

We have read of the painter who wished to find a countenance that would be a model for his picture emblematical of purity and peace. He found it in the angel face of a beautiful boy. Long after he wished to find a face from which he might copy the opposite characteristics. And in the condemned cells, among the loathsome prisoners there, he found one far surpassing in its horrid linaments, all his conceptions of guilt and remorse. Alas, it was the same face that in childhood seemed almost to open heaven to his gaze.

Had Absalom not been a child in whom his father could so fondly exult, he would never have become the man who could conspire against his father's throne. It is the boy who seems most fitted by abilities to succeed in life, about whom temptations will most thickly gather. That parent must have closed his eyes and stopped his ears to all the warnings of the present, all the teachings of the past, all the testimony of scrip-

ture, who does not rejoice with trembling in the capacities and abilities — the promise of his children. How plain then that the *moral feeling*, the *state of a child's heart*, is the subject of chiefest concern for the parent. Important as is the culture of the intellect, the developing and strengthening of the mental powers and faculties of the child, of far greater consequence is the cultivation of his affections, the renewal of his heart. What if he has the intellect of an angel, if he has the heart of a devil. The difference between an angel and a fiend is not in intellect — they are equal there — but it is in heart. Who on that day when David took up that sad lament, would not rather have been the father of the poor obscure child, weakest in body and feeblest in intellect of all dwelling in Jerusalem, than of the beautiful, strong, talented Absalom. It is the direction in which the power is to be applied and not the amount of it that is of consequence.

The first need, everywhere on this earth, is not mere ability, but a purer, holier heart. So it is when we are looking only at this present life — how much more as we think of the life to come. The child trained up for heaven will be no grief to the parent here, and will be his rejoicing hereafter for ever.

Is there not reason to believe that the bitterness of the cup pressed to David's lips, the poison of the arrow which that day pierced his heart, was the agonizing consciousness, that his own doings and neglects had prepared all. When he cried "O Absalom, my son, my son," was it not with the feeling that it was he himself who, neglecting to restrain and guide the impetuous boy, had trained the man for rebellion. It was his own hand that had barbed the arrows that had pierced him — and guilty as his son was, he himself had a fearful responsibility for his crimes? O how entirely the happiness of parents is bound up in the conduct and welfare of their children! What to David was every thing else when he had such a son as Absalom! What to any man are all earthly honors, all worldly wealth, when the child upon whom centered the heart's hopes and joys, is a trial, a grief, a shame!

All others cannot so injure a man as his own child. The hand of a son or a daughter is the only hand that can stab

to the very heart of hearts. The great dramatist, by the worth of a father most foully wronged, says,

"How sharper than a serpent's sting it is
To have a thankless child."

The whole world is a desolate, howling wilderness to the parent whose hopes in his children are all blasted. The bitterest griefs in this grief-stricken world have been those the misconduct of children has brought upon parental hearts. There is no anguish like that of saying over a living or dead Absalom, "would God I had died for thee, my son, my son!"

LINES

IN MEMORY OF A LITTLE BOY.

BY MRS. E. L. DYER CUMMINGS.

He has gone where the flowers forever grow,
In the pleasant pastures green;
Where the quiet waters peaceful flow,
Is thy little lambkin seen.

He saw a hand, to thy vision dim,
That beckoned him away,
And the joys of that land were revealed to him,
Oh! wherefore should he stay.

In our Father's house he has bread enough,
And he drinks of a fountain pure,—
Here the clouds were dark and the winds were rough,
But his present peace is *sure*.

How calm his passage across the wave,
How pleasant the smile he wore,
Give thanks, give thanks to the Lord who gave,
That he shall return no more.

What though the light of his sunny smile
Is lost to thy present view?
It shall beam on thee in a little while,
Thou art passing upward too.

Then linger not on the King's highway,
For a princely robe and crown,
Await thine entrance to realms of day,
Where "thy sun shall ne'er go down."

A SON LOST AT SEA.

BY N. P. CLARKE.

In a lowly vale, adorned principally by the matchless hand of nature, stood a small, tasteful cottage. In the distance a forest waved its green and beauteous foliage, as far towards the horizon as the eye could reach towering to the very clouds. Here, in this retired and beautiful spot, lived a mother and daughter and an only son, contented and happy.

Their neighbors were of the same quiet spirit with themselves—undisturbed by a bustling world. Agriculture, that labor on which heaven smiles so propitiously, occupied most of the time and energies of this little community, and none were more successful in the cultivation of their homes than the husband and father of this trio-band had been. While he lived he had toiled and labored to make his home attractive. But his labors had ceased, and “the place that once knew him now knew him no more.” Single-handed and alone did the devoted mother train her youthful band, with all that effort which characterizes a mother’s tender heart.

Every effort was made for their advancement in knowledge which her limited means would allow; and as they grew to manhood, firmness and strength of character, fully rewarded all her care and toil.

At length Henry, for this was the name of the only son, concluded, as many others have done, that he could add much to the happiness of himself and the circle in which he moved, were he to go forth into the world in a more active manner than he could do, while he remained an inhabitant of his quiet village.

He therefore decided on going to sea. The entreaties of a mother, were vainly tried to dissuade him from his purpose. His sister too tried all her tones of affectionate love in vain. Energy and resolution were his peculiar characteristics, and no entreaties could persuade him to desist from his purpose. Undaunted by the recital of a sailor’s trials and hardships, he resolved to go and make at least one endeavor.

With fair hope of success, he bade adieu to his home, and the scenes of his childhood ; and with bright dreams of future good, traversed the billowy ocean.

For some time the voyage was a prosperous one. His courage and fortitude bore him on, amidst his privations, though among strangers, and far away from those he had loved with the tenderness of a filial heart. At length he reached his destined haven — and the vessel in which he sailed was re-laden and fitted for her return.

There were comparatively no pleasures in a foreign port for him ; and his heart almost overflowed with joy as they left it, and set their faces towards home, sweet home, their native land.

But alas ! how fleeting are our fondest earthly hopes. Not long after they left the harbor, though the morning on which they sailed had been calm and beautiful, a small cloud was seen in the distance. It hovered over them, gathering blackness and spreading almost to the horizon. It soon brought on a dreadful storm, and the winds and waves were fearfully violent.

Consternation filled the hearts of the hardy crew, and every wave was stretched to its utmost to assist the fury of the storm ; but all in vain. One after another perished beneath the wild and angry waters.

Henry was one of the first to meet his “ ocean grave,” and a few only escaped to tell the mournful story, and cause the tears of anguish to flow and hearts to bleed over the fate of those who had early gone to their long and silent home. Thus briefly ended a career which might, it is possible, have been time-honored and happy, but for that adventurous spirit too often found among the young, which leads its possessor from the attractions and influence of a quiet and peaceful rural home.

On death and judgment, heaven and hell,
Who oft doth think, must needs do well.

REHOBAM.

BY REV. JONATHAN BRACE.

THERE are few persons who have had more favorable opportunities to distinguish themselves, and have more signally and lamentably refused to do so, than Rehoboam. He ascended the throne of Judah at a time of life when his judgment might have been supposed to be mature, and in circumstances most propitious for success; but he exhibited only stupidity and presumptuous arrogance, and his reign was attended with disgrace. If there was ever a weak, incompetent, insolent monarch, blind to his own interests, and the true welfare of his subjects, it was the man who, at the age of forty-one, was crowned king of Israel.

And yet he was the son of the illustrious Solomon, which fact teaches us, that high intellectual endowments are not invariably inherited—that genius comes not by blood any more than grace, and that wise and pious parents may have simple and dissolute children.

The question, however, may arise, whether, *aside* from this law of nature, there was not an assignable reason for the depraved moral character of this son of Solomon. We think that there was a sufficient reason; and that was this. Rehoboam was blessed indeed with a wise father, and was taught lessons of wisdom. He was familiar with proverbs, from which the most valuable instruction was derived. The trouble was, that the healthful power of these parental counsels—these wholesome maxims—was neutralized and counteracted by—*evil example*. The parent's judicious advice was made worthless by his own inconsistent and corrupt conduct. He said one thing but did another; marked out the right way, but walked in the wrong way; pointed towards heaven but went towards hell. At the very time that this son was ripening into manhood, establishing his principles, and forming a character, giving to it an impress indelible, and a direction

from which it was not likely to depart, — we read that his father “loved many strange women, and his wives turned away his heart, — that he went after Ashtoreth, the goddess of the Zidonians, and after Milcom, the abomination of the Ammorites; that he built a high place for Chemosh, the abomination of Moab, in the hill that is before Jerusalem, and for Molech, the abomination of the children of Ammon: And likewise did he for all his strange wives which burnt incense and sacrificed unto their God.”

Here is the secret of Rehoboam’s profligacy! What else could reasonably have been expected? The father might discourse never so wisely; but what of that, when the son saw his father a sensualist, and beheld a temple for his idolatrous wives, standing on the Mount of Olives right over against Jehovah’s temple? Who is surprised to hear that “Rehoboam himself forsook the law of his Lord and all Israel with him,” — that he was corrupt and corrupted others? — and that during his reign, “Judah did evil in the sight of the Lord, and provoked him to jealousy with their sins, which they committed above all that their fathers had done; for they also built them high places, and images and graces on every high hill, and under every green tree,” which marvels that such was the result of so wicked an example.

Learn, hence, that sound precept in a family is not enough, — that good advice there, is not enough. Something more is needed, nay, is indispensable. Such precept and counsel must be backed by consistent example. Otherwise there will be more potential charms for the eyes of depraved childhood than for the ears thereof; the children will be governed less by what they hear than by what they see; will imitate the delinquent life, and forget the orthodox instruction, and grow up to live in irreligion, and to die in impenitence.

Perfumes, the more they’re chafed, the more they render
Their pleasant scents; and so affliction
Expresseth virtue fully, whether true
Or else adulterate.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY MRS. M. G. BRUTON.

"THE beautiful, the beautiful!
It dwelleth everywhere!
There's none of life's varying scenes
Where beauty hath no share.
The beautiful, it is of God alone!
And where His love extendeth not,
There only, is there none."

ALL nature is one vast galaxy of beauty. Perfection of structure, function and adaptation characterize all her works. The flower-bedecked lawn, the meandering stream, the blossoms of Spring, the glories and the harvest of Summer, the golden and delicious fruits of Autumn, the silvery moon, the rising sun, the glowing west tinged with the mellow hues of departing day, the star spangled canopy of heaven,—all, all are redolent with beauty, all glow with divine perfection.

There is beauty and wisdom in the sweet expanding flowers, colored with the bright tints of the rainbow. They remind us of young thought in its earliest hour, of bright and blooming youth, a heavenly Father's power and goodness. They are the poetry of this beautiful world of ours, composed by God, and written on our hills and valleys with his own fingers.

The noble Oak is the most picturesque of trees. Except the Cedar of Lebanon, no tree is so remarkable for the straightness of its limbs. Its twisted branches add greatly to its beauty, and the horizontal direction of its boughs, spreading over a large surface, completes the idea of its sovereignty over all the trees of the forest.

How beautiful are the deep, massy, gorgeous clouds, piled upon each other in grand magnificence, "seeming the pillowed props of heaven," with the thousand colors of the sunbeam painted upon their fleecy folds; how beautiful to see them rolling away slowly and heavily, as if the shoulder of some unseen giant were applied to the whole mass, and continually changing their appearance as they roll; now they

seem white as the plume of the plover just moistened in the salt sea foam; now dark and threatening as if pregnant with wrath to man; again we see them glowing in all the soft, golden and purple tints of the rainbow. And beautiful beyond description is this token of God's covenant to man. As some fair angel it spreads its beautiful wings over us,

"And awhile sweetly bends o'er our gloom,
Like Hope o'er the death-couch, or love o'er the tomb,
Then leaves the dark scene and slowly retires
As if hope had vanished, or love expired."

What is there more beautiful in all its "Amphion strains" than the gentle voices of nature? If you would have your mind filled with pure and beautiful thoughts go listen to the softly cooing dove and feathered songsters, whose warblings fill the grove. Listen to the little stream that ripples at your feet—the insect tribe that float on glittering wing. Yet there is a voice sweeter than any of these; words are tame and paper is blank in describing either its sweetness or melody. It is the voice which thrills the heart and causes the eye to sparkle—the voice that is soft, low and flexible, and sweetly falls upon the ear, like the notes of the Æolian harp. Lover of the beautiful hast thou ever heard aught more sweet than the voice in which gushing affection chooses to array and express itself?

The lovely evening star that sheds its mild light through the shades of twilight is well calculated to excite within us emotions of the beautiful.

"Yet there's a gem more purely bright,
More dear to Mercy's eye,
Than love's sweet star, whose mellow light
First cheers the evening sky:
A liquid pearl that glitters where
No sorrows now intrude;
A richer gem than monarch's wear,
The tear of gratitude."

How beautiful to us is the smile of some kindred face when our hearts are bowed with care and sorrow. It is like the golden ray of the sun which chases darkness from the summer sky. It brings with it a cheer to gild the saddest scenes,

and sparkles on the soul as clear as the dew that sleeps on fainting flowers. O there is nothing so fair in all the dewy landscape of Spring—in the bright eye of Hesper—or in nature's forms, as virtuous friendship!

All nature is arrayed in one grand halo of exquisite beauty and infinite perfection, yet man is the grandest and most perfect of all. While all creation glows with inexpressible beauty and is crowned with such perfection as none but God could form, it remains for man created in the image of God to complete the climax of all terrestrial beauty. Nor is this perfection and beauty hidden from the sight of mortals; so *far* therefrom, man is endowed with a primary faculty adapted thereto and capable of revealing them. But for such means to put him in relation with this array of beauty, no son or daughter of humanity could have perceived its existence, much less revelled in its delightful contemplation. Nor could any have thirsted after self-improvement, or hungered after perfection of character, purity, and elevation of mind. How important then its cultivation! How boundless, how exquisite the range of enjoyment it proffers! How promotive of even a preparation for the purity and glory of heaven.

Beneath this stone, in sweet repose,
Is laid a mother's dearest pride;
A flower that scarce had waked to life,
And light and beauty ere it died.

God in his wisdom has recalled
The precious boon his love had given;
And though the casket moulders here,
The gem is sparkling now in heaven.

A fault doth never with remorse,
Our minds so deeply move,
As when another's guiltless life
Our error doth reprove.

GOD'S BOY.

BY ANNIE S. WILLEY, MISSIONARY TO THE CHEROKEES.

FATHER, mother, have you one of God's boys under your charge? If so, you may like to hear of another who lives in this far-off corner of the world; for God, the great Parent, has a large family of these boys. Although in heathen, or semi-heathen lands, there are no Orphan Asylums where these boys can find a home, yet their Father, in whose hands are the hearts of all men, can open the doors of men's hearts even here, to show kindness to his little children.

Not long since, one who had been born in heathenism, but who, through the blessing of God upon the labors of missionaries, had become a burning and shining light in his dark tribes, came to the house of the missionary. His heart was full of the love of Jesus. With a full heart he tarried till a late hour at night, around the common fireside. He spoke of his former darkness and sin, and of his desires and earnest labor to train up the children which God has given him for his service. In consequence of the habits of his former life, his whole frame has become a prey to disease, attended with extreme torture, rendering him blind and quite infirm. While his poverty is great, he is rich in faith. A poor, small log-house scarcely affords this family shelter from the storm without, yet they are happy, for God's blessing is there, and *God's boy* lives there.

Says this good man, "I found him a destitute orphan, and took him home for the purpose of teaching my own children a lesson of duty, to put away selfishness, and to put on kindness. I had him baptized that I might feel more forcibly my obligation to train him for God. I had read of the great Hungarian, and had him christened Louis Kossuth." Alluding to their sufferings during the winter of 1855 and '56, he says, "There he is, he has suffered with us, but we love him the better for that." The love of God abides in the heart, and the

law of kindness on the lips of this father, and his children love his instructions.

When any childish difficulty arises, especially if unpleasant feelings are exhibited towards Louis, he calls them about him, stands Louis in the midst, and says, "Now, this is God's boy; God will take care of this boy." He hears poor Louis cry, "God asks, who has hurt my boy? Where is he? The angels look down here, and see you, then they tell God this is the one; they point to you, and say, this is the Cain."

The effect of this colloquy is what might be expected. They then, with one accord, begin to weep and to embrace Louis, exclaiming, "That they will never again hurt God's boy, but *will* love him, and *will* be very kind to him, and they do hope God will forgive them." Little Louis loves them in return.

Listen to the affection of his heart, which, in his native tongue, is breathed in his simple evening prayer, taught him by his kind foster father, "Now, God, Louis is about to go to sleep, please take care of father and mother, brothers and sisters, until morning; this I ask for Jesus sake."

May not parents in Christendom learn a lesson of parental faithfulness from this father? Are there not those who neglect to take God's teaching as their authority in the discipline of their children? Surely the children of parents who are thus faithful in setting the fear of God before their eyes will rise up eventually and call them blessed.

Let the children, too, learn a lesson here. How often have I seen boys and girls, in their sports, and in schools, ruthlessly turn away from God's little ones, treating them with neglect, and perhaps with taunts and sneers because they were poor, or unprotected, unmindful all the while that the angels were looking down on them and conveying the report to God. It would be well for those children who are the offspring of opulence, or who even in ordinary circumstances have not learned to feel for other's woes, to take a peep occasionally into this poor man's family. Perhaps at another time I may tell the children how God sent bread to these poor children when they were hungry.

STRAY LEAVES FROM KATE MAY'S JOURNAL.

BY C. A. M.

Sept. 9. — I had a long talk with mother this morning, and the result is, I am dubbed “cook.” Positively and truly, my good journal, I am to be initiated into the mysteries of baking and boiling, roasting and frying, preserving, pickling and pastry-making, and that forthwith. I, who never made even a loaf of bread or a pan of molasses gingerbread! — alack and alas, my heart fails me in the prospect! I observed that mother looked uncommonly serious at breakfast, and as I sat by her side in the parlor this morning, sewing busily, she surprised me with the question, “Kate, do you not think that you are old enough now to take some part in the domestic cares of the family?”

I looked up. “Why, mother, I do, already. I sweep my chamber, make my own bed, fill the vases, and sometimes take care of the parlors when Jane is too busy to see to them.”

“Yes,” she replied, “I know you do all this; but Kate, my child, something more is necessary in order to fit you for the duties that may be yours one day in the management of a house of your own, and it is quite time that you should begin to acquire that knowledge of domestic affairs which is requisite in a good housekeeper, a good wife.”

I smiled. “But mother, I mean to marry some one who is wealthy, and can afford plenty of help; so you see, in my case, this kitchen education is quite unnecessary.”

Mother smiled — a little sadly, however, and shook her head rather more seriously than I thought the nature of our conversation demanded. “Even then, Kate, there are exigencies which will arise, and in which a good knowledge of domestic matters will be of incalculable service to you.” She was proceeding, but I interrupted her.

“Well, well mother, don’t look so serious, and I will borrow Hannah’s apron at once and dive into the mysteries of getting dinner this very day. Oh, what a dinner we shall

have," I continued, as the vision of a pair of burnt fowls, raw and over-done vegetables, sodden pastry and insipid custards rose before me, "How father will stare and wonder if Hannah's wits are on the wing. Shall I go, mother?" I asked, gaily rising and laying aside my work.

Mother could not help smiling, but after I had reseated myself, she continued in a graver tone than she had yet assumed, "Kate, it is not alone my conviction of the necessity of a good domestic education in every young lady, which has led to this conversation; I have always intended that you should acquire that education in some degree, but gradually, and under my own supervision. Circumstances, however, demand a somewhat different course. You recollect the news of the failure of Jones & Co., that reached your father last evening. It cost us both a sleepless night, for it has probably involved him deeply. He fears that the pressure will sink the greater part of his property. Perhaps we shall be obliged to sell our beautiful house before long, though everything is at present so unsettled, that we cannot judge precisely how far we shall suffer from this calamitous turn of affairs. You know your father, Kate. His strict ideas of justice will not allow him to keep up our usual style of living, under these circumstances, — and he judges rightly. Consequently, there must be retrenchment in our expenses. I proposed, for one thing, sending Hannah away, retaining Jane only, to do the common work of the family."

"But what will you do in the cooking line?" he asked.

"Thanks to the judicious care of my mother," I replied, "I can meet our wants there in a great measure, and besides, Kate is old enough now to take that department upon herself, and will be able to, after a little teaching and experience." I spoke hopefully, for I knew how his heart ached at the thought of the privations to which this new state of affairs must introduce us. He seemed relieved at the cheerful manner in which I disposed of this question; and, dear Kate, I know you will aid me in lightening his heart still more of this heavy load of care and anxiety. If he sees us cheerful and undismayed, his own spirit will catch the infection." Mother

paused. I pressed her hand in silence, for I could not speak a word, her intelligence had so stunned me. "So a week from to-day," she continued, "Hannah leaves us. Meanwhile, you had better learn from her all you can, and, with a little knowledge to begin with, and my aid to fall back upon in difficulties, I have no doubt of your success. Courage and patience will do wonders, my daughter."

Mother's tones had suddenly become cheerful, and I almost smiled as I assured her that I would indeed try to do my best in this new situation. But oh, I do dread it so. I have had a crying fit of an hour's length, and now have come to my journal to record this unexpected turn of affairs. Were it not for papa's and mamma's sake, I should give up at once and persist in my happy state of ignorance; but I cannot make them unhappy by refusing my aid in lessening the expenses of the family. So I will make the effort. But how I hate to think of losing Hannah! I shall never, never begin to equal her, and father must make up his mind to the infliction of spoiled dishes and unseasoned gravies, and no one knows what else. But there, it won't do to feel so at the outset. I'll go straight down to the kitchen and take my first lesson. After all, I *may* succeed. As mother says, "patience and courage will work wonders."

Sept. 12.—I am thoroughly discouraged! Here I am with burnt fingers and a blazing face, and that is all that I have to show as the result of three days of hearty effort in my new situation. I am so awkward! Hannah cannot help smiling at my blundering, unhandy attempts, but the good soul tries hard to appear satisfied with her dull pupil. I wonder she can be so patient, so uniformly good-natured through it all. To-day I undertook to turn a piece of meat that was baking. My towel was thin, and just as I had managed to extricate the huge pan from the oven and was looking up into Hannah's broad face for its accustomed smile of encouragement and commendation, a sharp, sudden pain seized my hand. The heat had penetrated my towel. To support the agony a moment longer, by retaining my hold of the pan, was out of the question. I dropped it, and down it went — pan, pork, gravy

and all, the latter inundating, not the hearth only, but also the two unfortunates who stood near, contemplating the accident with most rueful faces. Hannah was the first to break the silence, which she did by a long, hearty laugh. I looked at her in amazement. The incident struck me quite differently, and putting my heated, smarting hands to my face, I gave vent to my excited mood in an irrepressible burst of tears. This sobered Hannah at once. "There, there, Miss Kate, honey, don't cry so; don't take on just for this little accident. I can make it all straight again in a trice. But first let me get something to take the fire out of your poor hands," she continued, compassionately, as she saw how heated they looked. "No, no," I sobbed, "they are not burnt; but oh, I am so discouraged. I shall never, never learn, Hannah," and I rushed from the kitchen, and in my own room indulged in another burst of grief. But there is the dinner bell, and how red my eyes are! Father said Mr. B. would return with him to dine, and my dress is unchanged and my face is a perfect blaze. I cannot go down. I will send an excuse.

Sept. 17. — Hannah has really gone. I have no anxiety in regard to to-day's dinner. She baked a huge piece of meat yesterday, (which is to be served cold to-day,) and made some nice pies. Moreover, she has left a "batch of bread," (as she calls it,) rising. I am to bake it to-morrow. What shall I do when it is all eaten? I dread that emergency. I think I have learned something of Hannah. She says I am getting quite "handy" in my new business. The good soul! When at length her round, red face disappeared from the street door where she had been standing full thirty minutes, wiping her eyes and enforcing upon me a thousand directions for my after-need, it seemed as though the sun of my prosperity and hope had suddenly set. Blessings on her round, rosy visage! May her mantle descend on me. I would give up my acquirements in drawing, painting, and music even, for her thorough, practical knowledge of housewifery. I am smiling as I write, for I remember how insignificant this same domestic education looked to me ten days

ago. If any one had told me then that this short space of time would witness such a change in me—in my aspirations and aims—I should have answered much in the spirit of one of old, "Is thy servant a dog?" But I hope I am wiser now. I do envy Hannah her culinary skill, and I will make her my model.

Sept. 18.—Rose this morning soon after Jane had made the fire. Biscuit must be baked for breakfast, and with a trembling hand I removed the towel from the pan where lay Hannah's dough, looking so fair and light, that I was wholly lost in admiration. "Shall I ever make such?" I said to myself, and I was in danger of relapsing into a long reverie over the query. But the biscuit must be baked; and with an effort I resisted the temptation and began to recall Hannah's directions—"If it seems changed Miss, add a little dissolved salaratus. Knead it thoroughly on your board,—roll it out neatly, and cut it into pieces about half as large as your fist; form them with your hands into plump, round cakes, using as little flour in the operation as possible, and lay them in your pan, after well buttering it." "How shall I know whether the dough is changed or not?" I asked. "Taste it," she replied, "and if you cannot tell by that, bake a bit on the stove-top and taste that."

So I went to work and tasted an atom of the dough. "Bah!" I exclaimed, "that's sour, without any question. I never tasted such a conglomeration." So, without farther parley, I opened my box of salaratus, transferred the required quantity of dough into a large bowl and then proceeded, as I thought, quite scientifically, to add my salaratus. "Hannah said 'a little,'" I soliloquised. "I wonder how much 'a little' is. Three teaspoonfuls will be about right, I guess." So I measured out the self-prescribed quantity with most punctilious exactness, and, forgetting Hannah's injunction to dissolve it, I dashed it, lumps and all, into the dough. "There," I triumphantly exclaimed, now for kneading it,—and after performing that feat quite to my satisfaction, I formed my cakes and laid them, row after row, in my well-buttered pan. How fair and plump they looked! I fairly

clapped my hands as I pictured the tumult of applause with which my first kneaded biscuit would be greeted at the breakfast-table. How I watched their slow baking! It seemed an age; but at length they were done, and I carried them into the dining-room and laid them on the breakfast-table with my own hands.

"Your biscuit look charmingly, Kate," said father, as he surveyed the delicately browned crust. But I thought that I observed an ominous look of dissatisfaction on mother's face as papa spoke.

"I am afraid you have too much salaratus in them," she remarked. "They have too yellow a tinge. How much did you put in?"

Before I had time to reply, father broke one of the biscuit. I peered anxiously into the interior. What a mixture! The prevailing color was a dingy, smoky yellow, with a bright golden spot here and there, while just in the centre lay a large lump of undissolved salaratus. I stood and gazed at the queer compound for one moment in perfect consternation. I must have looked comical enough, for father burst into a roar of merriment and motioned mother to look toward me,—"the lady of the rueful countenance,"—as he chose to call me. I confess I was on the point of crying; but I rallied bravely, and soon was laughing as heartily as father over the strange-looking compound which I had so honestly meant for bread. Mother left us at our merriment to order some loaves from the bakery near by; and when she returned, some useful information from her in regard to the quantity of salaratus to be used, and the proper way of mixing it with the dough which yet remained to be baked, was thankfully received.

Sept. 22. — While I was busy in the kitchen this morning, the door bell rang. "No one coming to see me, I hope," murmured I, as I glanced at my crimson face in a glass opposite.

"Miss N—— and her brother are in the parlor, Miss," said Jane, opening the door a-crack.

Here was a dilemma. I ran up to mother's room. "Now

what am I to do, mother?" I exclaimed. "Mary N—— and her brother Charles are below, and I am sure I cannot see them in such a plight."

"Such a plight, my daughter?" Your hair and frock are perfectly neat, and Mary and Charles are not so great strangers that you must dress with extra care to receive them."

"But my face, mother! It is perfectly scarlet,"—and I glanced at the mirror in dismay. How red and ugly I looked!

"Never mind Kate; your cheeks are flushed, I acknowledge, but it is not particularly unbecoming to you. Besides, they will soon cool in the parlor. Take off your apron and go down and receive your visitors. You forget they are waiting all this time."

So, after another glance at the mirror and audible groan of dissatisfaction, down I went. We exchanged the usual civilities of meeting and a few common-places about the weather. Then came the onset which I more than half expected.

"How blooming you look this morning," said Miss N——, and a perceptible sneer accompanied the words.

I blushed ten times redder than before, then, ashamed of my weakness, I replied, "Undoubtedly. Exerting one's culinary skill over a blazing fire would naturally produce such a result."

"Horrible," said Miss N——. "You don't mean to say that you *cook*!"—and she drew up her dainty lips with most superlative scorn.

"The contemptible thing," I said to myself. "I suppose she has heard of our change of fortune and has come to quiz me by way of amusement." But I swallowed my vexation, and was on the point of returning a short but civil reply to my shocked visitor, when mamma entered and saved me the trouble. But the lady was not to be silenced in this summary manner. She returned to the seige as soon as possible, directing her remarks to mother, however, instead of me. I hardly knew what she said, for I was struggling to recover both my composure and my good humor. I could not help

glancing at Charles to see how he took the matter. He sat biting his lips and looking thoroughly annoyed at the ill-mannered sarcasms of his amiable sister. Neither did I hear mother's reply, for he turned to me just then and spoke in a tone so low that it required all my attention to catch the remark. He said — but no matter what he said. It satisfied me, however, that he has not the polite horror of a domestic education which his haughty sister possesses, and more than reconciled me to the homely duties which I have taken upon myself.

I do believe that I like this new arrangement, after all. Every woman ought to know how to direct such matters in her own house; and I am a woman — almost — and may possibly have a home of my own, some day.

DEATH OF CHILDREN.

BY REV. S. H. PARTRIDGE.

THERE is no affliction so severe but that the Christian will strive with all his heart to bow before God in humble resignation, and to feel that “He doeth all things well.” But when infant children are called away by death, how can there be even a faint struggle? How can a murmuring thought intrude into the heart? Who can complain that the blessed Saviour gathers the lambs of his flock to his bosom, even though they are taken from our fond embrace, though tender ties are broken, and the dwelling left lonely for a season, where our beloved is missing? Who can forbid that the Redeemer should gather around himself in the midst of the Paradise of God some of the sweetest flowers of earth, though their beauty and their fragrance must thereby be lost to us for a season? Why weep to see them transplanted to “those everlasting gardens, where angels walk and seraphs are the wardens?” Ah, my friends, the tears that we shed over the grave of a child should fall gently there; for while fond nature prompts it, a solemn, sacred joy should pervade the breast, that the sleeper is forever safe in the Saviour's arms; safe from temptation's power, safe from the rude storms of sorrow, safe from every ill that mortals know.

EARTH'S SWEETEST PERFUMES.

BY CAROLA WILDGROVE.

There blooms a modest little flow'r,
Which trodden to the ground,
Rich fragrance 'neath your crushing feet
Pours forth from ev'ry wound;
And zephyr's wings with gentlest flight
Away its perfumes bear,
To win the flower a wider fame,
Or blend with purer air.

See yonder Christian meekly bow,
While some malicious foe
With envious heart and venom'd tongue
Inflicts a cruel blow.
Each bleeding fibre of his soul
Breathes out forgiveness sweet,
And round him floats an atmosphere
With heavenly balm replete.

There bending 'neath affliction's weight,
Or mocked by furious gale,
A saint of God all trembling treads
Adversity's low vale.
Yet ev'ry burden presses forth
A deep, an humble prayer,
And all the blasts that round him sweep
Its sweetness onward bear.

And while his spirit-offerings
From burning lips still rise,
Good angels waft the incense-breath
To float in purer skies.
And God accepts his fervent prayers,
Of faith, of hope, of love,
As sweetest fragrance, holiest gift
That earth could send above.

The attention of a beautiful little girl being called to a rose bush, on whose topmost stem the eldest rose was fading, but below and around which three beautiful crimson buds were just unfolding their charms, she artlessly exclaimed to her brother, "See, Willie, these little buds have just awakened to kiss their mother before she dies."



JACOB WATERING HIS FLOCK.

JACOB WATERING HIS FLOCK.

EDITORIAL.

AGRICULTURE was man's primeval pursuit. Adam was to dress the garden and to keep it, and Eve was his help-meet in the service. But in the employment was involved the care of the beasts of the field to which he gave names. Noah was commanded to take with him into the ark seven of each kind of clean or domesticated beasts. Job and Abraham had flocks and herds in abundance. A large proportion of the wealth of the patriarchs was invested in these, and their estates were valued not by thousands of dollars or pounds, but by the number of their cattle. The country in which they lived was admirably adapted to this, their favorite, pursuit. A good shepherd ranked among them as an eminent salesman, as a most skilful architect among us. His services were in requisition, and he commanded high wages.

When Jacob, the grand-son of Abraham, fled from his father's house to avoid the wrath of Esau, his twin brother, and to seek a fortune and a good wife among the kindred of his too partial mother, he met the shepherds of Laban and his lovely daughter, at the well where they had come to water their flocks.—(Gen. 29th chapter.) The important service which he there rendered them, his skill therein, especially the kind manner in which he saluted his cousin and future bride, the interest which he manifested in her, in her flock and family seem to have made a very deep and favorable impression on her mind. She left the flock in his keeping, and like a dutiful daughter ran and published the tidings to her venerable father and those about him.

This patriarch of Haran, on whose life and character we have spoken in a preceding volume of this work, sent for him and entertained him with Oriental hospitality, and they became kindred. He employed him to superintend his flocks, to be a shepherd of shepherds, and stipulated to give him Rachel for seven years of service. But he then deceived

him, mocked his love and gave him Leah for Rachel, requiring of him seven other years of similar labor for the object of his strong affection. Having fulfilled all his engagements and obtained his two wives, (for unscriptural polygamy was then common in the East,) he desired to return to his father's dwelling.

But Laban knew that the Lord had prospered him on account of Jacob, and he therefore sought to retain him in his employment. He made a new contract with him, promising to give him the part of the increase of his flock which should be ring-streaked or speckled.

Of Jacob's devise for the multiplication of these in connection with the watering troughs, it is our purpose here to speak, not as to the physiology of the fact, but simply as to its history and morality.

It is probable that the art to which he resorted was known and practiced by the shepherds of Canaan as means of gratifying their desire of speckled cattle, but that it was unknown in Haran. Jacob's resort to it on this occasion was no compromise of moral sentiment, but an honorable method of obtaining a just remuneration for his long services, defensible on the law of contracts and of equity. It was simply turning an honorable bargain to his personal advantage, and obtaining by the divine favor from his deceitful and fraudulent father-in-law a reward for service performed, which he sought to withhold from him by separating all the spotted and ring-streaked from the flocks committed to his care.

Jacob's care of his flocks well illustrate the pastoral character of our blessed Lord, who is styled the good Shepherd, who leads his flock into green pastures and beside still waters—who gathers the lambs in his arms and folds them on his breast—who knows his sheep, calls them by endeared names, and laid down his life for them. O that we may render love for his love, and gratitude for his services, may endeavor to gather as many as possible into his fold, and may cultivate that charity, the prevalence of which is destined ultimately to make in the whole Christian field but *one* shepherd and *one* flock !

RACHEL. — A JEWISH STORY.

BY SHARASIAH BETHLEHEM.

CHAPTER III.

Gradually the sun declined in the heavens. The roar of the flames subsided. The thunder of the besiegers grew faint. The tumult and exultations among the Jews diminished. A degree of quiet seemed to come with the weariness of the closing day.

At last, as the sun went down behind the hills, there was an entire suspension of all the sounds of conflict. The pause was more painfully impressive than the uproar of battle; and men seemed not to be able to bear, to be thus alone in the solemn presence of thought. A profound awe came with the stillness over the hearts of all.

The wall was greatly undermined, and all preparations for setting fire to the gates of the Temple were completed. Cestius had read the message on the dart of Ananus; and now was the appointed hour. Success was almost certain; yet he said, as he stood in a pensive attitude with one hand resting on the arched neck of the now quiet Carthage,

“Priseus, my heart is strangely heavy. I go not up to the gates to-night. Something whispers to my soul, and solemnly warns me to withdraw. Let Longinus, Curtius, and Antonius, bid the legions retreat as quietly as possible.”

And, mounting his horse, he silently pursued the route to his camp on Scopus.

“Let us fly! let us fly!” was uttered by lips that, though streaked by the dust of battle, were yet blanched by a mysterious fear. And soon the walls and the watch-towers of Jerusalem, were deserted by their wicked defenders, who were seeking escape by one of the gates.

“Shall we dare,?” asked the self-doomed, of themselves, as they one by one, and irregularly, approached the rendezvous. The absence of resistance and apparent danger, startled them. The profound silence palsied their arms. The gates

were so ponderous, it seemed as though it would be impossible to move them. The dense mists of the evening settled about them. They could not recognize each other.

"Let us go home!" they whispered.

The Romans having concealed their intention of retreating until the darkness covered them, their flight was not discovered until morning.

During the night the terrified Jews, by thousands departed unmolested from the city.

In the morning the inoffensive inhabitants found themselves free from both their enemies. Soon the flying Jews perceived the retreat of the Romans, and, with returning rashness hastened after them.

But the Christians, taking advantage of the opportunity that God had thus bestowed, fled into the mountains of Perca.

Among them followed Rachel and her father. But the former loitered along the way, though not so much from weariness as reluctance to proceed. At length she said,

"Father! Let us go to Gabas!"

"The very camp of Cestius! Thou! who was so fearful of the Romans."

"Yet I cannot leave Judea forever, and know not the fate of Saul!"

"Perhaps it were better that she knew it not," thought the old man, "Yet suspense distracts the soul." Then he continued aloud, "they are brave men, and will do no harm to an old man and a woman who approach them in peace and alone. But what wilt thou do when thou art at Gabas?"

"I will go directly to the pavilion of Cestius himself. Then I shall know the truth."

"But will not thy courage fail thee when thou art passing amid the thousands of dark-browed men that surround his tent?"

"No! Father; for I will fix my eye upon the ground, and think of Saul."

"This is the road that leads to Gabas," said the old man pointing to a branching way.

So they turned and pursued the route to the Roman camp.

It was a weary way ; but Rachel lingered not. The inspiration of a timid hope gave strength to her little feet, and called back the vivacity of her countenance.

It was near nightfall when they, at length, reached the vicinity of Gabas. It was therefore concluded that they would remain at a little distance during the night, and in the early morning proceed to their destination.

When they resumed their journey the sun had not risen.—But when he rose he saw no lovelier being than was Rachel. Notwithstanding the trying experiences of the past weeks, she never looked more beautiful. Her whole deep, living soul was aroused—all its moving, and all its restraining powers—and it gave an expression of life and loveliness to her countenance and her whole appearance.

Having obtained permission to enter the camp and approach the pavilion of the general, they moved quietly but rapidly along the way. Rachel leaning on her father, kept her eyes resolutely fixed on the ground, and saw not the wondering and admiring glances that shot from the dark eyes of the fierce veterans as the remarkable vision fled by.

At the door of the pavilion, they were met by the last guard, who having informed Cestius of their desire, received permission to admit them.

When they entered, Cestius still chafing under the thought of annoyances that had attended his retreat to this place, was gloomily pacing back and forth. He looked up and stopped, rather in surprise, when he saw the noble-looking old man and the fair being by his side ; for, in giving orders for their admittance, he had spoken almost unconsciously, and without apprehending who they were that craved the audience.

Overcoming the timidity that increased her attractiveness, Rachel approached the proud but mortified General, and knelt silently at his feet ; but he gave her his hand, at the same time bidding her rise and assisting her to do so.

“Fair Lady !” he said, thou art a Jewess I know. Yet I will listen to thy petition. What would’st thou?”

“I had a lover betrothed to me. He was chosen an embassy to thee when thou wast encamped on Scopus. Is he—does he live?” she forced herself at last, to utter.

"His name?"

"Saul."

"He lives, and all is well with him, gentle lady!"

Rachel breathed deeply, and tears of joy sprang into her beautiful eyes; but she immediately controlled her emotion.

"Where is he? Wilt thou release him, and let him go with us?"

"He is not a prisoner; but I have taken a fancy to the spirited young man, and intend to give him an office near my person, and I think he would scarcely find a position more favorable for future preferment."

Rachel's heart suddenly grew heavy in her breast. Ambition, then, must be weighed against love.

"Look not so sad, fair lady! I will send for him, and he shall have his choice."

He despatched a messenger, and ere long, a young man of prepossessing personal qualities, attired in a becoming military costume, although his youthful beard was yet uncut, and lay blacker than midnight upon his rich red cheeks and over his delicate lips, entered and paid the customary token of reverence to the General. But what was his astonishment in recognizing Rachel and her father! He would have eagerly embraced them both; but remembering what the etiquette of the camp required in the presence of its General, he checked himself and awaited what Cestius would say.

"To explain the matter at once," said Cestius, who had perceived the surprise and gratification of Saul, "a gentle dove has come cooing after her mate; but I would that that mate should spread his wings until he becomes an imperial eagle.—What say'st thou?"

Saul hesitated.

Ah! I see I did not make it plain at once. This fair girl has come to me thinking you a prisoner, and begs me to release you, and allow you to go in peace with her; but whither she thinks to go I know not; for, the gods directing and helping me, there shall be no peace in this land until this vexatious nation are punished and thoroughly subdued! But she wishes you to go with her, and I desire you to stay with me.

If you choose to do the latter, and become a warrior of the world's imperial mistress, I promise you that I will see that your fortunes are well cared for. To-morrow you shall be appointed to the highest office that the rules of the army will allow, and your promotions thereafter shall be as rapid as your services are signal. I see in you what will make a great man; and I see no inseparable obstacle in the way of your reaching, at some future time the very throne of the Cæsars. But for the present, at least you must relinquish this fair maiden, and in the meantime she might break her little heart.—However you can form noble alliances at Rome.”

Every sentence of his discourse was a separate pang in the heart of Rachel; and as she stood looking at the matchless young man to read in his countenance the impression that the words of Cestius made upon his mind, she observed how fit he was to be admired by the world, and to be elevated to the loftiest honors. She dared not answer herself when she silently asked if it could indeed be true that he would relinquish all the worldly splendor spread before him, for her simple love. She knew Saul was not yet a believer in the divine mission of Christ, and that he might not recognize the element of sin in the vocation of a professedly aggressive warrior.

Now Saul loved wealth, and splendor, and power, and honor; and was willing to devote busy days and anxious nights to their attainment. He loved Rachel too. While he hesitated to choose, he thought of a compromise.

“Rachel!” he said, slowly, while her poor little heart almost hushed its beating, so intent, yet so fearful was it, to catch the first fate-fraught word that was to break the dreadful suspense, “canst thou not cheerfully yield me for awhile, if, afterward, I bring to thee wealth and honors?”

Rachel was silent. Perhaps a touch of instinctive maidenly pride prevented her saying in the presence of so many, what she felt in her heart, that ere his riches were accumulated and his haughty honor won, she should die of sorrow for the wickedness of his method of obtaining them.

While she was trying to find words to say, he stood with folded arms and erect figure, his face, full of vivacity slightly

raised, and his eyes full of thought a little uplifted, like one who gazes at the summit of a mountain looming up at some distance before him. It seemed fearful to have the life happiness of a heart hanging upon the decision of one who appeared so strong, so incapable of sadness, and so little likely to pity those who might be acquainted with grief. But the world has a thousand times learned, and forgotten, and learned again, that appearances may deceive.

The eyes of the old man were upon the floor, yet *he* was in his heart *looking upwards*.

Cestius resumed his pacing.

As Saul stood thus gazing into distance and futurity, while on one hand Cestius offered to his grasp the bit and the bridle of the world, and on the other trembled the white hand of love, a genial smile made his brave, bright face still brighter; and turning to Rachael, and taking her little hand in his, he said,

"I have made my choice! O General"

"And so thou wilt go, Saul?" said Cestius manifesting some disappointment.

"With thy permission, I will go."

"I will not hinder thee. I would give you both my blessing, but of late whatever I bless is cursed," he continued bitterly. "However, fair maiden, you will allow me to contribute to thy bridal gifts, wilt thou not?" And, as he spoke, he took from his breast his well-filled purse, saying, as he placed it in her hand, "May it bring to thee more happiness than anything of the kind will ever again give me!"

"A thousand blessings upon thee, O General!" said Rachel, through the tears that she had not been able entirely to restrain, looking up into the face of the tall warrior before her.

"Thanks! O Cestius!" said Saul, respectfully as he was about to withdraw with Rachel and her father.

"Farewell, Saul; perhaps it is better to be happy than to be famous; and so, farewell. Farewell, fair girl! Farewell, father!"

"May the grace of the Lord Jesus be with thee! Farewell!" said the venerable, prophet-like man, solemnly and with uplifted hands.

My story would grow too long, were I to relate all that befell the travellers on their journey—were I to tell of their sorrow when they heard of the suicide of Cestius,—of their joy when Saul at last perceived the divinity of the mission of the despised Prophet,—of their pleasant home among the mountains,—of the darling children born to them,—of the words that Saul said, and the actions that he performed, that made him truly a great man, as Cestius had foreseen, and renowned among the angels, of which Cestius did not think,—of the solemn hope with which the serene brow of Rachel's father was laid beneath the flowery turf.

Suffice it to say, that on a sunny slope "beyond Jordan," there was for many a long bright year, a happy home, blest by nature, and man, and the angels of God.

INCIDENTAL EDUCATION.

FLOWERS.

BY REV. WILLIAM M. THAYER.

SOME years ago we knew a trader whose ideas of utility appeared to obliterate from his mind all just conceptions of the beautiful. Among other expurgated things were flowers. He preferred the clean, soft grass in his front yard to the richest variety of asters, roses, dahlias, flowering almonds, and the whole company of sweet-scented blossoms. "Grass is of some use," he said, "but flowers are no better than weeds." He spoke honestly. He saw no beauty in them to admire, but only uselessness to condemn. We thought there was some connection between his character and his hostility to flowers. He was rough, uncourteous, ignorant and profane. He was utterly destitute of taste. There was nothing about him that could be called neatness. He could not enter into real heart-communion with any one where the finest sensibilities of human nature were allowed full play. We seldom, if ever, find such want of refinement in a person who loves flowers. We have noticed that a genuine lover and

cultivator of flowers is always intelligent. We never saw an exception. On the other hand, the above trader is a fair representative of that class of men and women who consider a lily or geranium no better than a weed. Let the children of the latter class be placed in school, under thorough mental discipline, and then love for these "stars of the land" will increase with their intellectual culture. The higher they rise in the scale of refinement, provided moral sentiments keep pace with mental improvement, the more truly do they appreciate and enjoy the works of God. A degree of mental culture is absolutely necessary to a high appreciation of flowers; so that we are advancing no heresy in declaring that there is a connection between character and a love for these beautiful objects.

Persons find themselves often making inferences like the following. A garden of flowering plants and shrubs, surrounding even the humblest abode, causes them to infer that a degree of intelligence and neatness dwells within it. A bow window filled with pots of plants of rare variety and beauty leads them to think of a pure-minded, refined housewife, as the cultivator of these household ornaments. They infer that the child, who exhibits an unusual love of buds and blossoms, plucking and admiring even the common ones by the roadside, must possess refined sensibilities. Flowers are thus associated in the minds at least of the intelligent, with certain qualities of the heart. This, again, substantiates the truth of our remarks about the connection between character and the love of such delicate natural objects.

It is a just inference from the foregoing that the cultivation of flowers may exert some healthful influence on the training of children. The love of such objects must certainly be a more favorable indication than the opposite characteristic, just as delight in visiting the lecture room and picture gallery is more favorable than a similar delight in the bar-room and race-course. It is said that Linnæus, whose fame in Botanical science is world-wide, was made what he was in his father's garden. Plants of great variety and value were cultivated by his father, who was accustomed to take his little son with him

to his work, where he pointed out the beauties and qualities of the various flowers. Here young Linnæus imbibed that exquisite taste and love for Botanical science, which caused the vegetable kingdom to become a source of wonder and enjoyment to him thereafter. If such is the influence of flowers in one case, it is reasonable to infer that it may be similar in another.

It is well to inquire, also, why God has scattered flowers in such profusion over hill and valley. Everywhere the eye rests, they bloom in wonderful variety. The banks of every stream, every meadow, lawn and field, are studded with them; they spring up by the roadside to cheer the wayfarer, and perfume the air with their fragrance in forest and bower. Why this abundance of flowers? God might have made the earth without one of these delightful objects to beautify it. But since he has seen fit to multiply them so abundantly, we infer that some wise design prompted him to the act. Surely they are not a vain and useless creation. This is unlike God. They must have a mission to perform to man, or their existence is not consistent with the character and government of God. We believe that such is the fact; and that this mission of the beautiful is especially adapted to improve the young.

The cultivation of flowers brings the mind into contact with the most delicate and beautiful of natural objects. Communion with external nature, even in its most rugged aspects, leaves good impressions upon the soul. But when the intercourse is with the most charming things of creation, the impression cannot be otherwise than excellent. In this respect flowers occupy the first rank. Nothing can be more delicate and beautiful. They are the poetry of inanimate nature. They furnish the poet and painter with the pleasantest themes of song and pencil. We can scarcely open a book of poetry without meeting allusions like the following to the fragrant objects:

“ There is to me
A daintiness about these early flowers,
That touches me like poetry. They blow out
With such a simple loveliness among
The common herbs of pastures, and breathe

Their lives so unobtrusively, like hearts
Whose beatings are too gentle for the world."

Oh! the flowers look upward in every place,
Through this beautiful world of ours,
And, dear as a smile on an old friend's face,
Is the smile of the bright, bright flowers!"

The most attractive objects are often compared with the flowers. A winning child is called a "bud," or "blossom." "Fair as a rose" is frequently said of him. The charm of the household circle is pronounced the "flower of the family." The glow of health on the cheek of beauty is described as "rosy." A pure, delicate complexion is called "lily white." So we have "soft as a rose-leaf," "sweet as a rose," "rosy clouds," "rosy cheeks," "rosy lips," "rosy blushes," "rosy down," and a multitude of other comparisons.

These show that flowers are the most delicate objects in the whole range of creation. "Solomon in all his glory is not arrayed like one of these." Hence, the effect of familiarity with them must be highly elevating to the mind. This is especially so when they are regarded as the works of God, aiding the soul in its contemplation of His divine character. The little child, who usually delights to pluck the most ordinary flowers, may be taught to view them in this light. Ask him, why God made them? and the inquiry will start his mind upon a train of thought. "He made them to look at," said a little one to whom the question was put. The answer was incorrect, though it appeared to be about the idea which multitudes of adults have upon the subject. But, whatever be the reply, it affords an opportunity to impart lessons of the highest importance. The delicacy and beauty of flowers may be made the medium of communicating such instructions more effectually; for these qualities, unlike their opposites, invite attention and admiration, while they appeal to the tenderest sensibilities.

Again, the cultivation of flowers brings the mind under the influence of pure and sacred associations. A flower is never suggestive of impurity, nor of any thing approximating to it. It is this fact, in part, which renders them so pleasant in the

sick-room and house of mourning. They are always refreshing to the pining invalid. A bouquet awakens cheerful and pleasant thoughts when disease has gloomed the mind. Flowers, too, are bright mementoes on the bosom of the dead. The little bud on the breast of lifeless childhood tells of innocence and beauty. Blossoms of any kind upon the coffin of a friend are associated with life and immortality. In all other places and relations, the associations of flowers are equally pure. It is very different with a multitude of things which the child meets. He can scarcely go into the street without meeting with something that contaminates. In all the trades and professions he is daily exposed to the influence of unhallowed associates. Companionship with the smallest child may awaken vulgar and wicked thoughts in his mind. He is in moral danger almost anywhere away from his parents. The fact magnifies the cultivation of flowers as a pure and safe pastime for the young. They may wander amid beds of roses and mignonette, and pluck violets and honey-dew, without periling their morals. Even their toys are more objectionable than these gems of nature; for they may suggest thoughts that will lead to future immoralities. But flowers will not do this. They fill up leisure hours with pleasant memories.

In still another particular flowers claim pre-eminence. They can be studied, analyzed, and thoroughly understood, without giving pain. In this respect, Botany differs from Anatomy. Acquaintance with the latter is formed at some risk of blunting the finer sensibilities. Familiarity with pain frequently tends to produce comparative indifference to the woes of others. The young student at first will faint away at the sight of an amputated limb; but, in a few months, he is able to dissect dead bodies, and sever the limbs from living ones, without scarcely experiencing the twinge of a nerve. It is probable that a child, introduced into the dissecting-room, would soon become so familiar with the scenes thereof as to lose all painful sensations. A parent would be quite unwilling to have his child's mind familiarized with such exhibitions, except as a means of usefulness to his fel-

low men in medical science. There is no doubt that the high consideration of rendering eminent service to the human family protects the mind, in a great measure, against those hardening influences which the thorough study of Anatomy necessarily creates.

But it is otherwise with Botany. The more thoroughly it is studied, the more wonder and admiration are elicited. The analysis of a flower serves to illustrate the wisdom and goodness of God, without exposing the heart to the smallest unfavorable influence. Indeed, the highest pleasure and profit are derived from the cultivation of flowers, only when they are studied with the closest application.

In view of the foregoing sentiments, we may properly infer that a garden may be a useful auxiliary in the training of children. A few pots of flowers in the house will be likely to develop better feelings than so many birches. They are certainly more agreeable agencies to employ in the discipline of the young. Let the little child pluck even the old fashioned dandelions by the roadside, without smiling at his simplicity; for familiarity with no rarer plants will do him good. Every violet and buttercup which he gathers by the way-side or in the field, with childish delight, is one of the many *little things* which may be used to make him a wiser and better man. Such love for flowers should always be nurtured rather than repressed, since it is a harbinger of good.

As the young grow in years they lose their regard for artificial objects, while their love of natural things, begotten and fostered in early life, continues to deepen. It is a never-failing source of enjoyment. Upon this point Dr. Hitchcock says: (and he quotes a remark of Hannah More which is worthy of attention:) "As the young advance in life, they will find that a love of artificial objects and pleasures will pall upon the mind, and ere long be succeeded by disgust. But a genuine love of nature clings to the heart in all the vicissitudes of life—in adversity as well as in prosperity; in sickness as well as in health—even to extreme old age, when almost every other worldly source of pleasure is dried up." Hear the testimony of Hannah More, at the age of

eighty-two. "The only one of my youthful fond attachments," says she, "which exists still in its full force, is a *passion for scenery, raising flowers, and landscape gardening.*" Well, indeed, will it be for the young, if they will follow the example of this venerable woman, and only acquire a passion for scenery and flowers; for as they pass through life, they will find the world often frowning upon them; but the flowers will always smile. And it is sweet, in the day of adversity, to be met with a smile."

.....A breath of unadulterated air,
 The glimpse of a green pasture, how they cheer
 The citizen, and brace his languid frame!
 Even in the stifling bosom of the town,
 A garden in which nothing thrives has charms
 That soothe the rich possessor; much consoled
 That here and there some sprigs of mournful mint,
 Of night-shade or valerix, grace the wall
 He cultivates. These serve him with a hint
 That nature lives; that sight-refreshing
 Is still the livery she delights to wear,
 Though sickly samples of the exuberant whole.
 What are the casements lined with creeping herbs,
 The prouder sashes pouted with a range
 Of orange, myrtle, or the fragrant weed,
 The Frenchman's darling, are they not all proofs
 That man, immured in cities, still retains
 His inborn, inextinguishable thirst
 Of rural scenes, compensating his loss
 By supplemental shifts, the best he may?
 The most unfurnished with the means of life,
 And they that never pass their brick-wall bounds,
 To range the fields, and trial their lungs with air,
 Yet feel the burning instinct; over head
 Suspend their craggy boxes, planted thick
 And watered duly, there the pitcher stands
 A fragment, and the spoutless tea-pot there,
 Sad witnesses how closely pent man regrets
 The country, with what ardor he contrives
 A peep at nature, when he can no more.

COWPER.

Editor's Miscellany.

BIBLICAL NOTES.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

Mat. 17: 1—13, compared with Mark 9: 2—13, Luke 9: 28—36.

THE transfiguration of Christ affords one of the best subjects in the Saviour's life for the representative arts. It was worthy of the genius of a Raphaël in his palmiest days who devoted to it years of study and of labor, and who, in his famous painting of the scene, has given the world confessedly one of the best productions of the pictorial art. The original, just as his inimitable pencil left it, still hangs in the Vatican at Rome in its completeness and unfaded lustre, in design as simple as the style of the sacred narrative, in execution so perfect as to disarm criticism. It is the admiration and wonder of all observers.

"A copy in Mosaic, on a colossal scale, which might pass with most men for the original, fills the head of the left aisle in St. Peter's Church" in the same city of the Cæsars. From these, various other copies and engravings have been produced, like that which we present our readers at the beginning of this number, spreading the fame of the artist and transmitting this master-piece of his skill, so that thousands who have never visited the site of the *De Propaganda Fide* have been instructed and impressed by this standard of taste.

In the centre of the picture and in raiment white and glistening, with his face shining as the sun, appears the Saviour, with a bright cloud or halo of light around him, like the pillar of cloud which guided Israel by night in the wilderness, or like the glory that shone over the mercy-seat and between the cherubim in the ancient tabernacle and first temple.

On either side of him are Moses and Elijah, representatives of the law and the prophets fulfilled by Christ; and beneath these is another sacred triumverate, Peter, James and John, prostrated and overpowered by the glory of the scene.

At the foot of the Mount appears another scene which the author found authority in the inspired narrative to group with this, the conveying toward Christ for healing of the demoniac youth, who oftentimes fell into the fire and oft into the water. The father and mother of this only son, with a company of their relatives and friends, support and guide him, and under the burden of their affliction ever and anon kneel in prayer for divine support. The scribes are before them whose attention, aroused by the ravings of the boy and the cries of his parents, is diverted from their books and concentrated upon this latter scene, when beams of light from the top of the Mount fall upon some of the multitude who look up and point their comrades for hope and consolation to their transfigured Saviour. The contrast of the misery of this dear child, and of the agony of his mother kneeling in prayer and supported by her sister's hand, and also of his kind father who holds him up, with the blessedness and glory of Christ, greatly increases the effect of the delineation. It impresses us most forcibly with the power of Emanuel to control the diseases and relieve the woes of earth.

With a quickened interest in revelation, we turn from the picture of the artist to the inspired narrative from which he drew his design, and study every part; and as we meditate and pray, we come into closer communion with our transfigured, risen and glorified Lord.

Our first object is to arrange this wonderful event in its proper place in the life of our Saviour. If we divide his ministry into three periods, that of his miraculous works designed to authenticate his mission, that of his moral teaching illustrated by parables and enforced by his perfect example, and that of his peculiar sufferings, "first clearly revealed and then endured," the scene of his transfiguration may be regarded as his inauguration into the office of our atoning High Priest. If his sacerdotal work commenced with his ordination baptism, and his preaching with the light of God shining upon his rational soul and leading him into all truth, yet here he received a baptism of fire, a holy consecration to the sufferings which awaited him. All which he previously endured from his temptation, from his expulsion from his beloved Nazareth, from his sympathy with those whom he had miraculously healed, from the decapitation of John his forerunner, from the unbelief of the Sadducees, from the self-righteousness of the Pharisees, from his journeys, labors and privations was not worthy to be compared with the agonies

which were before him. Two years and a half of his public ministry had passed, most of it midst the eclat of the multitude, and his fame spread through the land.

But now the tide of his popularity was about to turn and to bear him on its throbbing bosom to a tumultuous sea, where winds, and storms, and mutiny, and death, were to be met. Before these dreadful scenes, his human mind needed elevation, a view of the glory which he laid aside and which, by suffering and crucifixion, he was to regain for himself and his followers. But his disciples needed all these incomparably more, for the quickening of their faith and hope, for the perfection of their love, loyalty and steadfastness, before they entered on the six months which were to terminate with his expiring groan.

The Scriptural chronicle of this event may appear to some, not perfectly familiar with the Jewish mode of reckoning and with the designations of time in the Bible, inconsistent and contradictory. Matthew and Mark say, it occurred "*six days*" after Christ's preceding prediction of his death and resurrection, and his exhortation, 'whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me;' while Luke affirms that it was "*about eight days* after these sayings." This discrepancy is only apparent, resulting from two different methods of reckoning — the first *excluding* and the second *including* the two days at the beginning and end of the sum, precisely as we call a week six days, referring only to the period of secular labor, or joining therewith a part of each of the Sabbaths that bound the period eight days.

To be continued.

A BOX of New Testaments in Turkish, that were to be shipped to Thessalonica, were recently sent from the Bible depot in Constantinople to the custom-house. As they were books, some copies had to be sent to the government censor to be examined before they could pass. They soon came back, with the government seal on the first blank leaf, authorizing their free circulation in Turkey.

CHOICE SELECTIONS.

BE KIND TO YOUR WIFE.

Be kind to your wife. Think how in the first blush of maiden beauty, she turned aside herself from pleasure and the cares of fond parents and brothers and sisters, to follow your fortunes through the world. Think with what blended hope and agony you have followed her from place to place, watching her every look, and pondering the meaning of her most careless tones, until, won by your importunity, she placed her hand all trustfully in yours and said 'I am all your own.' Think of the cares, and anxieties, and physical suffering she has incurred for you, and do not desert her now, when her cheek is faded, her step has lost its elasticity, and she sits an uncomplaining watcher over your best interests, a self-incarcerated prisoner in her own home.

Merrily the music sounds, young feet trip lightly in the mazy dance, and joyous laughter along the walls—but she is not there; the curtain rises and the far-famed artist comes forth to charm the listening crowd with her melodious song—but she is not there. The orator arises before his wrapt audience his rich, deep tones of eloquence floating away along the crowded passages and curling upward, as a voiced incense to the vaulted roof, but she is not there. Art opens her new stores and displays her wonderful creations on the glowing canvass, and in the speaking bust; your wife is a lover of the chaste and beautiful, but she is not there. Literature presents new leaves, fresh from the fascinating pens of genius—the wife and mother has but little time to read.

No; there she lingers at home, a God-commissioned watcher over helpless children; singing the babe to sleep, bending to catch the lisping voice of those dear ones who have a thousand imaginary wants, encouraging the quiet and soothing the fretful. She is weary but does not complain, her temples throb, but she does not heed their throbbing, as ever and anon she turns a wistful glance towards the door, for she expects her husband.

She expects you; and her whole world of happiness will be there when you arrive.

Will you enter that room with cold indifference? Will you utter a hasty word in her presence? Will you sit down with that frown on your countenance, or complain of the burdens you are called to bear? Will you thoughtlessly remind her of her faded beauty, or manifest surprise at her ignorance of many things now passing in the great world from which she has been excluded by her peculiar duties? Will you suffer the recollection of any more youthful, or beautiful to haunt you in home's hallowed precincts, or cross the white leaf of conjugal felicity with one unhallowed thought? Oh! remember your early love, your early promises; think how faithfully she has kept hers; love her as you ought and she is still beautiful—beautiful in her pure motherly affections, her self-sacrificing devotion to you. Realize that she is all your own; that throughout the wide world you are sure of but one heart whose every chord is linked invisibly to a counterpart in yours; realize that upon her bosom alone you may weep out your sorrows in the day of trial, without the fear of being mocked.

Husband, love your wife! Gather her to your heart of hearts, as if in her were all your hopes of happiness combined; bless her daily for her patience

and her truth ; stand up like a man between her and the rude, cold world, and teach your children to honor her, that God may honor you. In all the relations of life there comes a parting hour, and we beseech you so to live that, if it should be your lot to kiss her clay cold lips and lay her away in the grave forever, you may lay your hand upon your afflicted heart and say—I have never wronged you.—*O. Branch.*

WOMAN'S APPEAL TO THE WOMEN OF AMERICA,

Praying for their aid, in purchasing the ground and erecting a Mausoleum at Mount Vernon, sacred to the memory of George Washington.

BY ISAAC M'LELLAN.

Haste with your jewels, sisters, bring
The brilliants that adorn thy brow ;
The diamonds, and the crystal string
Of pearls, the ruby's crimson glow ;
From coffer and from casket pour,
With lavish hand, the golden ore,
That o'er our father's dust may rise,
A peerless column to the skies.

O ! shame, that o'er his sacred head,
O ! shame that o'er his precious dust,
No grand, illustrious dome is spread,
Nor stately shrine, nor sculpture'd bust,
Nor soaring shaft to bear his name ;
Emblazoned with his deeds of fame,
In morning's glow, and evening's flame.

But rankly there wild grasses wave,
Nettles and thistles, briery weeds,
Luxuriant, scatter their seeds
O'er him the bravest of the brave !
And choked a sad neglected grave !
O ! rather there the roses red,
And lilies pure their blooms should shed,
And myrtle bows adorn his bed.

O ! rather there where mouldering stone
And crumbled wall decaying lean,
A bower should twine its flowery zone
And belt the spot with living green ;
A fountain spout its showery bow
And birds should sing, and flowers should blow,
And statues lift their brow serene,
And high a marble altar show
That our Great Father sleeps below !

Then sisters of this wide-spread land,
Come lin'd with flowers, come hand in hand,
A filial, reverential band ;
Come from gray hut, from sumptuous hall,
Snow-headed age, and youthful bloom,
Singing sweet hymns, approach the tomb,
Exalt our Temple, let it climb
To heaven, majestic and sublime.

POWER OF MATERNAL LOVE.

The following narrative is well-authenticated. A correspondent of the *London Morning Chronicle* heard the statement from a woman who had been sent to Sydney under a sentence of transportation. There could have been no motive to deceive, and the very character and terms of the statement forbid the suspicion of its being made up. We have seldom met with a more impressive illustration of the power of love over hard hearts:

This woman was a Roman Catholic, and was, when in England, under the care of Mrs. Frye, a woman whose name is endeared to every benevolent mind. In speaking of that Lady she said "We, (the Roman Catholics,) looked upon her with doubt; and this fear on our part made her do less amongst us than she otherwise would; for, bad as we were, we looked upon it as the last fall to give up our faith. Now she had a remarkable way about her—a sort of speaking that you could hardly help listening to, whether you would or no; for, she was not only good, but downright clever. Well just to avoid listening when she was speaking or reading, I learnt to count twelve backwards and onwards, so that my mind would be quite taken up, and I actually went on until I could thus count six hundred with great ease. It was a pity we had such a dread. Well, she had a way of speaking to one of us alone and I was anxious to shuffle this lecture; the fact was, I expected she would put many questions, and, as I respected her character too much, altogether, to tell her a lie, I kept from the sermon as we, in derision used to call it. But when she was taking leave of us, she just called me on one side, saying she would like to speak a few words to me; "so" says I to myself "caught at last!" Well, she came close to me, and looking at me in a very solemn sort of a way she laid her hand upon my shoulders, and gave me a pressure that told me she felt for me; her thumbs were set firm and hard on my shoulders, and yet her fingers seemed to have a feeling of kindness for me. But it was no lecture she gave me; all she said was, "Let not thine eyes covet." No other words passed her lips: but then her voice was solemn and awful, kind as a mother's, yet just like a judge. Well, when I got to the colony, I went on right enough for a time; but one day I was looking into a work-box belonging to my mistress, and the gold thimble tempted me. It was on my finger and in my pocket in an instant; and just as I was going to shut down the box-lid, as sure as I am telling you, I felt Mrs. Frye's thumbs on my shoulders—the gentle pleading touch of her fingers. I looked about me—threw down the thimble—and trembled with terror to find that I was alone in the room. Careless, insolent, and bad enough, I became often in the factory. Well, do you see, at night we used to amuse each other by telling our tricks—urging one another on in vice. Among us we had one uncommonly bright girl—a first rate mimic, and she used to make us roar with laughter. Well, this fun had been going on for many weeks; she had gone through most of her characters, from the governor to the turnkey, when she commenced taking off Parson Cowper and Father Therry.—Some way it did not take, so she went back to Newgate, and came to Mrs. Frye to the very life, but it would not do; we did not seem to enjoy it; there was no fun for us. So then she began about the ship's leaving, and our mother's crying, and begging us to turn over a new leaf; and then in a mimicing, jesting mode, she sobbed, and bade us good bye. Well, how it happened, I know not, but one after the other we began to cry; and "Stay, stay! not *my* mother," said one. "Let Mrs. Frye alone. Father Terrey must not be brought here, nor Parson Cowper—stay, stay." Well, she did stop; but tears were shed the whole of that night. Everything has been tried with me. Good people had sought in vain to convince me of my evil

ways; but that girl's *ridicule of my mother I could not stand*. Her grief was brought home to me, and not to me alone, but to many. I do believe that night was a great blessing to many. I was so unhappy that the next day I tried to get out of sight to pray; and when I got a hiding place I found three girls on their knees. We comforted each other; *and then we spoke of our mothers*. Mine was dead. She left this world believing me past hope; but the picture of her grief made me earnest in search of that peace which endureth forever.

H O M E .

Spare no pains to make your homes comfortable, convenient and attractive. The New England States take the lead in this praise-worthy enterprise,—yet here, there is much room for improvement; our leisure hours, if properly spent, would soon make a visible change in the outward appearance, as well as the inward convenience of our homes, and think of what can be done to lessen the labor of your wife. Is your wood and water convenient? If not, make it so, and you will save now and then a little scolding, should your wife ever be inclined in that way. Have you a good cellar? If not, a few rainy days devoted to cleaning-out, with a cask of cement well applied, and two good windows to ventilate, will soon repay you for the time and expense. Have you fruit and shade trees? If not, "one thing lackest thou yet!" Ten dollars will surround your house with a good variety of fruit trees, and the time will be nothing but pleasure, if you can take pleasure in anything. Have you a convenient kitchen? If not, make one out of your parlor, if you cannot have one without, for it is of more importance than any other part of your house; it is one of the greatest errors in modern-built houses, to have the kitchen too far in the rear, out of sight from everything that's pleasant and inviting; it is following the example of the wealthy, who always expect to have servants to do their kitchen-work; it is no matter with them, how far in the rear their kitchen is, if their meals are served in due season, but for a farmer, or any one that has the pleasure of eating his meals prepared by his wife or his daughters, I say give them a pleasant kitchen, where three-fourths of their time is to be spent. Ah, how many have a great abundance of unnecessary things in their parlor, which is commodious, and occupies the pleasantest part of their house, yet they try and content themselves in a little ten-foot kitchen out of sight of the road and everything else.

Now let those who are about to build, try and improve in this respect; your wives will feel better contented, and your friends will find no fault with the arrangement. Home should be made as inviting as possible; it is where the affections should centre; then let us surround it with all the gifts that God has bestowed, to enhance its beauty, its convenience and comfort.—*Cultivator*.

IMPORTANT HINT TO PARENTS.—Few parents realize how much their children may be taught at home, by devoting a few moments to their instruction every day. Let a parent make the experiment with his son of ten years old, for a single week, and only during the hours which are not spent at school. Let him make a companion of his child, converse with him familiarly; put to him questions, answer inquiries; communicate facts, the result of his reading or observation, awaken his curiosity, explain difficulties, the meaning of things, and all this in an easy, playful manner, without seeming to impose a task, and he will himself be astonished at the progress which will be made.—*Lutheran Observer*.

FASHIONS.

We give our readers the following designs and descriptions of the styles of dress and embroidery, original in the "*Beau Monde*."



No. 1.



No. 2.

DESCRIPTIONS.

No. 1 is an illustration of a rich design in black lace. The foundation is of lace, covered with a slight puffing of black tulle. The front is surrounded by five pipings of black silk, and enriched by a deep fall of thread lace, arranged with considerable fulness, and mingled with the side trimmings. The crown is enriched by three rows of wide thread lace, formed into a succession of ruffles. The curtain is of lace; four puffings of black silk, and a row of lace, adorn the edge. The side trimmings consist of small tufts of green fennel and long green crape leaves, which form full clusters on each side, and are continued around the curtain in a wreath. The face-trimmings consist of a full cap of black blonde, mingled with tufts of fennel and clusters of green grapes. Broad green ribbon strings, striped with black.

No. 2 is an illustration of a bonnet composed of white *paille de riz* chip, ornamented on each side by bows of violet color ribbon, terminating in a single end. On the top of the head is a full bow of violet and white striped ribbon. At the back of the crown are placed full loops of the same ribbon, overlapped in the centre by a plaiting of plain violet color ribbon, edged with narrow black lace. The curtain is composed of white lace, surrounded by a border of violet color ribbon, and edged with black lace. An additional ornament

is formed of three rounded ends of ribbon, which droop over the curtain; the edge is finished with a narrow border of black lace. The face-trimmings consist of a full cap of blonde, mingled with purple violets. Broad ribbon strings of violet and white striped ribbon complete this simple but elegant bonnet.



CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

We have selected this pretty group of children's dresses from a great variety furnished by our correspondent in Paris.

No. 1 is a dress of dark blue poplin. The short skirt is made very full, and descends just below the knee. The waist is made low in the neck, and terminates in square lappets, falling slightly apart, and edged with two rows of

narrow black velvet. The front of the waist is enriched by a similar trimming set on in plaids an inch square, and ornamented with small black buttons; a row of cambric edging surrounds the neck. The sleeves of the dress are demi-long, and very full; the top and bottom being ornamented by a small cape, decorated with rows of black velvet and buttons; a narrow frill of needlework finishes at the hand. Pantalettes of cambric needlework, and boots of blue cashmere tipped with glazed leather. A round cap of black velvet, ornamented on the left side by a short feather, with a rosette and ends of broad black ribbon, complete the costume.

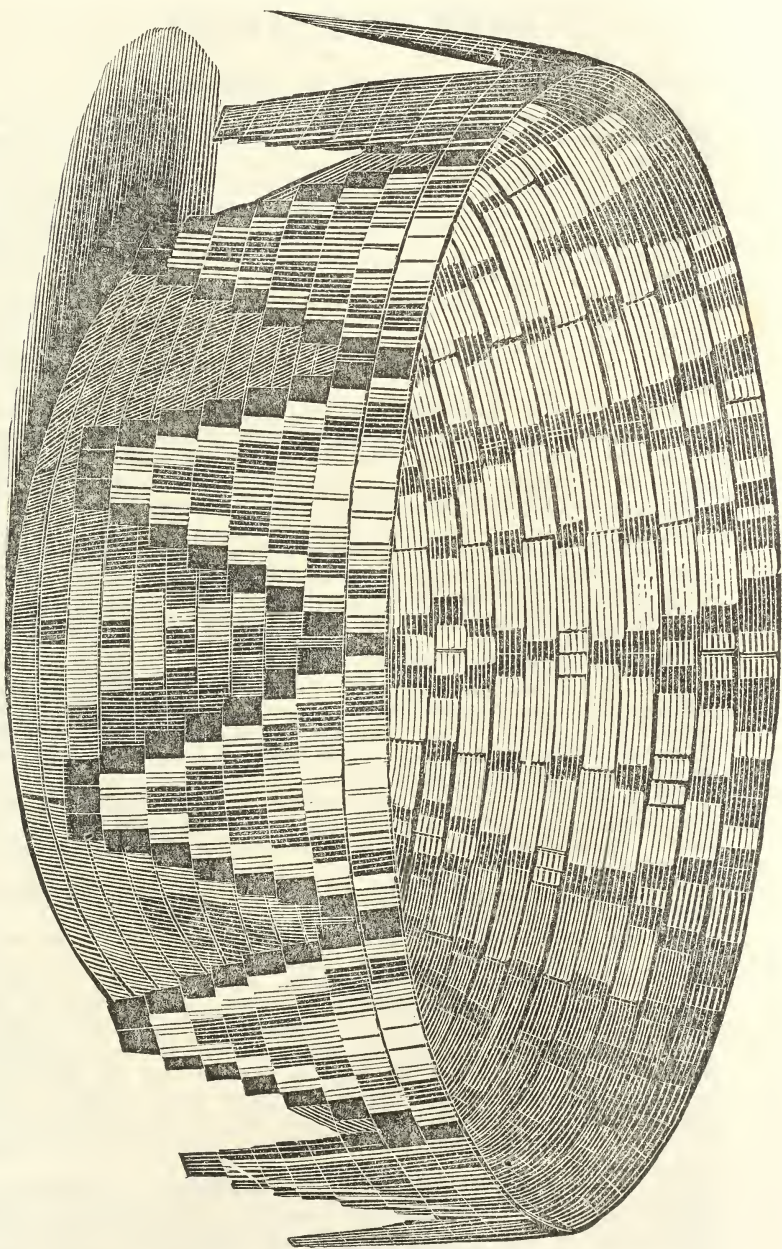
No. 3 is an outdoor dress, intended for a girl of ten years. The material is a green and white plaid silk. The skirt is made full, and without ornament of any kind. The waist is made low in the neck, and ornamented with a round berthe, edged with two rows of green and white fringe. With this dress is worn a deep close-fitting basque of black silk; the entire skirt is ornamented by a succession of rows of narrow fringe. The sleeves are demi-wide, and terminated by a broad turned-up cuff, ornamented by rows of fringe to correspond with the skirt. A small cap, similarly ornamented, forms a finish to the upper portion of the sleeve. Boots of gray cashmere, tipped with glazed leather, and pantalettes of cambric needlework. Collar and undersleeves of delicate Swiss embroidery. The hat is a Leghorn of exquisite fineness, decorated with a long white ostrich plume and strings of broad white satin ribbon, headed by full rosettes.

No. 3 is a dress for a little boy of six years, consisting of a blouse of fine plaided poplin, with a short full skirt without ornament. The waist is made to fit the figure loosely, and confined by a white belt, forming a point in front; two rows of trimming extend over the shoulders and form a pretty finish to the front. The sleeves are made rather close, and terminated by a deep gauntlet cuff, edged with a simple row of white trimming. Collar and undersleeves of fine linen, with a neck-tie of blue silk. Pants of white *satén jean*, and a round cap of Leghorn complete the costume.

DRAWING-ROOM CARD BASKET.

These elegant baskets demand no very serious expenditure of time in their production. The bottom of the basket must be stitched over a round of paste-board, of the right size to fit the wire shape, and this being fastened in, the bead work must be secured round the circle of the top as well as of the bottom. This bead work being laid in the inside of a wire frame, each point must be left to hang over on the outside. The bottom of the basket is to be finished off with two beads placed at short intervals all round, to hide the edge of the work, or with a single row laid in the crevice of the join.

DRAWING-ROOM CARD BASKET.



HOME AND FAMILY.

HOW TO PROFIT BY SERMONS.

"Our minister said in his sermon, last evening," said Mrs. Beach, the wife of a prosperous wholesale merchant on Market street, as she dusted her mantel ornaments of porcelain and marble, on Monday morning, "that we who wanted to do good must be on the constant look-out for the opportunities; that God does not find our work, and bring it ready-fitted and prepared to our hand; but spreads the world before us, and we are to walk through it as Christ and the Apostles did, with eyes open, looking for the sick and the suffering, the poor and the oppressed."

"Now, I'm certain," continued the lady, as she placed a marble Diana in the centre of the mantel, "I should like to do some good every day; one feels so much better when she goes to rest at night; and I'll just keep my eyes open to-day, and see if I come across any opportunities that, under ordinary circumstances, I should let slip."

Half an hour later, Mrs. Beach was in the nursery, with the washerwoman, who had come for the clothes. "I wish, Mrs. Simms," she said, as she heaped the soiled linen into the basket, "that you would get Tommy's aprons ready for me by Wednesday. We are going out of town, to remain until Saturday, and I shall want a good supply on hand for such a careless little scamp as he is."

"Well, I'll try, ma'am," said the washerwoman; "I've got behind-hand a good deal since Sammy had the whooping-cough; but now he's better, I must try to make up for lost time."

"Has he had the whooping-cough? Poor little fellow! How old is he?" questioned the lady,

"He was three last April, ma'am."

"And Tom is four," mused the lady. "Look here, Mrs. Simms, won't you just open the lower drawer of that bureau, and take out those four green-worsted jackets in the corner? Tom's outgrown them, you see, since last winter, but they're almost as good as new. Now, if you want them for little Sammy, they'll do nicely, without altering, I think."

"Want them, Mrs. Beach!" answered the washerwoman, with the tears starting into her dim eyes, "I haven't any words to thank you, or to tell you what a treasure they'll be. Why they'll keep the little fellow as warm as a toast all winter."

"Well, I'll place them on the top of the clothes," said the lady, smiling to herself, as she thought, "My eyes have been open to-day."

Not long afterward, Mrs. Beach was on her way to market, for she was a notable house-keeper, when she met a boy who had lived a short time in her family the year before, to do her errands, wait on the door, &c. He was a bright, good-hearted, merry-faced lad, and had been a great favorite with the family, and Mrs. Beach had always felt interested in him; but this morning she was in quite a hurry, and would have passed the child with a cordial, but hasty, "How are you, Joseph, my boy? do come and see us," had it not struck her that Joseph's face did not wear its usual happy expression. She paused, as the memory of last night's sermon flashed through her mind, and asked, "Is anything the matter with you, Joseph? You don't look as happy as you used to."

The boy looked up a moment, and with a half-doubting, half-confiding expression, into the lady's face; the latter triumphed: "Mr. Anderson's moved out of town," he said, pushing back his worn, but neatly brushed cap from his hair, "so I've lost my place; then little Mary is sick, and that makes it very bad just now."

"So it does," answered Mrs. Beach, her sympathies warmly enlisted. "But never mind, Joseph; I remember only night before last my brother said he would want a new errand boy in a few days, for his store, and he would give a good one two dollars a week. Now I'll see him to-day, and get the situation for you, if you like."

The boy's whole face brightened. "Oh, I shall be so glad of it, Mrs. Beach!"

"And see here, Joseph, I'm going to market, and perhaps we can find something nice for little Mary." The lady remembered that Joseph's mother, though a poor seamstress, was a proud woman, and felt that this would be a delicate way of presenting her gift.

So she found some delicious pears and grapes, and a nice chicken to make some broth for Mary, whom she learned was ill with fever, before she proceeded to do her own marketing. But it was a pity that the lady did not see Joseph, as he sprang into the chamber where little Mary lay moaning wearily on her bed, while her mother sat stitching busily in one corner, and held up the chicken and the fruit, crying, "Good news! good news! I've got all these things for Mary, and a place at two dollars a week!"

Oh, how little Mary's hot fingers closed over the bunches of white grapes, while the sewing dropped from her mother's fingers, as the tears ran down her cheeks.

It was evening, and Mrs. Beach sat in the library, absorbed in some new book, when she heard her husband's step in the hall. Though the morning had been so pleasant, the afternoon was cloudy, and the day had gone down in a low, sullen, penetrating rain.

Now, Mrs. Beach loved her husband with the love of a true wife, but he was not a particularly demonstrative man, and the first beauty and poetry of their married life had settled down, into a mere matter-of-fact existence. But her heart was warm to-night, warm with the good deeds of the day, and remembering her resolutions of the morning, she threw down her book, and ran down stairs.

"Henry, dear," said the soft voice of his wife, "has the rain wet you at all? Let me take off your coat for you."

"Thank you, Mary, I don't think I'm anywise injured. But you may help me, just for the pleasure of it;" and he stood still while she removed the heavy coat, with all the softness of touch and movement which belongs to a woman. She hung it up, and then the husband drew her to his heart with all the old love-tenderness.

"You are very thoughtful of me, Mary, my wife," he said.

And there was music in Mrs. Beach's heart, as she went up stairs — music set to the words "Eyes open! eyes open!"—*Home Magazine*.

MY SABBATHS.—I must be more particular in many things if I am to enjoy the advantages for which the Sabbath was intended.

1. I must not forget that there are as many hours in a Sabbath day, as in any other day. This habit of sleeping an hour longer on that day than usual is robbing God, and robbing myself. I must begin the day at the right time, as well as in the right way.

2. I must be punctual in attending upon the worship of the sanctuary. It is not only a day of rest, but of devotion. And when in the sanctuary I must try to be a true worshipper.

3. I must pray for a blessing upon the Sabbath and its privileges. I must ask that my own heart may be prepared for its duties. I must pray that the blessing of heaven may rest on my pastor, and that in the public assembly God's grace may descend as dew upon the hearts of those who meet for his worship.

4 I must more entirely dismiss secular things, worldly thoughts, conversation, and enjoyments. Politics and business must, with the plough and axe, rest until the Sabbath is gone. I have sadly failed here, especially in my thoughts and conversation.

5. I must try to remember that the Sabbath is an earnest of the rest remaining for the people of God; that every one as it comes may be the last and should be spent as if to be succeeded by the eternal Sabbath in heaven.

6. I must not forget that the Sabbath well spent, secures a blessing upon the other means of grace. It greatly increases the spirit of prayer—it is sure to secure the profitable reading of the Scriptures—it makes us realize the sweetness and profit of the fellowship of the saints—it makes us joyful in God's house.

7. I must carefully review my failures in regard to the Sabbath, and repent, mourning over my sins and turning from them.—*Pres. of the West.*

CURIOUS MODE OF GETTING A WIFE.

One little act of politeness will sometimes pave the way to fortune and preferment. The following sketch illustrates this fact:

A sailor, roughly garbed, was sauntering through the streets of New Orleans, then in a rather damp condition from recent rain and the rise of the tide. Turning the corner of a much frequented alley, he observed a young lady standing, in perplexity, apparently measuring the depth of the muddy water between her and the opposite sidewalk with no very satisfied countenance.

The sailor paused, for he was a great admirer of beauty, and certainly the fair face that peeped out from under the little chip hat, and auburn curls hanging glossy and unconfined over her muslin dress, might tempt a curious or admiring glance. Perplexed the lady put forth one little foot, when the gallant sailor with characteristic impulsiveness exclaimed—

"That pretty foot, lady should not be soiled with the filth of this lane; wait for a moment only, and I will make you a path."

So, springing past her into a carpenter's shop opposite, he bargained for a thick board that stood in the doorway, and coming back to the smiling girl who was just coquetish enough to accept the services of the handsome young sailor, he bridged the narrow black stream, and she tripped across with a merry "thank you" and a roguish smile.

Alas, our young sailor was perfectly charmed. What else could make him catch up and shoulder the plank, and follow the little witch through the streets to her home; she twice performed the ceremony of "walking the plank," and each time thanking him with one of her eloquent smiles.—Presently our young hero saw the young lady trip up the marble steps of a palace of a house, and disappear within the rosewood entrance; for a full moment he stood looking at the door, and then with a wonderful big sigh, turned away, disposed of his drawbridge and wended his path back to his ship.

The next day he was astonished with an order of promotion from the captain. Poor Jack was speechless with amazement; he had not dreamed of being exalted to the dignity of second mate's office on board one of the most splendid ships that sailed out of the port of New Orleans. He knew he was competent, for instead of spending his money for amusements, visiting theatres, and bowling alleys on his return from sea, he purchased books and became quite a student; but he expected years to intervene before his ambitious hopes could be realized.

His superior officers seemed to look upon him with considerable leniency and gave him many a fair opportunity of gathering maritime knowledge ; and in a year the handsome gentlemanly young mate had acquired unusual favor in the eyes of the portly commander, Captain Hume, who had first taken the smart little black-eyed fellow, with his neat tarpaulin and tidy bundle, as cabin boy.

One night the young man with all the officers, was invited to an entertainment at the Captain's house. He went, and to his astonishment mounted the identical steps which two years before had tripped the bright vision he had never forgotten. Thump went his brave heart, as he was ushered into the great parlor, and like a sledge-hammer it beat again, when Capt. Hume introduced his blue-eyed daughter, with a pleasant smile, "as the young lady once indebted to your politeness for a safe and dry walk home." His eyes were all a blaze, and his brown cheeks flushed hotly, as the noble captain sauntered away, leaving fair Grace Hume, who had always cherished respect to say nothing of love for the bright eyed-sailor.

His homely but earnest act of politeness towards his child had pleased the Captain, and, though the youth knew it not, was the cause of his promotion. So that now Well-, is Captain Wells, and Grace Hume, according to polite parlance, Mrs. Captain Wells. In fact our honest sailor is one of the richest men in the Crescent City, and he owes perhaps the greater part of his prosperity to his tact and politeness in crossing the street.—*Ploughman.*

INCIDENT AND HUMOR.

ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON AND THE LADIES.—Dr. Baird in a lecture at St. Louis, related an amusing anecdote of Napoleon *le Grande* and the ladies who attended his first grand reception ball at the Tuilleries. The old nobility had departed, and everything was new. The invited guests were mostly military officers and their wives. Some two thousand ladies were present. When supper time came, they of course took precedence of the gentlemen. A question arose, who had the right to go first. The great dining-hall was thrown open, admitting them, and the doors were then closed and the officers of the palace found it impossible to open them. The dispute among the ladies grew warm. One lady said the right was hers, as her husband was a great general ; but she soon found that others maintained, on one ground or the other, that their claims were greater. Meanwhile the officers could not get the doors open, and in consternation one of them hastened to the First Consul, and asked him how they should settle the question of precedence. "O," says Bonaparte, "nothing is easier ; tell them that the eldest is to go first !" The officer reported to the ladies the First Consul's decision, and instantly they all fell back ! This gave the officers an opportunity to get the doors open, when, to their astonishment, none of the ladies were willing to go first. After standing in that ridiculous position for a moment, they began to laugh heartily at their own folly, and all marched into the dining hall without delay. This, said Dr. Baird is one of the thousand and one stories they tell in Paris of the "Great Napoleon," to illustrate the readiness of his wit.

AN ARTLESS ARGUMENT.—Naimbanna, a black prince, arrived in England from the neighborhood of Sierra Leone. The gentleman to whose care he was entrusted took great pains to convince him that the Bible is the word of God, and he received it as such with great reverence and simplicity, When he was asked what it was that satisfied him on this subject, he replied, When I found all good men minding the Bible, and calling it the word of God, and all bad men disregarding it, I then was sure that the Bible must be what good men call it, the word of God.'

GENUINE BENEVOLENCE.—“For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek; for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him.”—ROM. 10 : 12.

A late archbishop of Bordeaux was remarkable for his tolerance and enlightened benevolence. The following anecdote is illustrative of this trait in his character :

“My Lord,” said a person to him one day, “here is a poor woman come to ask charity; what do you wish me to do for her?”

“How old is she?”

“Seventy.”

“Is she in great distress?”

“She says so.”

“She must be believed; give her twenty-five francs.”

“Twenty-five francs! My Lord, it is too much, especially as she is a Jewess.”

“A Jewess!”

“Yes, my Lord.”

“O, that makes a great difference. Give her fifty francs, then, and thank her for coming.”

PEEL AND HIS PRATTLE.—The witty editor of the *Bristol Times* manufactures a story about Sir Robert Peel and his unlucky display at Adderley Park. “The Queen,” states the writer, “was shocked, it is said, at his oration; and, he would have gone out, but for Lord Granville, who begged for him, and promised that he ‘would not make such an ass of himself again.’ ‘Not until the next time,’ Lord Palmerston is reported to have added. However, Sir Robert remains in for the present. It is a joke, that when the Premier thought of dismissing him, he said, ‘It is not worth your while sending me off now—wait, and let us all go out together’”

A PROTESTANT COW.—An Irishman who is the proprietor of a boarding house on the C. Q. Railroad, east of this city, (Janesville, Ohio,) recently purchased a cow, which being rather wild, he had to halter her to lead her home. His better half opened the conversation, thus :

“‘Well, Pat, where did you get that brute?’”

“‘Sure, I got her of Mr. H.’”

“‘What!’ said she, ‘Did you buy a cow from a protestant? But as you have done so, it won’t be any harm to put a little holy water upon her.’”

“‘Faith that’s well thought of,’ said Pat; so without relinquishing his hold of the brute; he held out his hand to receive the holy water, and rubbed it on the animal’s back, making the sign of the cross at the time of performing the operation.

“It so happened that the old woman handed him by mistake, a bottle of vitriol, and Pat being unaware of the fact, felt astonished that the cow would wince so under the operation, but on rubbing the supposed holy water a second time, the infuriated animal kicked up her heels and broke loose from Pat, to the great astonishment of Biddy, who exclaimed;

“‘Howly muther of Moses! Isn’t the protestant strong in her yet?’”

We are not much acquainted with the benefit of *howly wather*; but from what we have seen of those who make the most use of the article, we should think that Pat’s cow was as likely to be benefited by the application in her place as most of those who use “that same.” It was hard to reform her, to be sure, and in that respect she was by no means alone.—*Aurora*.

DECEIT—Persons who practice deceit and artifice always deceive themselves more than they deceive others. They may feel great complacency in the view of the success of their doings, but they are in reality casting a mist before their own eyes.





TEACHING THE SCRIPTURES.



Monstreuse De Mezel.



MY NEW ENGLAND HOME.

WORDS BY MRS. A. S. WILLEY, of Dwight Mission, Cherokee Nation.—MUSIC BY B. F. BAKER.
Andante Espressivo.

1. Sweet home of my childhood! For thee I repine, Blest spot where my fondest affections entwine! I long to behold thee, dear

land of my birth, To sit as of old at my Parent's loved hearth, And hear once again the old church-going bell; A -

MY NEW ENGLAND HOME. Concluded.

las for my kindred ! How many a knell Has tolled year by year since an exile I've strayed From home where in childhood I hap-pi-ly played.

Cres. **Ritard.** **Tempo.** **Col voce.**

- 2 My heart's ever panting to visit once more
Thy green sloping hill-sides; thy sea-beaten shore,
To climb thy rough mountains and drink at the rills
Where ice from their dark rocky caverns distils
A nectar more sparkling than gods ever knew,
Refreshing with coolness, and limpid as dew,
'Twas there 'neath the shade of thy evergreen pine
Sweet visions I cherished half seeming divine.
- 3 The West may outvie thee, may boast of a soil,
More richly rewarding the husbandman's toil,
May tell of broad Prairies all spangled with flowers,
Of wide spreading Forests, fair glades and sweet bowers,
Yet rugged New England there's *life* in thy *name*,
That burns in my bosom like long hidden flame ;
A spell round thy heath stones, a magical charm
Which nought in the wide world can ever disarm.
- 4 Dear home of the Pilgrims ! my own Fatherland !
Thy glory univalled forever shall stand,
Thou cradle of Liberty ! mother of those
Who battled for Freedom and vanquished her foes,
Who feeble, yet fearless, unflinchingly stood
In front of the battle dyed deeply in blood.
God bless thee New England, and smile on thee still,
With goodness still crown thee, and guard thee from ill.
- 5 Oh ! could I but once be permitted to gaze
On landscapes my fancy so fondly portrays !
And view the old church yard, the moss-covered stones
That guard the repose of my ancestors' bones !
And drink from the old oaken bucket once more,
That hung in the well near my grandfather's door,
Where long, long ago when a light hearted child,
Gay, beautiful day-dreams my spirit beguiled.

A PIOUS MOTHER'S GRAVE.

EDITORIAL.

(Continued.)

When a devoted mother is buried forever from the sight of her children, their memory cherishes her fidelity with a tenacious fondness. If in their erring youth they ever thought the glance of her watchful eye too penetrating, too quick in its perception of their faults, her restraints too strong, her solicitude greater than their danger, and her tearful exhortation more earnest than the occasion required, their maturity and riper experience have corrected the illusion and produced an admiration of her vigilance.

Depend upon it, all ye who have such a mother still about you, still ministering to your comfort, but liable to be taken from you at any moment, the remembrance, in her sick chamber or by her grave-side, of your disobedience to her commands, of the painful solicitude which you gave her, and of your ingratitude for her numberless favors, will be more bitter than wormwood; aye, it will be like vipers, not easily shaken off nor consumed.

Weeping over her coffin or her grave, O what would you not give for the assurance that you always returned her love with a corresponding affection, that you never wounded her tender sensibilities, never suffused her eyes with tears! What if she freely forgave you, not once nor twice, but till seventy times seven. It is your knowledge of that fact which makes the recollection of your ingratitude and disobedience more humiliating. If she had not possessed such worth, exercised love so amazing, and suffered for you what no other merely human being could or would endure; especially if she had been vicious, unkind, severe, or regardless of your welfare, the memory of undutifulness would not have been so painful. But alas that you ever penetrated with sorrow a heart so amiable, so full of love to you, and of desire for your good! From these, you rise to a nobler contemplation of the pardoning mercy of God. "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that

she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee," saith the Lord. If her fidelity in instruction, government, exhortation, prayer, example, and in all that pertains to Christian nurture, in the best sense of the words, had been less, what would have become of you? Sad, indeed, might have been your condition and history, still more so your prospect and destiny. The memory of her faithfulness is precious in its connection with the personal welfare of her children, and with the evidence which it affords of her final acceptance and her endless felicity.

By her grave, it is sweet turning our thoughts to her celestial rest. On earth she was subject to infirmities, to disappointment, disease, temptation, sin and sorrow. Naturally she may have been of a contented frame of spirit, happy in herself and her relatives; the sun of prosperity may have shown upon her path with great uniformity and brightness; yet there were, there must have been, in this state of probation, seasons, possibly few and of short duration, when her face, so commonly lighted up with animation and smiles, was overcast with clouds, when she looked anxious, careworn and sad — seasons in which she experienced domestic trials, the afflictions of Providence, personal conflicts with sin, the hidings of God's face and the temptations of the great Adversary. Relieved by the allotments of her heavenly Father from poverty and pecuniary embarrassment, from life's sharpest asperities and sternest realities, yet she shared (and who does not?) in the cares and toils of life sufficient to stimulate her desire after relief, — enough in struggles and conflicts to quicken her conceptions of the Christian's course as a race, a pilgrimage, a warfare, — quite enough in sin and sorrow to sharpen her appetite for the hidden manna.

Well do her children remember, indeed they cannot easily forget, when they entered her sick chamber, and witnessed her distress; when they saw her lying patiently in God's hand, waiting the issue of his providential will, ready to endure whatever his wisdom and love had appointed, esteeming her pains neither too numerous nor too severe, yet if it

consisted with his will, desiring to depart and be with Christ ; when, I say, they heard her tender farewell, her last prayer, and observed her perfect acquiescence and her victory, their sorrow received comfort, their affliction relief, from the thought of her happy release, of her unspeakable gain. When she had drawn her last breath, their faith guided their imagination, and enabled them to watch the luminous track of her ascending spirit, and to think of her guidance by ministering angels,—of her welcome by the ransomed and glorified,—of her joyous reception by her Saviour,—of her white robe and celestial mansion, of her praise and coronation. With these visions of her glorious inheritance, they cannot but account their loss her gain. O what gain in knowledge, in purity, in society, and in bliss ! They would not, if they could, recall her. No, it would indeed be cruel to rob her of her reward. Stay, sainted spirit, in that serene, upper sky, where thou art made perfect in love,—midst the melody of that song,—in that enduring life,—with Christ—like him, forever.

MATERNAL ASSOCIATION AMONG THE CHEROKEES.

We are happy in our work. God has blessed us and our field. As, we trust, He has called us to this vineyard, here we would abide. Since coming here I have formed a Maternal Association for the Cherokee mothers about me. It is the first and only one ever established in the nation. If some of our pale-faced sisters in like bonds could but look in upon us on the second Wednesday of each month, as we gather in the small log houses to pray, and to consult about the best interests of our dear children, as they witnessed the earnest gaze and the figure bent forward to catch the instruction which is drawn from some selected author, or which proceeds extempore from the lips, surely they too would pray that the soul of the red man's child might become a polished stone in the temple of our God. The lamentation often falls upon my

ear, "O that I had known these things when I first began the training of my children! but we never heard a thought of them before, yet we believe them." I will only add that family government and instruction have hitherto been among the greatest deficiencies of this people.

KALUTI.

REPORT OF THE MATERNAL ASSOCIATION, CHEROKEE NATION.

In making our first annual report in the capacity of an Association, we can only use the language of thanksgiving for the mercies and blessings, both temporal and spiritual, which our heavenly Father has bestowed upon us.

It is matter of thanksgiving that we have been preserved an unbroken band — not one mother having been removed by death; no, not one little one from the home circles. We number ten members and twenty-eight children; and though a feeble band, we feel that it is good to meet together to unite our hearts and voices in pleading for blessings on the dear ones committed to our care.

It is likewise a cause for gratitude, that two of our number have, during the past year, united themselves to the people of God, by making a public profession of religion, and their children are enrolled among the children of the church; and we can now plead the promises of a covenant-keeping God in their behalf. One of these has since removed a long distance from us, but still remains a member of our association. She is, we trust, remembered by us in our prayers, both in public and in private; our thoughts are with her to-day.

One other mother connected with us, now stands proposed for admission to the church, and has entered with new views, we trust, upon the life-long work of training two precious little ones for God. Some of the juvenile members of the association have manifested an interest in the subject of religion, and a weekly meeting for inquiry on religious subjects has been regularly attended by a few of them.

In view of these facts have we not reason to thank God and

take courage and labor on in faith, believing that God will bless our efforts? We may never know the amount of influence for good which our association exerts on the members connected with it, and through them on those around us. Here and there a mother may find herself strengthened for the arduous and responsible work, her faith increased, and her hope for the future well-being of her child brightened by meeting with us; and as an association we may never know it till that day when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed.

Let us, then, cherish the hope that these meetings will continue to be, as we feel that they have been, a benefit to us and to all connected with us; and let us be careful so to discharge our home duties, that it may be seen that the prayers there offered have not been in vain.

The association has met regularly once a month, two meetings only having been omitted. Rev. W. Willey addressed us at our semi-annual meeting, which was a season of more than usual interest.

And now, as we begin another year, let it be with a stronger trust in our heavenly Father, to guide and assist us in the work before us, — with an increased sense of the responsibility resting upon us to train our children for God, to teach them to labor for Him, and as far as our efforts can go to endeavor to fit them for his service hereafter, that when called to render up our final account, each may exclaim with joy, “Here am I, and the children thou hast given me.”

Dwight Mission, Cherokee Nation, April, 1857.

[NOTE EDITORIAL.—Most sincerely do we hope that this report, and others like it which we occasionally insert in our pages, may awaken a fresh interest in all our maternal readers to meet together for prayer, encouragement and council, and for the formation of plans to attain the pure and blessed ends of God's holy covenant in their dear children. Ought not this object to receive more attention in all our female-prayer meetings, and from all churches and pastors?]

D U T Y O F F A T H E R S .

BY REV. A. SMITH.

“For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment; that the Lord may bring upon Abraham that which he hath spoken of him.”—Gen. 18 : 19.

The Lord had just said that Abraham should become a great and mighty nation, and that in him all the nations of the earth should be blessed. His faithfulness in family government was made the reason or condition of that holy covenant into which God entered with believers and their seed. Nothing could set forth in a stronger light the responsibility of fathers.

What parent would not like to enter the family of the illustrious patriarch, to observe his domestic arrangements, and learn wisdom from his example and instruction? But methinks the observer would notice few of the complicated rules and regulations of modern theorists. And yet, in his simplicity, he has accomplished what the multiplied lessons of our day often have undone. Order reigns in his household. His commands are cheerfully and promptly obeyed. Every member of his family is under perfect subordination.

He enjoys the confidence and affection of his servants to such an extent, that he arms them by hundreds and leads them forth to war, assured of their unshaken attachment to his interest. Again he commits to them his richest treasures and sends one of them far away to obtain a wife for his son. Such mutual confidence proves the kind and just authority of Abraham over his household.

Another incident still more strikingly illustrates the nature of his government over his children. Abraham is on his way to Mount Moriah, for the strange purpose of sacrificing his own dear son to Jehovah. They are near the appointed place. The servants are left behind—Abraham and Isaac walk on together. The son, a strong lad of eighteen or twenty, bears

the wood upon his shoulder. The father, a hundred years older, carries in his hand the fire and the knife.

“And Isaac said, My father: And he said, Here am I, my son. And he said, Behold, the fire and the wood: but where is the lamb for a burnt-offering? So they went on both together.”

Isaac reposes with unwavering confidence on the wisdom and goodness of his father; and Abraham is sure of the submission of his son, even in the most trying circumstances conceivable. They reach the scene of trial — the altar is built and the wood laid in order. And now Isaac finds that he is the lamb, to be slain by that knife and consumed by that fire. Yet he seems to have offered no resistance — voluntarily suffering himself to be bound and laid on the altar by his aged father. Even now his loving, trusting heart, bows to paternal authority.

The tenderness of affection manifest in this conversation, and the submission of the son in this awful extremity, tells us how Abraham commanded his children and his household. He must have been the kindest of fathers to inspire his son with such confidence and affection. He must have been always reasonable in his requirements, to gain such entire control over him. He must have been ever obeyed, to ensure such complete subjection to his authority. Uniform kindness, reasonableness, and firmness, hallowed and exalted by the fear of God, must have characterised the daily walk of Abraham before his household.

What an example is this for the imitation of all fathers! God has laid on them especially the obligations of family government. Such is the uniform representation of his holy word — “Ye fathers, provoke not your children to anger; but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.” “What son is there whom the father chasteneth not.”

Among the Jews, sons passed under the especial care of the father, at the age of five or six years. There is wisdom in such an arrangement, though not exactly conformed to reason and scripture. Earlier than this, the child should learn sub-

mission to paternal authority. From the first, he should be taught that his father must be obeyed — that from his authority there can be no appeal or escape. There must be such authority in the family, or there will be no order there. And the father is *the* person to exercise it. Excused from these constant attentions to his little ones, which almost of necessity render the mother too indulgent — made by nature more stern and inflexible in his feelings and habits — the father is specially fitted and commissioned to govern the family. And not only the sons but the daughters should feel the influence of paternal authority. So, likewise, the sons need, all the way up to manhood, the tender sympathies and unremitting attentions of maternal love. The duties and responsibilities of father and mother, toward all their children, of every age, should be united and blended together. If either are wanting in fidelity, the divinely organized system of parental training will be defective.

Yet in the government of the family, the father stands foremost in duty and responsibility. God has given him authority to command his children and his household, and he ought to exercise it wisely, kindly and firmly. The wayward, stubborn will needs such control. It is not often such a pliant thing, even in early childhood, as to be always swayed by the gentle accents of persuasion and entreaty. Coercion — unyielding coercion — is often necessary, and should never be wanting when needed.

To command is the high prerogative of parents. Their possession of a just claim to respect and obedience lies at the basis of family government. Abraham commanded — Eli entreated. The former blessed his children — the latter ruined them. To entreat another, is to acknowledge his superiority. The moment a parent assumes this attitude, he surrenders his elevated and proper position — throws himself at the feet of his children. Never should the father allow his right to command, to be disputed or set aside. It is a right that God has given him, and he betrays a sacred trust when he lays it aside.

But let no one suppose that the exercise of authority is allied to harshness or severity — leads to scolding and threatening. No — these are the evidence and result of the want of authority. When really and fully possessed, authority is quiet and passionless. If it be resisted, submission must indeed be secured by needful chastisement. But this does not exhibit or awaken necessarily improper feelings. Timely correction is proof of the highest and purest affection. So amiable, so divine is such a course of discipline, that it is made to illustrate the dealings of God with his people — “Whom the Lord loveth *he* chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.” Children must learn subjection to authority, or they will be ruined forever. If not made to obey the commands of their earthly parents in childhood, they will most surely trample on the laws of their heavenly Father in riper years, and fail of the honors and blessings of his holy, happy family above.

The comfort and success of the mother demand that her efforts be aided and sustained by paternal authority. Without this, she will often find the reins of government slipping from her grasp, just when they need most to be held with a firm and steady hand. Finding herself unable to command, she tries entreaty and persuasion — coaxes and flatters — scolds and threatens, but only to be the more despised. Disorder and wretchedness invade the sanctuary of home — no longer “*sweet*” home. A cloud settles on her brow, too often deepening into the shadow of death.

It is cruel for the father thus to leave his weaker companion to bear alone the burden of parental government — to sink under a weight heavy enough for both. It is folly — suicidal folly — for mothers to seem to take upon themselves the whole responsibility of governing their children. They may succeed with their daughters, but they will almost certainly fail with their sons — the hope and stay of the family. Every mother should secure, if possible, the active coöperation and unyielding authority of the father, in the government of the family. Do your utmost to counteract a prevalent but ruinous impression, that fathers have but little to do in the training of their

children. No; the burden rests on them particularly, and they ought to know it and feel it. God has laid it on them, and they cannot transfer their responsibility to others. No excuse, derived from the pressure of business, or calls from home, will be accepted. The commands of God in this matter are reiterated, and emphatic, and imperative. Our highest obligations we owe to our own families. Not to take care of them is to deny the faith and be worse than infidels.

But why should fathers need to be urged to fidelity in training up their children. On this depends their peace and happiness more than on any other worldly interest. The character and conduct of their children are a thousand times more important than the accumulation of riches and honors. Our highest usefulness, also, present and prospective, demands fidelity in discharging the duties we owe to our families. A well ordered home is a quiet, but overflowing fountain of good — refreshing the earth while we live, and often blessing the world for many generations. No office, no station is so high, so influential, so divine, as that of the father, the head of a rising family, the guardian of young immortals, the representative of God himself to the infant mind.

SABBATH MORNING.

SONNET.

Hark, from afar, the sound of Sabbath bells!
In solemn music pealing through the air!
Again the day of rest these notes declare;
And as their harmony uprising swells,
A voice from universal nature tells
How sweetly in the anthem she doth share.
Soft breezes whisper to the heavens fair,
A peaceful murmur by the sea-side dwells,
The melody of birds, the hum of bees,
The dew-drops falling from the buds of Spring.
Each rustling leaf upon the forest trees,
Join in the strain. Now myriad angels sing,
“Prepare ye mortals, all your jubilees,
And swell hosannas to the Eternal King.”

BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

It is now a little more than sixty years, since a young clergyman, then fresh from his theological studies, went down to the "Province of Maine," as it was then often called, to minister in spiritual things to the scattered and feeble churches in that region. He was a large, athletic man, able, as he supposed, to endure hardship, and suffer the inconveniences of a newly settled country. He had a good share of moral and physical courage, would not quail before the fiery eyes of a down-east wild-cat, even when travelling alone in the woods, or shrink from a wordy warfare with the infidel raftmen, or rough, coast fishermen. He had good carnal weapons for the former, and the sword of Bible truth for the latter.

He was not a polished gentleman, nor fond of soft raiment, but he was a genuine "diamond in the rough," and now and then as he rubbed along through the world, the friction would develope the true purity, and real sparkle of his character. He was a humorist, but his wit was chastened by his religion, and his naturally strong intellect found its best aliments in the Bible. His name was Paul, and in his case the name seemed to have inspired a great love for his illustrious namesake. He was, as a good old deacon used to say, great on the doctrine.

Paul's parents died when he was young. After he became a preacher, the only remaining member of the family was a sister, a few years younger than himself.

"Well, Annie!" he said, as he left her on his contemplated tour through Maine, "I am going as a light to lighten the Gentiles, but in a few years I will cease to wander, and you and I will have rest and quiet in some little corner of God's vineyard, where I can take care of you, and like my namesake, when he lived in his own hired house, preach the kingdom of God, and teach the things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ."

Annie had a home of her own, a small, unpretending, plain house, in a quiet street of the town, and to increase her little

income, she took in sewing. She was young, healthy, and full of hope for the future. Now Paul was through his studies, and she knew that he was a zealous and acceptable preacher, how bright every thing looked.

In a few years he would settle in some pleasant parish, and she preside over his home till he brought a wife there. The idea of Paul's having a wife, did not disturb her as it did some sisters, for Annie was not selfish. To be sure, she might have had visions of her own,—what young girl does not weave pleasant pictures with the unwrought threads of her own life! A fireside, and loved ones round it; a cradle and a baby face within, and all the sweet surroundings of that home-life which a true woman loves so well!

Whatever Annie's dreams were however, none read them but herself, for she was a quiet, modest girl, and very industrious with her needle. She and Paul wrote to each other often, and their mutual love was strengthened by the correspondence.

Paul was very happy in his mission, and rather liked the exposure and travel, and the variety of his churches and congregations. He often preached in log houses and barns, and now and then in some newly cleared farm, in a humble home, he found a disciple of Jesus, who had not seen a minister for many years, and the young preacher was welcomed with the warmth and hospitality of those who prize God's messengers. He was blessed in his labors, and many were led through him to the fountain of living waters.

No wonder Annie was happy, and when she heard of his abundant labors, of his preaching nearly every day in the week, of his riding through long forests alone, and in the storms which are so severe on the coast, she said to herself, "What a blessing it is to have such health! Paul was never sick in his life!" Perhaps it would have been better otherwise, for confident in his strength, he forgot himself in his Master's work.

One day Annie received a letter superscribed in a strange hand. "Your brother is not well," said the writer. "He travelled some miles in a north-east storm last week, after

preaching, and took a violent cold. He himself thought light of it, and continued to preach contrary to the advice of his friends. The result is, as we feared, a settled cold on the lungs, and severe pain, as he expresses it, in every inch of his body. He thinks he will soon be well, but needs you to nurse him. We hope you will come as soon as you receive this letter."

Annie lost no time in hastening to her brother, whose joy at seeing her amply repaid for her anxiety and fatigue.

Paul's disease was the inflammatory rheumatism, and it proved long and painful. After a few weeks he was able to go home with his sister, but every exposure brought a return of the attack. In a year or two his limbs became distorted, and almost every joint of his system felt the power of this tormenter of the physical frame.

Before a year passed he was a confirmed invalid, unable to leave his room. Annie was his constant companion and nurse. And now commenced in her maidenhood, the long self-denying life of this sister.

I wish I could describe Paul and Annie to the reader with the pencil and brush as well as by the pen.

In a chamber of the old house I have mentioned, Paul lay upon his bed of pain. One side of his body was so paralyzed that there was no sensation in it, but it became so only after months and years of excruciating pain. The hands and feet were drawn out of shape, and almost useless to him, but his face always wore a cheerful expression, and he greeted his visitors with a smile and a pleasant word. That smile lingered still after the eyes had lost their sight, and the right hand its cunning.

His sister was his patient nurse. Patient! That does not express one half of my meaning. It was content and cheerfulness that beamed in her face whenever I saw her.

Thirty-nine years she staid in that sick room, never going into the street save on errands of necessity or to church, whenever a kind friend would come and stay with the invalid. It was a lesson for the disappointed and discontented of this world to visit this house.

"Uncle Paul," as he was called for many years before he died, had a great reverence for woman, and among his frequent visitors and warmest friends were ladies of education and refinement, who loved to minister to his need in temporal and spiritual things. Whence came this respect for our sex? His companion from childhood had been this sister — neither educated or refined in the common worldly acceptation of the word, but she had a true woman's heart, and a sister's devotedness.

Thirty-nine years of constant attention to an invalid brother — with a patience that never flagged, a cheerfulness that was never ruffled, a love that grew stronger as her task became harder.

By that bedside the brown hair of youth was changed to the gray tints of age, the smooth cheek furrowed by time, and the bright eyes dimmed by use — but the warm, kind heart grew stronger in its love, as the diamond reveals its brightness more clearly through the broken casket.

Death came at last and freed Uncle Paul from his poor worn, wearied body. He had longed earnestly for this change, and all his friends rejoiced with him when he exclaimed, "Glory! Glory! This is death!" Many said, "Now poor Annie will rest awhile from toil," and they sought to make her life pleasant and cheerful. But it was only a little while and God called her. She felt that she was now going to realize all the brightest hopes of her youth, to live with Paul in a house not made with hands, and with glorified bodies over which disease could have no power.

One summer afternoon the hearse stood at the door of the same old house where Paul had suffered so long. Slowly and reverently the neighbors brought down the body of Annie. It looked old and time-worn with labor and care, but a truer heroine never lived than this patient, self-denying sister. One such life is a greater honor to our sex than the brightest record of "famous women" that can be found. Were there more such sisters there would be fewer such men as my next chapter will describe.

PRIDE.

BY H. W. PAGE.

"Yet all this availeth me nothing, so long as I see Mordecai, the Jew, sitting at the king's gate." — ESTHER 5 : 13.

So said Haman to his wife Zeresh, after recounting the particular favors bestowed on him by Ahasuerus ; his abundant riches, his greatness, his power, and lastly the distinguishing honor bestowed on him by Queen Esther herself.

That one circumstance, the neglect of Mordecai, was sufficient to darken his brilliant prospects, to poison his cup of bliss, and cause him to say, " All this availeth me nothing."

Haman was proud, ambitious and tyrannical ; the idea that there was one who did not honor and fear him, was tormenting to his very soul ; and amid the reflections of his glory and his riches, amid his revels and his pleasures, his heart would turn in bitterness, as his thoughts reverted to the meek image of the Jew, sitting at the palace gate, and refusing to do him homage.

" But how," says he, " shall this obstacle be removed ? How shall this hated object be brought under my will ?" He had chosen a partner in life so like himself, that she flinched not from any act of cruelty, and no doubt considered the omission of Mordecai as an insult to the greatness of his whole family, and was therefore prompt in suggesting a method for satiating the revenge of Haman. " Let a gallows be made fifty cubits high, and to-morrow speak thou unto the king that Mordecai may be hanged thereon ; then go thou in merrily with the king into the banquet." Thus said Zeresh and his friends, and their suggestions were received with favor.

The gallows was erected. Infatuated with triumph, he goes to Shusan, the palace, to lay his plans concerning Mordecai before Ahasuerus.

It was night ; but the king, troubled with dark visions and broken slumbers, reviewed his acts in his mind, and arose to consult the records which had been kept of events in his

reign. Mordecai, it was found, had rendered him signal service, and that service was as yet unrewarded.

Haman, at the king's commandment, enters the royal presence.

"What shall be done with the man whom the king delighteth to honor?" is the question put to him as he comes in.

Haman, eager for any demonstration of his sovereign's favor before the eyes of a gazing and admiring multitude, and thinking, beyond a doubt, that no other could be considered worthy of his high honor, immediately proposed,

"Let the royal apparel be brought which the king useth to wear, and the horse that the king rideth upon, and the crown royal that is set upon his head, and let this apparel and horse be delivered into the hand of one of the king's most noble princes, that they may array the man withal whom the king delighteth to honor, and bring him on horseback through the streets of the city, and proclaim before him, 'Thus shall it be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honor.'"

And what must have been the consternation and horror of Haman, when commanded to do this unto Mordecai, the Jew; and what must have been his humiliation, as he led him through the streets, proclaiming, "as the king na^o commanded!" We can imagine him with countenance blanched to marble whiteness, and a voice which, but for the king's displeasure, would have sunk into a hushed breathing, proclaiming in suppressed rage, "Thus shall it be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honor."

The hour for the banquet arrived, and Haman was summoned into the presence of the queen. How beautiful is the description of Esther, as given by her biographer! Modest, cautious, yet courageous, she had the interest of her people at heart, and conscious of the justice of her cause, dared to venture even the displeasure of the king.

But Haman! with what different feelings did he sit down to it and arise from that banquet. With what horror did he listen to the words, "The adversary and enemy is this wicked Haman." He met his fate; the very same which he had but the day previous planned for Mordecai, was his own.

What a warning to pride, to those who would lift themselves above superior worth, and glittering in the tinselry of earthly riches, demand the adoration of the crowd beneath them; and how many, how very many, though I trust not as wicked as Haman, yet in the midst of prosperity turn with bitterness to the thought of some fancied or real neglect which in itself is absolutely unimportant!

Ambition predominates in many minds, and it is perhaps a quality desirable, if it be united to virtue and religion. If we have talents, they are not the result of our own efforts; if they are cultivated, the inclination for improving them is not of our own selves. We have nothing to occasion pride, for we have nothing which we did not receive.

STRAY LEAVES FROM KATE MAY'S JOURNAL.

CONCLUDED.

Sept. 23. — Evening. Cousin Daniel was to dine with us to-day, and I thought I would have a particularly nice pudding, one of which I knew him to be especially fond. But who would make it! "Ay, there's the rub," thought I to myself. "I wonder if mother will!" So I went to the pantry where she was busily preparing some fruit to be preserved to-morrow. By the way, I have yet to learn the art of preserving and pickling. Shall I ever master the great science of cookery, I wonder! But to go back. "Mother," I said, you know how fond cousin Daniel is of Hannah's cracker puddings. Now I can see to the soup and roast meat. If you would but just make the pudding!"

She smiled at my earnest, imploring manner. "It is impossible, Kate, I have hardly time to see to my fruit, for I must go out in an hour and attend to some business that your father left with me. Give Jane some directions in regard to the meat, and then look among my written receipts for 'Berkshire Cracker Pudding.' Follow the receipt closely,

and I will ensure as good a pudding on our table to-day as ever came from Hannah's hands."

She smiled encouragingly, and I went to my task with a reassured heart. I had only to follow some written directions, and surely I had common sense enough for that. Well, dinner time came. I had baked my pudding in season to change my dress and receive cousin Daniel. My soup was excellent. The roast beef was pronounced incomparable, (though Jane must have the credit of that.) "Now for the pudding," thought I, as Jane placed it on the table. It looked very inviting. The rich creamy custard yielded to the insertion of the spoon most deliciously. My eyes danced with joy, and I am sure my heart did. I thought it was time to speak. "Your favorite pudding, cousin Daniel," I said, as I passed a saucer to him, almost overflowing with its inviting contents. "It looks very nice," he replied, and raised a spoonful to his lips.

I watched the movement with some anxiety, and could observe a look of disappointment, almost of dislike, on his face. I eagerly applied my spoon to the portion which lay on my own plate. Sure enough something was wrong. What could it be? What had spoiled my pudding? It was utterly insipid, flat, tasteless! so different from Hannah's. I looked at mamma in dismay. "Pray taste it, mother," I exclaimed. "What is the matter with it?"

"Pass me the salt, if you please," she replied smiling. "I think you will find *that* is what is wanting."

It was even so. I had forgotten salt in the preparation both of the pudding and the sauce. I was mortified and vexed. "Who would suppose that the omission of a little salt would spoil a pudding," I exclaimed.

"Never mind, Kate," said cousin Daniel, kindly; "better too little salt than too much. It is easier added than subtracted."

As he spoke, mother helped us to a new supply of sauce, which she had seasoned sufficiently to correct its former insipidity. It produced a wonderful change in the flavor thereof. In fact, the pudding was pronounced delicious, —

quite equal to Hannah's. It was careless in me to forget the salt. I fancy I shall remember it another time. Mother's fruit was very nice. I mean to preserve some myself. The blanc-mange was of my making, and was highly commended. I am sorry that I did not cool it in the new moulds. Cousin Daniel made mother a present of two the last time that he was here. The designs are most beautiful.

I almost forgot to mention that I made some excellent bread yesterday, almost as good as Hannah's.

Sept. 27. — Some days have passed since I wrote in my journal. Meanwhile, things have gone on swimmingly with me — in the domestic line, I mean ; for I scarcely think anything else worth recording. I believe I have not made a single mistake since I forgot to put salt in the pudding. O, yes, the pastry, this week was rather tough than otherwise, and yesterday I burnt some cake to a crisp. But then, I have not become used to the oven yet, and it takes time to learn how to regulate the heat judiciously, mother says. I tried again this morning, and succeeded much better than before. "Where there's a will there's a way." There never was a truer adage. The fact is, my heart is in my efforts. I have "registered a vow" to become a good house-keeper. Yet I must not forget in my zeal, other duties. I ought to practice more than I have done of late. I have scarcely touched the piano for a week. I will go and practice now. I must just add that papa says my bread is equal to Hannah's.

Sept. 30. — That insufferable Miss N. ! If it were not for the rest of the family, I believe that I should cut her acquaintance at once. Last night we had a small and select party, on Harry's account. My dear and only brother ! He has been with us two days, and leaves in as many more. Well, he was desirous to meet a few of his old friends, so we invited them to the house in a social way. We had a charming gathering. Pleasant conversation, music, chit-chat, each had its turn. Then followed a general move to the supper room. The tables were laid well, but not expensively. The ices were delicious, as Lee's always are. The blanc-mange was of my own making. I was very eager to see how Jane

had succeeded in turning it from the new moulds. Both designs were beautiful. One was a cross, wreathed with a lavish garland of flowers, the other was a figure of a graceful spaniel, crouching at the feet of a dainty little specimen of baby-hood, who was busily engaged in tying a ribbon around his neck. I advanced to the head of the table, where I had directed Jane to place the blanc-mange. What a sight! There lay the rose and cream-tinted compound, in one indistinguishable mass. In one corner I could just discover the drooping, graceful ear of my much admired spaniel, and, at the opposite side of the dish, its mutilated mate. One crouching paw adorned the centre, while the two-year old baby was totally lost in the general destruction. Equally distressing was the fate of the wreathed cross. A broken lily, and a few scattered roses graced the surface, and the rest was a mass of quivering, expressionless, shattered fragments. My face grew flushed with disappointment and chagrin. "How careless!" I mentally exclaimed. "I will see to such things myself another time;" and my own skill and ability rose in flattering contrast to Jane's blundering awkwardness. Miss N. touched my hand. "What exquisite designs," she said, pointing to the broken mass. "You must have ordered your blanc-mange from the new French saloon. I never saw such at Lee's." I coughed a little hard, dry cough. "Jane," said I, as she entered the room with a waiter of goblets. She came to me directly. "How could you be so awkward?" I said in an under-tone, pointing to the blanc-mange. She colored, hesitated, and then replied, "Why, Miss Kate, your mother says that you must have forgotten to dip the moulds in water before filling them."

There, it was out. The accident was explained, but in somewhat too public a manner to be entirely satisfactory to me, at least. And there stood Miss N., pursing up her thin lips, and affecting a shudder of polite horror at the bare idea of eating home made refreshments. She turned from me with an expressive "hem!" and put her lately filled saucer contemptuously on a side-table. Her place was instantly taken by her brother, and, thanks to his kind and generous

aid, I quickly recovered from my embarrassment, and enjoyed with him a hearty laugh over my grievous blunder.

I hear Harry's voice in the hall. The dear fellow leaves day after to-morrow. I shall miss him so much! How kindly he overlooks any little defect in my house-keeping! He laughs unmercifully, however, at the queer figure I make in my snug morning cap and plain linen apron, and persists in calling me "Little Miss Trot-about!" But, for all that, I know that he loves to see me so busy and so happy withal. He says I have grown as fresh and rosy as a child since he was last at home. But he is calling me.

Oct. 6. — Father came home last night with a fairly illuminated countenance. The failure of "Jones & Co.," had been greatly exaggerated, and there is no longer reason to fear that it will affect him materially. After communicating the welcome fact, he turned to me. "So Hannah may be recalled to-morrow, my faithful little house-keeper," he said, laying his hand caressingly on my head as he spoke. "You have been a deal of comfort to me the past month, my child, but your little, tired hands, may rest now," and the tears fairly stood in his eyes. They sprang to mine, too. It is so beautiful to be a comfort to those we love.

"O, no, dear father," I replied, "I am not in the least tired of house-keeping, and though I shall be glad to see Hannah in her old place again, depend upon it, I shall not give up the privilege of being her constant pupil. So you must bear with my blunders, still, papa," I added gaily, jumping up to get his slippers.

And I spoke truly. I am in earnest in forming this resolution. I will not neglect the elegant occupations of the parlor, nor will I give up attention to the coarser, yet equally important and honorable duties of the kitchen. Thus I shall fit myself to be a useful member of society, and more, a good wife to — to Charles N. Yes, I may whisper to my journal the secret which only papa and mamma know. I have promised to share his home some day. I almost tremble at my own happiness. I do love him so much, and he is so worthy of my love. He is so good, and noble, and pure! I must transcribe

into my journal a little snatch of song that my heart warbled to me this afternoon, as I sat dreaming where he had just kissed me "good-bye." I will sing it to him some day, but not now.

I have dreamed of a fair little cot of our own,
Where Love and Contentment shall smile ;
Of a form that is near me when daylight is done,
And a hand on my own all the while.

I have dreams of a casement thrown up in the night,
With roses and vines peeping through ;
And while I am dreaming these dreams of delight,
I am all the time thinking of you.

* * * * *

These are all the leaves from Kate May's journal that I have in my possession ; but my brother Ned has just come in and handed me a letter to himself from Charles N., dated a day or two back, and containing an invitation to us both to visit him and his young wife in their new home. I add an extract :—

" Indeed, Ned, you must come and see me in my Eden. I insure you the warmest welcome, the coziest corner, and the whitest and lightest bread that ever melted on your most fastidious bachelor palate. Ah, I have such a domestic little wife, Ned. She is a treasure for a poor man's home, aye, and a rich man's, too. You know I am just settled as a lawyer here in this crowded city, and it becomes me to set out in life on what may be called an economical plan. Still, we have a snug little fortune of five thousand dollars to draw upon by way of income. This, and my increasing business, my youth, health, good spirits, and, more than all, my cheerful, happy home, are a kingdom to me. Do you wonder that I am in love with life ? Ah, my dear fellow, I sometimes feel that I am not half worthy of Kate, she is so quiet, so cheerful, so domestic, yet so refined in her tastes, so constantly active in promoting the happiness of others, so forgetful of self, and—so fond of me, in short, she is so necessary to my existence that I wonder how I grew up at all without her. She has just entered the library and asked what I am writing about. "Your face is all aglow," she said, coming close to the table. "Well, love, I am writing

about you," I replied, "see for yourself." She read the above tribute to her worth, and blushingly snatched a pen to draw over "the libel" as she called it. But I have prevented this mischief in a way that I have learned somehow, and hasten to close my letter. Kate begs me to add her warmest remembrance to you and your sister, and joins me in urging you both to visit us at the time I have specified. We will not take "no" for an answer, mind that.

Yours truly,

CHARLES N.

So we are going to visit them next week; and if I find that my friend Charles has over-estimated the good qualities of his little wife, I promise to make it known hereafter. But I more than half believe that I shall be reduced to no such unpleasant extremity, for Kate May always *was* the best little body in the whole world, and why should Kate N. be any thing else? Indeed, were it not for her unmitigated good nature, I should not dare to give to the world these "stray leaves" from her "Journal." But, as it is, here goes,—and so my pleasant task is over.

THE FAIRY.

BY H. W. PAYSON.

"Well I cannot imagine how you accomplish so much," said Julia Evans to Maria Stanley, "you have within the last week sewed more than twice as much as I have,—read those two large volumes, been out making calls two afternoons, and assisted Aunt Emeline several times in her culinary department. Now as I said, I have done about half the sewing you have; have not spent above ten minutes per day in reading; my library books are all returned unread, and as to making calls and meddling with cookery, you know I have not done the one, and never do the other.

"But how do you do all this? Is there some fairy secretly at work helping you with secret, invisible fingers, or reading to you 'unheard by other ears' those rich treasures of wisdom? If so I would like to engage his services, for I do not

well like this being behind in all things. Yesterday when Mr. Granger was talking of European affairs, I was so vexed to think I should betray my ignorance, and then you were so perfectly at home in everything, I began to think I should be ranked among the dullest of dunces. And you are so still about it always, my ears would never intimate you were doing anything. Come, now, tell me how it is done. "Is it idle curiosity, or do you really intend to pursue and capture the fairy?" said Maria.

"Oh, I will have him at all events, if I can obtain a thing so high; just tell me his name, and where he is to be found, and I will look out for the rest."

"Well, just allow me to tell you that you have been talking twenty minutes while your work has been patiently waiting in your basket."

"Oh, no,—no,—you must be mistaken, it cannot be five," said Julia, hastily taking her basket."

"But I happen to know," said Maria, smiling. "I looked at the clock when we came in; and I should know by my work it was time worth improving, for see, I have made more than half this little apron for Lucy."

"Is it possible! well it isn't often I spend so many minutes talking, but twenty minutes in half a day could not give you time to do everything."

"Let us," said Maria, begin with the morning, and each read off her day's account, and we may perhaps find the fairy. I rise invariably at half past four."

"Oh, dear, I am never up and ready for breakfast till seven; two hours and a half per day, and you have all that time more than I for reading and working."

"The first half hour is not given to the world or books, but to beginning the day right. The next two, I devote to reading which shall improve my mind; and in this way before you are up, my library books are read. Then comes the breakfast hour, arranging my room &c., and eight o'clock usually finds both yourself and me ready for sewing."

"I am more in the habit of thinking when I am at work than talking. I can never do two things guardedly at the same time, and we cannot be too careful how and what we speak."

“O, I know your conversation is never more than nay—nay, and yea—yea, while you are sewing, but I rattle off all sorts of nonsense at all sorts of times,” said Julia, “that is another reason, I wonder I never thought of it. I confess I cannot sew much when I am talking.”

“Well, we usually sew until dinner time, when for an hour no one can complain that I do not do my share of the talking, laughing, visiting flower beds, and poultry yards, caressing puss or old Jowler, or anything else I happen to take a fancy to; but it must occupy but an hour. Then comes the sewing again (provided there is nothing more important to occupy my time,) and at tea time I lay it aside; give another hour to social amusements, and spend my evening writing letters to my friends, or items in my journal, or sometimes sewing to gain some hours for calls upon my associates; hours which if sewing were not indispensable, I should devote to the study of astronomy, but to that I can only look forward. In this way I do not get weary of one thing, and certainly never weary of time. My fairy you see is system, and its wings must never tire.”

“Ah, but how much self-denial it must cost. I have’nt, I know I have’nt resolution to put myself under the fairy’s guidance.”

“The formation of any new habit requires self-denial, and the weak and irresolute will fall back and shrink from a second attempt whatever advantage perseverance may promise them. They are not apt to consider that every successful attempt makes the next more easy, until all obstacles are overcome, and the new habit becomes a fixture in the character.”

“But a person naturally irresolute certainly cannot be censurable for wanting perseverance in any cause.”

“I do not agree with you, there is no quality which may not be cultivated, and those which we know to be essential to our usefulness and happiness we should especially endeavor to make our own.

There are few people who are not sometimes resolute, and that shows us it is but a lack of a disposition to do right which withholds them from doing as others do, whose course they admire.”

“Well, I do not know,—to think of getting up at half past four every morning, and dividing the day off systematically into hours for this thing, and hours for that, and follow the same course week after week, and month after month, looks too martyr-like. I’m afraid I should look back.”

“Well, I want to propose that you try it for one day. I will call you to-morrow morning at half past four; you know you never lack unread library books, so after you have devoted your first half hour to the greatest and best of duties, begin a course of history and devote the next two hours to it, as if you designed to continue the process every morning; then at evening commence a journal and write down some of the day’s best thoughts. Will you engage for to-morrow?”

“Oh, yes; one day would be nothing. I can safely promise for that, but I fear the library book will be read with little interest, and the journal page stand forever alone. You must choose the book; a novel would have most interest, but I submit to you.”

“No novels, no—no,—surely not for one who claims no acquaintance with common English History, and scarcely more for that of her own country. I think you cannot do better than to begin with English History, and as I am to return my books after tea, I will, with your permission take back your unread novels and exchange.”

“Oh, yes, I will go with you, for, for one day, I must be your counterpart, play the shadow and do as you do. I have no faith however, in its pleasures, and imagine myself even now, to-morrow evening rejoicing that the shades of night close my acquaintance with the fairy.”

The next morning at precisely half past four, a bell rang quick and shrill in Julia’s room; she started, instantly awakened, comprehending its meaning, and determined to fulfil her promise, dressed quickly, and after following Maria’s direction to begin the day aright, she seated herself near the window to commence her reading. At first she could not easily refrain from looking out, she had no remembrance of ever having been up so early before, nor any idea that a dawning summer morning could be half so enchanting, never had she seen so many birds on bush and tree, and spray never had she heard

them sing so sweetly, never did tree and flower, meadow and running brook, so invite her eye to linger upon their beauties.

"I mustn't look. I must read," said she this morning, but I will surely get up to-morrow morning and feast my senses upon this delightful scene."

Julia did not think the two hours reading very interesting, though she tried to remember all she could, as she had promised to write all she could retain, in her journal, after relating it to Maria. When the bell rang for breakfast she shut the book and called it tedious, so unlike "a good racy novel."

As soon as they were seated at their work, Maria remarked: "Now Julia we can talk over that history a little, and still not allow our needles to be idle. I would like to acquire the habit of conversing upon such topics while at work, and now that I have enlisted you for a day I want to practice. Please tell me the subject of the morning's reading."

Julia did so, and Maria related several interesting anecdotes about some of the earliest characters, and followed them down several generations, till she found Julia quite absorbed in the narrative. "Now," said she at length, "let us think and sew." Until dinner time scarcely a word was spoken, and though they laid their sewing aside once in the afternoon to receive callers, Julia when the tea hour arrived, thought she had never accomplished so much in one day before; and with the first page in her journal, she was more pleased than with months of her former life. She had woven together quite a little story of the day, and found herself encouraged to believe she might yet be, and do something, as she termed it.

"But it will of course forever stand alone, you design no trial of the system to-morrow," said Maria smiling, as she laid aside the journal page Julia had invited her to read.

"A new broom sweeps clean" you know coz, and I mean to try the fairy's aid to-morrow if you will wake me again, so quick and so thoroughly with that shrill little bell." "Most willingly, most gladly," said Maria.

Days passed into weeks, and weeks into months, Julia with Maria's assistance and encouragement, still followed the fairy, and began to be more confident in society, because she was a daily learner; more useful in her home because she had learned the value of a moment; more loved by her acquaintances

because she had learned self government: and when Mr. Granger, an intelligent and worthy young man, attracted by the increasing excellence of her whom he once considered but a beautiful shadow of what she might be, offered her his heart and hand, she accepted him, not as her superior, but her equal, fitted to share his joys, and alleviate his cares, to train up her family in the paths of useful industry, and make for her whole household a happy home.

But you want to know something of Maria, the systematic, admirable Maria. "Did she marry?" you say.

Reader, marriage is not the sole design of a maiden's existence; but the admirable Maria became the honored and loved wife of a clergyman, lightening his responsibilities, soothing his cares, diffusing the sweet grace of love and charity wherever her smile was known, making a happy home, and conducting with her potent example to make a happy, virtuous, and intelligent community.

HOME WITHOUT A MOTHER.

BY MRS. M. G. BURTON.

IF there be a sacred spot on earth over which angels may be supposed fondly to linger, and scatter the sweet incense of heavenly blessing from their hovering wings, it must be the sanctuary of a consecrated home. Home! home!! What tender endearments ever cling around this little word. Who does not think that home is the dearest spot on earth, although it may be a lonely cot in some desert land? But what is it makes home so dear to every heart? What is it that dispels sorrow, gloom, and despondency from the family circle, in the midst of plenty or want, and that throws the sunlight of happiness over every immortal? It is not the hope of riches, honor, or future greatness; but those kind words, smiles, and perennial fountains of love that so freely flow from the heart of a mother. A father's care may be ever-abiding—he may wear out his constitution in providing means for family comfort—may so manage his circumstances in life as to lose the idea

of want, but unless there is a mother to soften our manners, to speak tenderness to the wounded and heart-bleeding, there will be a silent note in the harp of our happiness — a chord unstrung.

Poetry being defined, the language of passion may give full vent to the throbbing heart of the youthful missionary as he bids adieu to home, the play-grounds of his childhood's days, and the objects that are rendered sacred by association, and he with a noble and virtuous determination may say,

“Yes, my native land, I leave thee,
Home, and friends, and kindred dear,”

but no poetry nor language can express the deep feelings of his heart as a mother gives him her last blessing with streaming eyes, and says, “My child, I *cannot*, I *cannot* give you up.” These words are engraven upon his memory, and nothing but death or insanity can remove them. No wonder that the mother is the arbiter of the child's destiny. She lives in his heart, revives in his memory, and acts through him, after she has been long slumbering “where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap.”

Our mothers are always beautiful, and no speech is so eloquent as that laden with blessings on a mother's name; no songs so sweet as those which breathe a mother's undying affection, and none so touch the chords of soul-felt harmony which thrill the heart at the remembrance of the cherished beings who instructed in the noblest principles of virtue and religion. But alas! how little do we value a mother's tenderness while she is living. How heedless is youth of all her anxieties; but when she is gone we can in some degree appreciate the beautiful ideas which some writers have expressed in reference to her. It is then that her undying love springs up before us. When there is no eye to pity, no one to speak kindness, a mother feels and loves the more. It is then that she shows the sublimity of her character. O, how lonely must be that home where her form is never seen, where her voice is never heard, where the power of her smile is never felt. Kind friends may do much to enhance our happiness, but one is gone whose place none can fill, whose tenderness none can

equal. No hand presses so softly upon our aching head, no notes fall so sweetly upon our ears as her soothing accents, no reproof is so kind, no love so disinterested as that of a mother. But alas, how many homes there are that have been robbed of this presiding angel. How many persons there are who have never listened to the sweet voice of a mother, who remember not the soft embrace and tender kiss which she has bestowed upon them when she gave them up into the hands of God as her happy spirit was preparing to soar away into everlasting bliss. Who can sound the rich fulness of which such persons are deprived? They know nothing of that holy love of a mother that grows stronger and purer as it watches through tears and prayers. We do not wonder that a pure and holy mother's laws are the first to be obeyed and the last to be spurned in a downward course to ruin, for they are just and true. The utterer of divine sayings charged his son not to forsake the law of his mother, for it was an ornament of grace about his neck.

It was our mother that first taught us to lisp the sweet name of Jesus. But oh! where is she now? Is she at the same old homestead, occupying the same chair around the hearthstone, and when the hour of devotion comes does she still call us to bow around her knee and offer up our prayers? No; she was too pure for earth, and our Saviour took her to heaven, leaving a home without a mother. Yet she has not lived for nought; our hearts are full of precious seed which she has sown; she has left us a pure and Christian example which is worth more than all earthly jewels, and beside this she has offered up to God a volume of prayers for us high as heaven, which shall continually bring down blessings upon us. We feel that our brightest star has set, never again to rise within our mortal vision. Yet when we have labored and sorrowed while in our probationary state, we may hear the welcome voice of our Heavenly Father saying, come up higher, and then a brighter sunshine than the old shall illumine our immortality. Then we may gaze upon our mothers in the presence of the Lamb of God that enlighteneth the Heavenly Jerusalem, and realize all the beauty and blessedness of Jesus, Mother, Home, and Heaven.

PATIENCE, THE CHIEF OF DOMESTIC VIRTUES.

BY REV. C. W. ALLEN.

PATIENCE, though with a dashing and fashionable world unpopular, has an honorable place on the record of Christian graces. It is also, as we might suppose, in frequent and urgent demand, where discipline is the great object of life, and trial and suffering the principal means by which it is attained. In no place is this virtue more truly indispensable, both in attainment and in practice, than in the family-circle. If those who have stood at the head of the family for a score of years or more will look through the past history of their domestic relations, and will inquire what particular virtue they have been called upon most frequently to exercise, and to cultivate, they will in ordinary cases, upon careful consideration, be constrained to admit that it is *Patience*. It was in the beginning of that history, and by way of anticipation, the least needful of all the qualifications demanded, either in the mutual relations which the social head of the family sustain to one another, or the prospective relation that they might sustain to children and other members of the household. The deep and sensitive regard which all who belong to the family, must have for each other's character and welfare, will banish it is supposed, all occasion for the exercise of patience; and yet this very sensitiveness, wakeful and generous as it is, is the very element of family relationship that demands it.

When the fond affection of faithful hearts is sealed, and two are made one by that ordinance which God has appointed as the commencement of the family, while the flush of early joy prevails, and each is strengthened for the duties and the trials before them by that and which their mutual confidence reciprocates, it is natural to anticipate for the voyage of life an open sea, and a clear sky. If there be breakers ahead or a dangerous lee shore, or if the voice of the storm is in the distance, it is well that the exultation of the present should neither heed or hear them. It is well and wisely ordered by a superintend-

ing Providence, that in ordinary cases, the period of domestic life should be begun with the bounding hopes of joyous and confiding hearts. And however needful the virtue of patience may perhaps be in their intercourse with the outside world, it cannot but be superfluous as a practical virtue in the calm quiet of their ever peaceful home. Yet how surely and how soon do they find the unlooked for occasion for its exercise. No two minds can be found that have been formed in the same mould, nor trained in the same circumstances, nor are they possessed of the same sympathies of equal strength and similar preference. Differences in the happiest unions must develop themselves, unless all personality and independence are merged in a tame submission, or a heartless indifference, entirely subversive of all exquisite enjoyment in social intercourse. Such diversities are adapted to give zest and vivacity to life, and a considerate forbearance would turn them to high mutual advantage. They should be so treated that they will become, as they were evidently intended to be, a means for the improvement of the species, for the correction of the errors and the diffusion of the excellences that may exist in different families. The contact of such diversities in the social head of the family and the necessity of analyzing them arising from the effects which different opinions and practices have upon the duties and the members of the family, require for them a careful and patient treatment, without which they will be made the means of alienation, instead of binding hearts in more endearing fellowship. The manners and customs, endeared to the wife by familiarity, are crossed, or may be unwillingly disparaged by the husband; and each is unpleasantly affected because the other does not fully coincide in opinion and in practice. A slight diversity arises in regard to the most suitable manner of appropriating their time; their former habits and existing preferences may differ in respect to culinary operations, the style of the material of dress, books and authors, preachers and preaching, sects and sentiments, in regard to the duties and the position of the domestics, and to the manner of training and educating children. These and a thousand other themes of every day occurrence and discussion, which no foresight can provide

against, will of necessity give occasion for the exercise of that charity which suffereth long and is not easily provoked—that patience which the existence of the most devoted love cannot dispense with.

Besides these occasions for the exercise of this virtue, there is a natural difference in the sexes which demands both the culture and the manifestation of the same trail of moral character. Whether one sex is superior to the other is a question of no importance. It will doubtless be discussed from time to time as long as the world shall stand, and never approximate nearer than now, a settlement. But certainly there is in every true wife a womanly delicacy, a peculiar and exquisite sensitiveness to disrespect and indecorum when coming from her husband, however thoughtlessly it may be, which she perhaps was not aware of until she became his, and which he was never liable to offend until he became hers. On his part also there are new and peculiar feelings and claims to be consulted and respected by the one who has entered into a new and peculiar relation to himself. How necessary patience is to meet with real or imagined provocations in this new condition need not be disclosed to many who have had too frequent occasion to exercise it.

In the order of nature domestic servants constitute no part of the family proper. It might be supposed that at the commencement of the family, the social heads would be competent to manage their own affairs, without any such aid, and that in the good providence of God they will continue. So in ordinary cases, with such occasional assistance as friends can render, until their own children will meet the duties which their own failing strength refuses to perform. But as society is now constituted, domestic servants are an unavoidable necessity. They cannot be overlooked as part or an appendage of the family, and yet what an occasion of care, and distraction and alienation, they sometimes are! Then ignorance, too, errors, mistakes, and accidents are in many families a cause of perpetual disquietude. Even when they are intelligent, and kind, and faithful, they are still a foreign element with which

the whole domestic economy labors and is embarrassed. Though it may be true that they are highly respected and beloved in the family, and justly so, and when they are blamed may be far more sinned against than sinning, yet they cannot but give occasion, under the most favorable circumstances for the exercise, as well as for the cultivation of an indulgent, Christian forbearance. With this their faults would be lessened; if not entirely remedied, still the many evils which arise from an impatient and fretful treatment, would be avoided. If any virtue is called into requisition, if any is important, and needs to have an active and vigorous maturity in the domestic duties that relate to this portion of the family it is patience. This is a cardinal virtue and admits of no substitute.

But children, as an integral part, and often a most numerous and important part, of the domestic circle, demand from parents, in the care and training of them, still more frequently and imperiously the exercise of that essential virtue so needful in the relations already adverted to. What patience in the mother is needful by night and by day for the infant, both sick and well. What patient co-operation is also required in the father. How needful this virtue to initiate the little one into the mysteries of life, to keep it from being injured and destroyed by the many and yet unknown causes that encompass it. How it needs word upon word, with a simplicity graduated to its capacity, and with a patience that knows no weariness. With what untiring vigilance, the quantity, the quality and the supply of its food must be watched and all its little wants supplied. Were it not for the impatience which the little one has occasioned by disturbing the midnight slumbers of the parent it would be pitied and soothed rather than blamed for its ills and annoyances; an infirmity of the parent which should have been connected by the very means that is permitted now to aggravate it. If there be a school in which both the exercise and the culture of patience are required truly it is the one that embraces such pupils.

As the years increase, and the juvenile members of the family are multiplied, and perhaps the rod of correction is applied to discipline them into orderly and correct habits what patient

care and attention are requisite in order to weigh with accuracy the blame worthiness. How often is it true that aside from the fretfulness of the parent, there is no blame at all. Many are cases, without doubt, where justice would change the rod, where the parent should be rebuked for his impatience rather than the child corrected for his imagined fault.

Let us for a moment take a survey of a family group, in which the children have had a common yet commendable training, and when they are able to appreciate the nature of the domestic and fraternal ties. There is not wanting a mutual and sincere love. They are ready to yield their personal rights to one another, and to make any sacrifice in defense of a brother's or a sister's interest and character. They are by no means destitute of kindness, yet in their work and in their play it is all the same. How often the domestic fane is disturbed by their ebullitions of passion.

Could they treat with patience the faults and foibles of one another, it would be like pouring oil on the troubled waters. If the father might enter with a calm and kind and gentle self-possession, the whole company might be tamed into immediate submission. It is not the furious blast that beats upon them, but the genial warmth of a gentle and patient spirit. They are not driven, but drawn; turned, perhaps, but not crossed; subdued by accents sweeter than the Orphean lyre. But instead, thereof, he enters with the frown of displeasure on his brow. He quells them by his authority. His impatience is aggravated by the frivolity of complaints that are entered before him, the very insignificance and puerility of which were adapted to mature the virtue of patience which, more than any other, he needs in controlling his household.

Such is the great demand for patience in family government. No other institution makes larger drafts upon this virtue, and the parent is under the necessity of becoming largely furnished or by his impatience he will enhance greatly the evils that are incident to the family circle, or destroy it altogether. Other trials of his patience he may in many cases escape; but these he cannot, he must not, without being derelict to his duty. They inhere to the family state, which is wisely so arranged

that, as a compensatory institution, it furnishes the means of cultivating the very element that more than any other is in demand. He who has not this virtue, nor cultivates it, is out of his place at the head of the family. He is destitute of that needful qualification for his office, and of one of the essential graces of the spirit, without which no one can be prepared for the great family above.

MARGARET RALSTON;

OR, ERRING AND REPENTING.

BY CATHERINE M. TROWBRIDGE.

“My dear, I fear you think a little too much of dress.”

The speaker was a lady in middle life, with a quiet, gentle, motherly expression of countenance. The remark was addressed to a young lady, apparently about seventeen years of age, who was surveying herself in the mirror with an air of unmistakable satisfaction, though the ostensible purpose of the survey was to determine on the fit and becomingness of a rich silk dress, which had just been sent in from the mantua-maker.

The tone in which the remark was made was neither petulant or censorious. On the contrary, it was cheerful, gentle, and affectionate, only slightly expostulatory. Nevertheless it brought something very much like a pout to the lips of the fair girl.

“Now Aunt,” said Margaret Ralston, half deprecatingly, half pettishly, “if you believe I think too much of dress, I should like to know what you think of Jane Tuttle. Just look at her silks, and laces, and jewels. Her dress costs three times as much as mine.”

Aunt Carson's face wore a quiet smile, as she replied, “All this may be true, Margy, and yet not prove that Jane Tuttle bestows as many thoughts on the subject as you. Her father's means are very ample, and she dresses in keeping with her rank and station, and in very good taste too; for Jane

has a correct taste in everything. But I have not seen any evidence that she gave to the subject an undue importance, or expended upon it that care and thought which should be bestowed upon other matters. The cost of a young ladies wardrobe by no means settles the question of the amount of thought and care she expends on the subject of dress. The question is not the space the wardrobe occupies in closets and drawers, but the space it occupies in the mind and heart."

"But I am sure, aunty, that I have heard you advocate care and a correct taste in dress. I have heard you say, He who has clothed with so much beauty the face of nature cannot be displeased with a due regard to taste and propriety in the adornment of our persons."

"No doubt you have heard me express these sentiments, and they are mine now as truly as they ever were. But this is a very different thing from a selfish love of dress, which attaches an undue importance to the subject, and leads one to bestow upon it those thoughts and affections which are rightly claimed by more important objects.

"But, aunty, I don't think I have such a selfish love of dress."

"I hope not, my dear. I only wish to guard you against anything like an approach to it; for it is a great evil, debasing the mind, and blighting by its influence, all that is unselfish, pure, and noble."

At this moment a servant appeared at the door to inform Margaret that a little girl was waiting in the hall to speak with her.

While Margaret Ralston leaves her chamber to speak with the girl we will improve the opportunity to introduce her more fully to the reader.

Margaret had early been deprived of a mother's tender care. Her father was a fond and devoted parent, and did all in his power to supply a mother's place to his half orphan children. He had been aided in this work by a sister of his wife, who for several years lived in his family, and took the care of his children, two sons and a daughter. But when Margaret, the youngest, was twelve, this aunt married, leaving vacant the impor-

tant place she had so long filled in the family of her brother-in-law. As she still resided in the same town, she continued to exert no small influence upon the children, to whom she had become devotedly attached, and for whom she felt almost a mother's love.

At the time of our story, Margaret's two brothers were absent from home, pursuing their studies, and she was her father's sole companion and house-keeper. She, however, was favored with frequent visits from her aunt Carson, who was ever a most welcome guest, and to whom she freely went for counsel and advice.

Mrs. Carson was peculiarly attached to her niece, and watched over her with the most tender interest and affection. She had of late observed in her an increasing love of dress, which gave her some anxiety, more for what it might become, if indulged, than for the extent to which she apprehended the evil had already grown.

When Margaret descended the stairs, she found a little girl in the hall, with a bundle in her hand. "Please ma'am," said the little stranger, when Margaret approached, "here are the shirts which ma'ma has been making for Mr. Ralston."

Margaret took the bundle from the little girl, and examined the work. "Very neatly done," she remarked. "What does your mother ask for making them?"

"Four dollars, ma'am."

"Very well. I will speak to my father about it when he comes home to dinner, and he will leave with me the money to pay for them."

So saying, Margaret was turning from the child to take the shirts up stairs, when she was recalled by the words, "Please ma'am, mamma said that she hoped I would bring back the pay."

This was said in a timid, shrinking way, which indicated that stern necessity compelled to words from which diffidence and fear shrank back.

"I would give it to you, if I had it, little girl," said Margaret. "But it can't make much difference, for I will get it for you this noon, and you can call for it to-night." And Margaret hastened up stairs to her aunt.

At noon Margaret showed the shirts to her father, and repeated what the little girl had said.

"I am sorry you did not have the money for her," said Mr. Ralston. I was careless not to leave it with you against the shirts were brought home. I never like to make such people wait for their pay ; but here it is now," he added, handing a bill to Margaret.

About two hours after dinner Margaret received a call from a pedlar, who offered for sale some very handsome embroidered collars. One of these, the price of which was four dollars, particularly attracted Margaret's eye.

"It is the very thing I want," thought Margaret. "Such a love of a collar, and just the thing to wear with my new silk. How provoking that nothing is left of my quarterly allowance. I wish father was here, and yet, if he were I would not dare to ask him for the money lest he should think me extravagant."

For the last few months Mr. Ralston had given his daughter a certain sum quarterly, to meet all her personal expenses. This method had been adopted, as calculated to give her more definite ideas of the value of money, and the necessity of prudence and economy in its expenditure. Margaret liked the plan very much when first proposed by her father. The sum he named seemed to her a large one. She felt sure that it was much more than she had been in the habit of spending in that length of time ; but when she came to disburse it she was surprised to see how rapidly it disappeared. It was all expended some time before the close of the quarter.

"I had no idea things counted up so fast," she exclaimed, half vexed.

Her father smiled. "That is the very fact I wished you to become acquainted with," he said, "and it is seldom learned except in some such way."

The next quarter, Margaret, profiting by past experience, calculated better, and the sum placed in her hands held out this time to the close of the quarter. The third quarter had now nearly expired. She had that morning paid out her last dollar to the mantua maker ; but it had not troubled her much, as the next day but one she was to receive her next allowance. But

now there was the coveted collar. How provoking! Just then she thought of the bill given her to pay the seamstress who had made the shirts sent home that morning and the wish that it belonged to her arose in her breast. One command of the decalogue was already broken. She coveted that which belonged to another.

"I have half a mind to use it," she said. "I am sure the woman can wait well enough. If she sends to-night I will put her off a day or two. I can pay her when I get my money, which will certainly be day after to-morrow, for father is very punctual."

Still Margaret did not feel quite clear. Even then she could see that it was not exactly right, and she hesitated. But another look at the collar decided her. It was so pretty, so exactly what she wanted, and, with the consoling reflection that the woman could wait well enough, she took it.

At night the girl came for the money.

"I think you will have to wait till Friday night," said Margaret, "then you shall certainly have it. That is not a great while to wait, I am sure. I don't believe that every one pays your mother as punctually as that."

"But mother wants it very much now, for little brother is sick," said the girl, in a pleading tone.

"Well I've not got it, and it can't be helped," said Margaret, half impatiently; but her heart smote her as she saw how very cold the child looked, and observed the tears which started in her blue eyes, as she turned sorrowfully away.

The next afternoon Mr. Ralston met in the street a female friend, whose heart was large and benevolent, but whose income was more limited than her overflowing sympathies.

"I have met with such a touching case of suffering this morning, Mr. Ralston," she said, "and I am grieved to think I can do so little to relieve it."

"Perhaps I can assist you," responded Mr. Ralston, cheerfully. "I should like to hear the particulars."

"It is the case of a poor widow. She is a good seamstress, and by the use of her needle has kept herself and family from want. But now her little boy is sick, and most of her time is

occupied in attending upon him. But the chief cause of their present great distress is that she has failed to receive the money due for the work done the last few weeks. She made a dozen shirts for a dashing young man, who has been mean enough to leave town without paying her. Since that she has done some work for a gentleman residing here, but though she has sent to his house twice for the pay, she cannot get it."

"Did she mention the name of the gentleman?"

"She did not."

"Whoever he is, I am sure he is to be blamed. It is cruel and unjust to keep back the wages of these poor people."

"It is so, and in this case it is painful to see the suffering it has caused. I found the poor woman without medicine for her sick child, and even without food. She said that she had never been driven to ask the aid of charity, nor should she now, had she received her just dues."

"What is the name of the poor woman, and where does she live?"

"Her name is Lane, and she lives in —— street."

Mr. Ralston started. He well knew that was the name and address of the woman who made his shirts. How could it be that she had failed to receive the pay? There was something mysterious about it.

"I have some knowledge of this woman," he remarked, and I will myself call upon her, and see what can be done for her comfort."

The lady expressed her gratitude as if it had been a personal favor to herself, and they parted.

Mr. Ralston immediately made his way to the dwelling of the afflicted family. Here he found all as described, except that their immediate and pressing wants had been supplied by the benevolent individual who had stated their case to him. In answer to his inquiries, the widow made substantially the same statement as that made to her previous visitor. She had never seen Mr. Ralston, and had no thought that he was the gentleman for whom she had done the shirts. A friend of his had recommended her to him as a neat, and also as a ready seamstress, and he had sent her the work; but it was evident

that she had failed to receive the sum due for it, and that this was one cause of her present distress.

"When did you send home the shirts last made?" he inquired.

"Day before yesterday morning, sir."

This agreed with Margaret's statement of the time when the work was sent home.

"Why did they not pay you when the work was sent home?" he asked.

"Why, sir, the gentleman's daughter told my little girl that she had not the money by her, but would ask her father for it at noon, and if she would call again at night she should have it."

"Did you send again at night?"

"I did."

"And did not obtain the money?"

"No, sir, I did not."

"Did your girl see the young lady when she went the second time?"

"Yes, sir; she was told by her that she could not have the money till the next day but one, which will be to-morrow, sir. She said she was sure she could wait that time well enough. She little knew how long a time it was for those who were starving for the food that money would have purchased."

Mr. Ralston knit his brow; and had the poor woman been observing him closely, she would have seen that he looked troubled. And indeed he was troubled. He had hoped the woman would say that her child did not see his daughter, and that this might account for the non-payment of the money. He had now but one more inquiry to make.

"Did your child state to the young lady how much you needed the money?" he asked.

"She told her that we needed it very much, and that my little boy was sick."

This reply was very unsatisfactory, so far as his daughter was concerned; still Mr. Ralston determined not to condemn Margaret till he had sought from her an explanation. He

did not tell the poor woman who he was, but left with her a sum sufficient for the supply of present necessities, promising to call again in a day or two.

It was evening when he returned home. Margaret flew to greet him, as she was in the habit of doing. Her father met her kindly, but she saw that there was something very like a shadow upon his brow. Scarcely was he seated, when he said, abruptly,

"Margaret, what did you do with the money I gave you to pay for the making of those shirts."

Margaret's eyes fell beneath her father's inquiring glance, and she colored deeply, but remained silent. She was startled by the sudden and unlooked-for question, and could not at once frame a reply. She felt very unwilling to tell her father what she had done with the money.

The question had been asked without sternness; but as Margaret remained silent, Mr. Ralston again spoke, and this time the tone was very stern. Margaret could scarce remember the time when her father had spoken so sternly to her.

"Tell me, Margaret," he said, "what you did with that money, and why it was not paid to that little girl last night."

Margaret now tremblingly owned what she had done with the money. Mr. Ralston listened in silence, but the frown deepened on his brow as Margaret proceeded with the story, which was intermingled with many excuses and apologies.

Just as she finished, the tea-bell rang. It was a silent meal. Mr. Ralston looked both stern and sad, and Margaret was very unhappy; for she saw plainly that her father was much displeased with her.

"Come here, Margaret, and sit by me, I have something to say to you," said Mr. Ralston, as he seated himself upon the sofa on their return to the parlor. But the invitation was not given in his usual kind, affectionate manner—the tone was stern and rebuking.

"Margaret," he said, when she was seated, "I witnessed, this afternoon a case of great distress," and Mr. Ralston proceeded to relate the case of the poor woman whom he had that day visited. He gave a graphic description of the

wretched abode and all its discomforts — the sick child — and the utter destitution in which they had that morning been found. When he had presented to the mind of his daughter a faithful image of the scene, he wound up by saying, "Judge, Margaret, what my feelings were, when I learned that the main cause of all this distress was the withholding of a sum due from me to this poor woman. This afflicted woman, Margaret, is the same who made the shirts for me, and who has twice sent here for the pay. When the fact first came to my knowledge, I hoped that it might be explained on the ground of carelessness on your part. This would have been bad enough; but even this relief has been denied me. I have now learned from your own lips that it was the result of the selfish, unfeeling vanity of my cherished daughter, of whom I had hoped better things."

"Oh, father," said Margaret, "I didn't think. I had not one thought that the money was so needed."

"My daughter," said Mr. Ralston, in a tone somewhat less stern, but even more serious, "'I didn't think,' is a poor excuse. You should have thought. If you did not know the particulars in this case, the general truth was well known to you that these poor people need their money quite as fast as they earn it — need it for the very necessities, not for the luxuries of life. This you knew, and knowing it, nothing but a most inexcusable selfishness could have led you to trample upon their just claims, that you might gratify a wish to procure an article which you could very well have done without."

Mr. Ralston rose, after saying this, and left the room. A moment later, Margaret heard him close the street door. Very unhappy was Margaret all that evening. She was shocked by her own conduct, now that she saw it in its true light, and she was very sad to think that she had so displeased her beloved father. That night she dared not go to him for her usual good-night kiss, but when the hour for retiring came, stole silently to her room.

The next morning, just before dinner, Mrs. Carson, who had been making some calls in that neighborhood, stepped in to see her niece, and was prevailed by Margaret to remain to dinner. She had hardly taken off her hat and shawl when the dinner-bell rang, and at the same moment the step of the punctual Mr. Ralston was heard in the hall.

He welcomed Mrs. Carson as usual, but the quick observation of the aunt soon discovered that something was wrong, between the father and daughter. Margaret did not greet her father with her usual sunny smile, and he, on his part, seemed to take little notice of her. It was evident that both were constrained and unhappy.

"Dear aunty, come up to my room for a little while, before you return home," said Margaret after dinner.

Mrs. Carson accepted this invitation very willingly; for she hoped to learn what was amiss between Margaret and her father.

As soon as Mrs. Carson was seated in the chamber of her niece, Margaret drew a stool to her side, and seating herself upon it, buried her face in her aunt's lap.

"Oh, aunty, I am so very wretched," she said, "I have so displeased dear papa, and he has not forgiven me yet."

"Then, Margaret, I am afraid your offence has been a very serious one, else your dear, kind papa would not take it so seriously."

"So it is, dear aunty. I have given him cause to be displeased with me. I am almost afraid to tell you what I have done, lest you too should be angry with me, and how could I bear it, if you were both angry with me."

"I shall not be angry with you, my dear Margaret; for I am sure that whatever wrong you may have done, you are sorry for it. Perhaps your father has not seen this. Come, tell me all about it, my dear."

With many tears and blushes, and her face half hidden in her aunt's lap, Margaret told her story.

"Now aunty," she said, when she had finished, "I can see that you were quite right, when you feared I was indulging a selfish love of dress. I did not once think I was so selfish.

"My dear girl," said Mrs. Carson, "if we do not guard our hearts very closely, we shall often find that we have wandered much farther from the right than we had supposed possible. You now see you have indulged this love of dress, till it has led to selfishness and positive injustice to others. You have even been ready to trample on their rights that you might gratify it."

"Oh, spare me aunt," said Margaret.

"My dear," said Mrs. Carson, very tenderly, "do you not know that 'faithful are the wounds of a friend?' I trust that this incident will open your eyes to your danger, and that your present suffering may not be in vain, but may lead to the cure of the evil which, unawares, has made such progress."

"I hope so," said Margaret humbly. "But, dear aunty, I do so wish that father would forgive me. If he would speak to me about it as tenderly and gently as you do, but he seems so displeased, and looks so stern."

"You have not opened your heart to him as you have to me. Have you told him that you were sorry?"

"No, aunt, I have not had the courage to speak to him about it."

"Well, go to him when he comes home to-night, and tell him how you feel. I am sure that he will receive it kindly, and you will find it a great relief."

"But I don't know what to say. I can never express such feelings."

"It is very little you need to say. Just go and lay your hand on his arm, and tell him you are very, very sorry."

"I am sure I could do that."

"Do it then, my child. But above all pray to your Father above to take away from your heart the base spirit of selfishness and worldliness. While you love the beautiful even in dress, never forget that the heart's jewels of love, kindness, justice, and humanity, are incomparably more to be valued than any mere outward adornings, and be careful never to sacrifice the former to the latter."

It was near dusk when Margaret from her room heard her father open the street door. See was in the parlor almost as

he, and when he was seated, she went up to him, and laying both hands on his arm, and looking earnestly into his face, said, "dear papa, I am so very, *very* sorry."

Mr. Ralston gazed earnestly at his daughter for a moment. The stern, sad expression faded instantly away. He drew her to his bosom, and said tenderly, "Dear Margaret, my child, I do believe you are. I have been deeply pained; for I did not expect it of you. But I will not believe that my daughter will cherish such a spirit. I will trust and fondly hope that she will yet be all that is noble, true, and good."

"I will try, dear papa, indeed I will," murmured Margaret, and there was peace and happiness once more between the father and daughter.

Afterward, when Margaret was tempted to indulge in selfishness or vanity, one thought of the bitter lesson then learned, would awaken a spirit of firm resistance.

TELLING MOTHER.

A cluster of young girls stood about the door of the school-room one afternoon engaged in close conversation, when a little girl joined them, and asked what they were doing. "I am telling the girls a *secret*, Kate, and we will let you know, if you will promise not to tell any one as long as you live," was the reply.

"I won't tell any one but my mother," replied Kate. "I tell her everything, for she is my best friend."

"No, not even your mother, no one in the world."

"Well, then I can't hear it; for *what I can't tell my mother is not fit for me to know*." After speaking these words, Kate walked away slowly, and perhaps sadly, yet with a quiet conscience, while her companions went on with their secret conversation.

I am sure that if Kate continued to act on that principle, she became a virtuous, useful woman. No child of a pious mother will be likely to take a sinful course, if Kate's reply is taken for a rule of conduct.

As soon as a boy listens to conversation at school, or on the play-ground, which he would fear or blush to repeat to his mother, he is in the way of temptation, and no one can tell where he will stop. Many a man dying in disgrace, in prison, or on the scaffold, has looked back with bitter remorse to the time when first a sinful companion gained his ear, and came between him and a pious mother. Boys and girls, if you would lead a Christian life, and die a Christian death, make Kate's reply your rule: "*What I cannot tell my mother, is not fit for me to know*;" for a pious mother is your *best friend*.

If you have no mother, do as the disciples did, go and tell Jesus. He loves you better than the most tender parent.—*American Messenger*.

Editor's Miscellany.

BIBLICAL NOTES.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

[SEE ENGRAVING IN LAST NUMBER.]

[Continued.]

Mat. 17: 1—13, compared with Mark 9: 2—13, Luke 9: 28—36.

The place of this scene was till lately supposed to be Tabor—a pyramidic mountain in Galilee, which rises from the midst of an extensive plain, “standing apart in its own nobility,” not commemorative of death, but instinct with life, clothed with luxuriant verdure to its very summit,—with the deep valley of the Jordan and the sea of Tiberias,—with the beautiful hills and mountains of Bashan on its eastern side.

But recent investigations disprove this opinion; for the sacred narrator says that “Jesus leadeth these three disciples up into a high mountain apart by themselves; that is, into retirement, while history assures us of a fortress or town on Mount Tabor from the earliest period, the fortifications of which, Josephus informs us, he himself strengthened in A. D. 60.

But the place could not have been remote from Cesarea Philippi, where Christ delivered the discourse which in the evangelical harmony immediately precedes this narrative. And the prevalent opinion of the best Biblical scholars is, that it was Mount Hermon beyond the Jordan, and in the north eastern part of Palestine—a spot which this remarkable event has consecrated, and the dews on which the sweet Psalmist of Israel makes a beautiful emblem of union among brethren.

Upon that hallowed ground at the time were at least three competent witnesses of this divine wonder, selected from the apostles for reasons to us not fully revealed and perhaps resolveable into the sovereign good pleasure of God—favored men who were permitted to witness this prefiguration of the Saviour’s resurrection and glorification, and to report it after these events for the confirmation of the faith of disciples in all ages and countries. O how the sight of

Moses, his face shining with a brightness superior to that which distinguished him when he descended from Sinai — of Elijah, the first of an illustrious line of prophets, far more radiant and glorious than he appeared to Elisha nine centuries earlier, when he was translated and rode to heaven in a flaming chariot : how the sight of these chieftains in Israel, glorified, yet here visibly present on earth, rendering homage to the Son of God, discoursing with him “of his decease which he should accomplish at Jerusalem,” must have quickened their faith in a future state, enlarged and lit up their conceptions of their Lord, of the interest of the hosts of heaven in him and of the glory that awaited him!

No wonder they bow their heads and with their hands shade their face from the overpowering splendor of the scene. There, on the top of that Mount stood their blessed Lord ; and if his body sustained the same relation as before, to the material world, and to humanity ; if its identity was unimpaired (and who doubts it?) ; if it was the same body that had been cradled in the manger and had worked at the carpenter's bench — the identical one that subsequently sweat as it were great drops of blood in Gethsemene, that stood at Pilate's bar, that bore the cross and died on Calvary, yet here it appears full of light, like the Mosaic bush enveloped in fire, yet unconsumed, —like a cloud through which the sun darts his radiance.

So in that hour of transfiguration Christ's divine glory shone through the veil of his humanity, and he stood confessed by witnesses celestial and terrestrial, God manifest in the flesh. They behold his glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth, his face in every feature shining as the sun, and his garments illumed by the light that was in him, white and glistening like the ice-clad trees in a bright winter morning.

The scene changes, for this was no sudden and momentary gleam of light from the throne, but a manifestation of divine glory of considerable duration. We behold with wonder the three favorite apostles asleep. How could they slumber with God, in the person of his Son, and with these two celestial visitants, before them. This is even more wonderful than that some nominal and real Christians should occasionally be found sleeping in church. There are apologies for the former which few, if any, of the latter can offer. It was night, and they were weary with their journey. The transfiguration had principally passed ; and, exhausted by the excitement of the scene, their over-worked energy naturally sought repose.

Awaking, they saw the celestial witnesses, and Peter — ardent and impetuous Peter — partly awake and partly asleep, said, "Master, it is good for us to be here." Pray, where did this dreaming disciple imagine himself to be? In heaven, where he believed Moses and Elias were? For the moment, he seems to have thought himself glorified, to have attained the object of his hope, and prayer, and endeavor. Hence he proposed to erect there three tabernacles — one for his Master, one for each of the heavenly witnesses, and there to abide.

But it was only the hallucination of waking consciousness — a zeal without knowledge — one of those reveries of the mind in which sleepy hearers are apt to indulge. Neither of them needed a tabernacle. Christ was soon going to heaven where Moses and Elias were about to return. If erected, the buildings would stand monuments of his folly. How evident it is that "he knew not what he said." His Master was only receiving a baptism of fire, communing with heaven's chieftain, and the light which shone around them was but a glimpse of the glory which he laid aside and was shortly to resume.

While Peter, James and John were thus musing, the celestial messengers departed; and a bright cloud, the peculiar symbol of Jehovah's presence, overshadowed them, and a voice was heard, saying, "this is my beloved Son, hear him." If there is not a plurality of persons in the Godhead, how do you account for this scene? Here was Christ, acknowledged God manifest in the flesh. Here, too, was the adorable Father, speaking to the Apostles of his present and well beloved Son — two personal manifestations of the one God whom we adore. Here, too, was the Shekinah the visible symbol of the Holy Spirit. We raise the question for those to solve who have any serious doubts about the doctrine of a tri-personal God, which it is not our present purpose to argue.

We hasten rather to notice the effect of this instance of theophany upon the Apostles. When they heard the voice from the radiant cloud, "they fell on their face and were sore afraid."

But their sympathetic Saviour hastened to comfort them. "He came and touched them, and said, arise, be not afraid."

In obedience to the command they arose, "and when they had lifted up their eyes, they saw no man, save Jesus only." The heavenly visitants had departed; the symbols of God's peculiar presence had passed away; they descended from the Mount, having accomplished the purpose of God in their ascent, and derived testimony

from what they had there seen and heard respecting the death and resurrection of their Lord—testimony which he would have them reserve against the eventful period when it would be necessary to confirm the faith of their fellow-disciples and to establish the gospel which they were commissioned to preach.

This remarkable event in our Saviour's life teaches us the harmony of the old dispensation with the new. Here the two most illustrious personages of the old and inferior economy appear in holy converse with the Author of the new; the symbols of the one blend with the sublime realities of the other; Moses talks with Christ on subjects of lively interest to the hosts of heaven—the crucifixion and resurrection of our Lord, the fulfilment of the types of the ceremonial law and the establishment of Christianity.

The whole interview and scene were admirably adapted to sustain the rational soul of Jesus and to prepare it for Gethsemane and Calvary. At his inauguration into the office of the ministry, the Holy Spirit descended upon him. After his temptation by the devil in the wilderness, angels came and ministered unto him. But here, two glorified saints undertake the mighty work, who were personally interested in the stupendous scheme, had seen and felt the need of it on earth and had witnessed its sublime issues in heaven, and whose relation to the Jewish Church would give their appearance and counsel a peculiar force and power of sustentation.

Besides, with what eloquence these three Apostles were thus fitted to expatiate on this prefiguration of Christ's resurrection after the event. How they could speak of the correspondence of the type and antetype! Peter and John, who were the younger of these witnesses could say, "we were not surprised by the tidings of the devout women who were early at the sepulchre and who published the news of his resurrection. In joyful expectation of the event we did run at early dawn to see the stone roll back and the risen Lord come forth;" and Peter in his frankness could declare what John has recorded with characteristic modesty, that he was outrun by the beloved disciple, who came first at the sepulchre, and stooping down and looking in, saw the linen clothes lying, yet went not in. "Then," he would say, "I came, and went into the sepulchre, and saw the linen clothes lying; and the napkin that was about his head, not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself so as no artifice would have left it, precisely so as to afford proof the most conclusive of the reality of the event and of its separation from all delusive and deceptive arts."

Dwell upon the wonderful scene. Let your imagination fill up the Scriptural outline. See these disciples hastening from Joseph's tomb with bounding joy back to the city, flying first to one company of praying, yet desponding disciples, then to another, proclaiming the news "the Lord has arisen as he foretold us on the Mount of Transfiguration, now far more glorious than he then appeared. Your eyes will soon behold him, your ears will hear his voice and your arms embrace him. He has conquered death and the grave and risen superior to all the powers of darkness that oppressed him—the Lord of life, light and glory."

The tidings fly, the city is in commotion, the Sadducees are confuted, the sanhedrim is at its wit's end, the high priest fixes the seal of his approbation to the lie then and there forged, that his disciples came by night and stole him away, thus reflecting upon the discernment and shrewdness of themselves and the Roman executioners, on the third preceding day when, supposing they had put him to death, they returned from Calvary to Jerusalem in triumph.

Ah! how eloquent now are Peter, James and John, who stand up boldly in defence of truth against this vilest of calumnies, and relate not only the circumstances of his burial; the fact of their early presence on the morning of the third day at the sepulchre; what they witnessed; what they heard from Mary; their actual observation of their risen Master: but all which they saw and heard on Mount Hermon in anticipation of his resurrection. The fire burns; and having witnessed their Lord's ascension, the advent of the Spirit, and being thereby endowed with power from on high, they go forth every where preaching Christ and the resurrection. Light flashes upon a world in darkness, and in the space of a single generation Christianity becomes the dominant religion. Where and when was this fire kindled? Upon Hermon at the transfiguration.

Paul, with all his extraordinary gifts, might not have been able to write that remarkable fifteenth chapter in his first epistle to the Corinthians in which he treats so fully of the resurrection body, but for his vision of the raised and glorified body of Christ on his way to Damascus, but for what he heard from these three Apostles of the appearance of his transfigured body and of the personal appearance to them of Moses and Elias. The saints are to rise in their Master's likeness, with a body like his resurrection body, spiritual and glorious, equalling, if not surpassing in glory, his transfigured body. Sublime issue of faith! Glorious transformation of piety! O that we may

so live, labor and pray as to obtain a part in the first resurrection, to honor and glory; and may behold with adoring wonder and delight the body of Jesus that was transfigured, and is now glorified! O, that we may be with him where he is, and be like him! That is heaven, the Christian's highest reward!

HARMONY OF GEOLOGY AND SCRIPTURE.

BY PROF. J. D. DANA.

Speaking of the six days the Professor says:—

GENESIS: 1, creation of light; 2. firmament, separating waters above and below it; 3. dry land; vegetation created; 4. sun, moon, and stars; 5. marine and amphibian animals, and birds created; 6. quadrupeds created; MAN created.

GEOLOGY: the earth in igneous fusion; its oceans, in vapors, over it; partly cooled and covered with its oceans, but the atmosphere, above, still dense with vapors; lands rising above the waters, becoming dry land (the azoic, of geology); traces of vegetation, in the rocks of this age, uncertain; cooling continued, and finally a clear sky, with the sun, moon, and stars no longer obscured; marine and amphibian animals, and birds (making up the ages of molluscs, of fishes, of coal plants, and of reptiles); quadrupeds created; MAN. (The details of geological history fill out this mere list of epochs, and thus supply what the Bible does not undertake to give.)

In these accounts, the *Bible* says that MAN was the last creation. *Geology* says the same.

The *Bible* says that quadrupeds next preceded man. *Geology* says the same.

The *Bible* says, that inferior animal species, up to reptiles, were created before quadrupeds. *Geology* says the same.

The Bible says that there was, earlier, an age without animal life. *Geology* does the same.

The Bible says that, after the world had been long in formation (for its three days), the sun, moon, and stars appeared in the heavens. *Geology*, also, makes this an event long after the earth's beginning; and it may be shown *to be probable*, though not actually demonstrated, that this occurred after the earliest dry land appeared.

The Bible says that vegetation was created with the first appearance of land, before animal life. Science gathers but indistinct records from the earth on this point; yet, plainly, has no counter-statement; and, as far as there are any indications, they favor the above.*

The Bible says that the world had a beginning. *Geology*, by its very system of progress, points to a beginning.

Thus it is clear, that there is an accordance, to a considerable extent; and that facts in science are stated in the Bible, although not there recorded simply as scientific facts. — *Bibliotheca Sacra*.

* See the first article in *Bib. Sacra*, July 1856.

**TWENTIETH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE "ROCK-
PORT MISSIONARY SEWING CIRCLE."**

BY THE SECRETARY.

LADIES,—The twentieth anniversary of our Society, which it is our privilege to announce this afternoon, has dawned upon us under circumstances of peculiar encouragement, affording abundant reason on our part, for humility and devout gratitude to our heavenly Benefactor.

As we revert our thoughts to the commencement of our labors, and review "all the way that God hath led us," we find that our cup has overrun with mercies. True, many of the pillars of our edifice have fallen, yet the building remains unshaken, and stands firmly on the foundation of Truth. Dedicated from the first to the God of missions, our cause has been his cause, and he will keep that which we have committed to him. Those whom death has severed from us have all made, as we have reason to hope, a blessed exchange, and are now amid that innumerable company who "walk in white robes" before the throne of the Lamb. Shall we, then, desire their presence with us to-day? Are they not all "ministering spirits?" And who can say that they are not with us? It may be profitable to inquire what we have accomplished during the last twenty years.

Little by little, as the drops are added to the ocean, our charities have been dispensed; yet, when summed up, the aggregate shows that this little rill has helped, in no small degree, to swell that stream which "shall make glad the city of our God." As nearly as can be calculated, we have raised during this time about \$800, and have sent twelve barrels and two boxes of clothing to distant missionary stations, which were valued at about the same amount. One year, however, we bestowed the contents of our barrel upon the family of an afflicted brother at our own door—being mindful of the proverb, that "charity begins at home." At one time, as most of us recollect, our barrel, containing the product of two years' labor, became a prey to the devouring element. But the following year we find that two barrels were prepared and sent out. We have sent \$200 to the Sandwich Islands to educate a native child, named Mary L. Gale. Besides this, we have made some smaller donations to different benevolent objects. Several have been made Life-Members of the "Home Missionary Society," by the payment of \$30. We have

held three hundred and sixty-one meetings, and have been favored with one hundred and twenty-one clerical visits.

In view of our past labors, have we any reason to be discouraged? Do we regret any self-denial we have practiced to accomplish these results? How many wants have been relieved, and how many hearts have been made to sing for joy in consequence of our benefactions, will be known in eternity, but not in time.

It is recorded of one whose burden it was our privilege to lighten, that, in his dying moments, we were remembered in his prayers. What more exalted honor could we desire than the privilege of ministering to the wants of the servants of God, the ambassadors of Christ? What richer legacy can they leave us than their prayers?

As we turn to the records of the last year, we find that it has been a year of great prosperity, as it respects the fulness and number of our meetings. We have the pleasure of reporting twenty-four meetings — an increase of two upon the last three years. Two meetings only have been omitted, and even at them some found their way to the place of meeting, but left, forsooth, because "it was not good to be alone." The whole number present, at these gatherings, has been four hundred and seventy-three; the average attendance, twenty — a larger average than we have had for eleven years. Our pastor has honored us with fourteen visits. Most of the reading has been in books from the Sabbath School Library, and the "Home Missionary," with some interesting tracts.

In September our barrel was sent to Mr. J. W. Gale, of New Albany, Ind., who divided the contents and sent them to two worthy missionary brothers, Rev. Mr. Bevan, of Jeffersonville, and Rev. Mr. Rogers, of Salem, Ind. From them, interesting letters have been received in acknowledgment of their reception. A letter was also received from the Principal of the "Rockport Female Seminary," acknowledging the reception of fifty dollars. This was appropriated by our Society to furnish a room in that institution.

* * * * *

We miss the quilt made up of small pieces that we have been wont to receive, for those aged and tremulous fingers that arranged and sewed them so carefully are now mouldering in the grave.

During the past year our aged friend* has finished her earthly pilgrimage, and is now inheriting the mansion prepared for her, and reaping the reward of those who are "faithful unto death."

*Mrs. Dea. Poole.

Think you that, from her heavenly home, she looks back with regret upon the long life which she spent in Christ's service?

As recorded in the minutes of August 15th, the angel of death has also been sent to a beloved member of our Society* at a time when her family seemed most in need of her services. Yet to her, we doubt not, death was unspeakable gain, though it came in an unexpected hour. Should it come as suddenly to any of us, may we, like her, be found "ready." She being dead, yet speaketh, bidding us "do with our might what our hands find to do."

Another young friend,† who has been a member in years past, after months and years of protracted suffering has, at length, "gained a happy release." She was permitted to honor her Saviour, not only in life, but in her last sickness and death. Though she struggled long in Jordan's cold stream, the waters did not overflow her, for Jesus was with her, and conducted her safely to the fair Canaan "beyond the river."

These, our Christian friends, have now met, as we trust, to part no more. May we "live the life," that we may "die the death of the righteous." As one after another is removed, it reminds us, who remain, that our responsibilities are proportionably increased. For some wise purpose we have been spared "this year also." We have every encouragement to press forward in the service of our divine Master. The angel of Peace has spread her white wing over the contending nations and the clarion notes of war are no longer heard. New avenues have been opened for the admission of the Truth, and "the harvest is plenteous," but the laborers are comparatively "few." True, spiritual and moral wickedness abounds in the high places of the earth; yet we know that God can make even "the wrath of man to praise him." Has he not promised, that "when the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against it." This standard of the Cross is now unfurled to the breeze, and will never be furled till planted on Mount Zion above—till beneath its ample folds are gathered every nation, kindred, and tongue under the whole heavens. If permitted to gain that blest throng which no man can number, how insignificant and worthless will then appear our best services. May it never be said of us that we have lived in vain; but may it be recorded of each one of us, as we pass away from earth, "She hath done what she could."

L. BURNS, *Sec'y.*

*Mrs. Dea. Giles.

†Miss Harriet A. Pool.

CHOICE SELECTIONS.

AN HOUR'S STRUGGLE WITH POISON.

I was spending some days, not many years ago, in a beautiful little country village, and in a family that had more than common attractions to one who loves domestic life as much as myself. The little cottage house in which I was staying contained but few inmates, but the little circle had in it the elements of more interest than I have often seen developed in the same number of persons.

The father of the family — almost too young to feel, yet he was indeed entitled to that honorable appellation — was a fine, frank-hearted young mechanic, with a world of bounding life in his veins, an energy that, when fully aroused, drove everything violently before him, and a warmth of disposition that won him more friendship than it had then, or has since, given him of the goods of this world.

His wife — to whom he had been married some four years — was singularly beautiful. They had two children — the one a laughing, brown-eyed and brown-haired little fairy of three years. Her name was Eveleen. The second was a crowing, laughing, blue-eyed, plump little beauty, of less than a year, promising to have all the charms of the older at her age. And her name was Lilian.

I was sitting one afternoon in the quiet little room, with my feet upon two chairs, reading a pleasant book, in a state between asleep and awake — my host away at his shop, a few hundred yards off, and my pretty hostess engaged in her household labors — when I was suddenly thrown out of my indolence by a scream that brought me to my feet like an electric shock. It was a woman's voice, and had in it an excess of agony that cannot be indicated in words, so loud that it rang over that quiet little village like a trumpet, and brought every one forth to ascertain the cause.

I sprang to the door that separated the sitting-room from the dining apartment, and saw the whole at a glance. The young mother stood at the door with her first born — our darling Eveleen — in her arms dying! A brief and hurried word from the servant told me the sad story. The little girl had accompanied a child, up stairs, while the mother was busy below, and while the attention of the older child was one moment turned away, she seized a bottle of corrosive sublimate, in alcohol, and drank enough to take away twenty such lives. The little thing had tottered down the stairs, and the mother met her at the landing with the emptied bottle in her hand, and the poison oozing from her mouth, the child all unconscious yet of the fearful thing she had done. Was it any wonder that that terrible shriek rang out over the quiet village, and that already the occupants of every house near were rushing towards the spot where the mother stood?

But a few moments could possibly have elapsed since the poison was taken, and yet the effect was already fearful. After the first shriek of horror, the mother had quieted to a calm despair for the moment, and stood with the child in her arms, making no effort for its relief, and indeed it seemed hopeless, for already the subtle poison seemed diffused through the frame; the brown eyes had lost their lustre, the face was blackened as if after death, and the teeth were tight-set in a convulsive spasm that evidently would not pass away. I examined the little lost darling for a moment, saw that it was hopeless, and turned away, unable to bear that mother's agony. The little door-yard was already half-full of the villagers; and sobs, moans and lamentations over the fate of the dying child were heard in every direction, mingled with quick and hurried questions to the manner of its occurrence, and vain attempts at answering, which added an oppressing confusion to the sadness of the scene.

The little playfellow, who had been up stairs with the child, had run instantly to call the father, and but a few minutes had elapsed, before he sprung into the middle of the group. He had been told all, and asked no questions. I had time to mark that his eye was very stern, and that his lips were very firmly compressed. Others, too, marked it, and I knew afterward that a murmur ran round the circle, of how strange it was that he betrayed no feeling!

He reached out his hands and took the child from its mother. Its eyes were closed now, and a white ooze coming from between the blackening lips. Was ever death more assured? I saw him open the eyelids, and heard him give a sigh of relief. He told me afterward that the eye was not shrunken, and so death had not begun. Then he attempted to open the mouth, but the teeth were tight set, and they resisted his efforts. But with a force that seemed almost brutal, he actually wrenched the teeth apart, and opened the mouth.

"Shame!" cried one of the bystanders.

The father did not heed them but motioned to a neighbor to take the child in his arms. He did so.

"Bring me the egg-basket," he spoke, very sternly, almost without opening his teeth, to the servant.

"What do you want of it?" "What can you do with it?" "He is crazy!" and many such remarks followed, but the basket was there in a moment.

He seized one of the eggs, broke it, inserted his fingers again between the teeth, wrenched them apart by force, though they shut with so convulsive a motion as to tear the flesh from his fingers—and poured the albumen into the throat. There was a slight strangle, but nothing more, and the spectators were horrified at the action.

"Don't—the child is dying!" said one.

"Please don't hurt the poor little thing; it can't live!" the mother found voice to say, laying her hand upon his arm.

"Mary, be still!" he answered sternly, while his teeth never relaxed their clenching, and his face was as hard as if he was entering a battle; "and don't any of you meddle with me. Keep off!"

The bystanders involuntarily obeyed, with many harsh remarks upon his cruelty — but he did not heed them, and went on. Another and another egg was broken, and still there was no sign of life. Then the whole body of bystanders broke into a loud murmur, and cries of “brute!” “Let the child die in peace!” “He is crazy; take the child away from him!” were heard around him.

He desisted for a moment from his efforts, and turned with a fierceness which had before been supposed altogether foreign to his nature; but no one who saw him afterwards forgot it. “Fools!” he hissed, “mind your own business, and leave me to mine! Take her away, will you! Try it!” and he went on, emptying egg after egg down the apparently lifeless throat.

The mother could bear this no longer. Her first-born was being tortured before her eyes in its death, and she imploringly flung herself on her knees before her husband’s father, who had the moment before arrived.

“O, father, do stop him!” she gasped; “he will obey you; do stop him. He is torturing that poor dying child!”

The grand-father started forward a step to interfere, for he, too, thought the proceeding an outrageous one; but he stopped and said, “Mary, let him alone. The child will die if he does not go on. It cannot do more than die, if he does. I would not say a word to him for the world. The child is his; let him use his pleasure.”

There was a silence then. In a moment more there was a quiver of the eyelids, a convulsive movement of the chest, and the teeth lost their tension. The father seized his child, turned her face downward, and the poison began to flow from her mouth. Again and again, as the action ceased, he repeated the experiment — the life returning still more, and the face losing its black color every instant. More than twenty times the albumen had been administered, and more than half those times followed by the expulsion of the poison, when the eyes opened the father desisted, and the little sufferer lay just alive in his arms, exhausted, its little life terribly shattered, but *saved!*

Then — when the necessity for exertion and determination was over — when the physician had been summoned, and they knew that darling little Eveleen might live, after many weeks of a struggle between life and death, when the relieved friends had acknowledged that they had wronged him first, when the beautiful and sorrowful wife had blest him through her kisses and tears, all knew that under God only such almost fierce determination could have saved the child — then the father sat down, unnerved, and wept like a child.

Not as in “Little Sister Eveleen” did the poison do its fearful office. Eveleen is alive to-day, and her brown eyes are opened upon womanhood. But there is no hour in my life that brings so thrilling a recollection as that of the young father’s struggle for the life of his child. — *N. Y. Weekly Dispatch.*

INCIDENT AND HUMOR.

FEMALES IN RAILROAD CARS.

A gentleman entered the ladies' car upon one of the eastern roads, and as the day was chilly, appropriated an entire seat in the vicinity of the stove. Passengers crowded in at every station, and soon every seat was taken except the one occupied by himself. Presently two ladies (so they appeared) entered the car, and as no one seemed inclined to offer a vacancy, to his own discomfort, our friend, whose gallantry is proverbial, gathered up his shawl, portmanteau and himself, arose, motioned the ladies forward, assisted them into the seat, and took a standee not far distant. Not so much as a smile or bow recognized the kindness—it was evidently considered a mark of respect due to female dignity—a privilege which any gentleman might be proud to acknowledge.

"Coolly done," remarked an individual in juxtaposition to our friend.

"Decidedly," was the laughing reply, "but I'll give them a lesson by-and-by, and one they'll be likely to remember."

"Why, you won't say anything, surely?"

"Indeed, I will; the opportunity is too good to be lost;" and somewhat annoyed, it must be confessed, though less by the loss of his seat than by the rudeness of its ungracious occupants, he walked away to the window, and occupied his vision with the things without.

Another station—another stop—the ladies rose to depart. They had nearly reached the door, when a clear, manly voice called out, "Ladies!" There was a general hush, while every eye was turned upon the serene countenance of our traveller. "Ladies, you have occupied my seat during the ride from I——, and I cannot allow you to leave, without expressing my sense of the obligation, also the hope that when you enter a crowded car, and a gentleman vacates his seat for your accommodation, you will at least have the politeness to thank him."

A shout of applause rewarded the speaker, and the ladies, (?) lowering their confused faces, retreated hastily, to digest, as best they might, this sudden but merited rebuke. — *Cincinnati Commercial*.

The above good story reminds us of an incident which occurred on the New York Railroad some months since. The seats were all full, except one which was occupied by a rough-looking, but honest Irishman—and at one of the stations, a couple of evidently well-bred and intelligent young ladies came in to procure seats; but seeing no vacant ones, were about to go into a back car—when Patrick rose hastily, and offered them his seat, with evident pleasure.

"But you will have no seat for yourself," responded one of the young ladies, with a smile—hesitating, with true politeness, as to accepting it.

"Niver ye mind *that!*" said the Hibernian, "yer welcome to't! I'd ride upon the *cow-catcher* till New York, any time, for a smile from sich *jintlemanly* ladies!" and retreated hastily into the next car, amid the cheers of those who had witnessed the incident.

New Haven Register.

BAYARD TAYLOR IN LAPLAND.

Bayard Taylor has returned from his northern tour to Stockholm, which he reached February 15th. The highest point he reached was called Kautokeino, at 69 deg. He travelled on sledges drawn by reindeer, and found the excessive cold easier to bear than he expected. For six days of the journey they rode with the thermometer at 40 deg. below zero.

When he reached Drontheim in Norway, Dec. 24th, it was market day, he says, and hundreds of Norlanders thronged the streets and public square. They were all fresh, strong, coarse honest, hearty people—the men with long yellow hair, large noses and blue eyes,—the women with the rosiest of cheeks and the fullest development of body and limb. Many of the latter wore basques or jackets of sheepskin, with the wool inside, striped petticoats and bright red stockings. The men were dressed in shaggy sheepskin coats, or garments of reindeer skin, with the hair outward. There was a vast collection of low Norland sleds, laden with butter, cheese, hay, and wild game, and drawn by the rough and tough little horses of the country. Here was still plenty of life and animation, although we were so far north that the sun did not shine upon Sunsvall the whole day, being hidden by a low hill to the South. The snowy ridges on the north however, wore a bright roseate blush from his rays, from ten until two.

After getting as far north as Lafwar, in Lappmark, he describes the people of that region as noble specimens of the physical man—tall, broad-shouldered, large limbed, ruddy and powerful; and they are mated with women who, I venture to say, do not even suspect the existence of a nervous system. The natural consequences of such health are; morality and honesty—to say nothing of the quantities of robust and rosy children which bless every household. If health and virtue cannot secure happiness, nothing can, and these Norlanders appear to be a thoroughly happy and contented race.

With every day the country grows wilder, blacker and more rugged; with no change in the general character of the scenery. The scenery also grew darker and wilder as we advanced. The fir trees were shorter and stunted and of a dark greenish brown, which at a little distance appeared completely black. Nothing could exceed the bleak, inhospitable character of these landscapes. The inlets of Bothnian Gulf were hard, snow colored plains, inclosed by bold rugged headlands, covered with ink-black forests. The more distant ridge faded into a dull hue flecked with patches of ghastly white, under the lowering, sullen, short-lived daylight.

Our road was much rougher than hitherto. We climbed long ridges, only to descend by declivities on the northern side, to cross the bed of an inland stream, and then ascend again. The valleys, however, were inhabited and apparently well cultivated, for the houses were large and comfortable, and the people had a thrifty, prosperous and satisfied air. Beside the farm-houses were immense racks, thirty feet high, for the purpose of drying flax and grain, and at the station the people offered for sale very fine and beautiful linen of their own manufacture. This is the staple production of Norland, where the short summers are frequently insufficient to mature the grain crops. The inns were all comfortable buildings, with very fair accommodations for travelers.

A LITTLE THING.—A poor woman sat upon the steps of a dark prison, weeping bitterly, over the sentence of a ruined son.

"What aileth thee sister?" said a gentleman stopping before her, and taking her hand kindly in his.

"My heart's broke, sir," she replied.

"Can I do any thing for you," he asked.

"No, sir, nothing," was her sad response.

"Well, God can help you sister, and I will go home and ask him to do it," said the gentleman.

It was a very little thing that he did. It neither clothed nor fed the poor woman, but that one sweet word sister, fell like heated oil upon her wounded spirit: She arose strengthened, and went to her lowly home. When she knelt to tell Jesus her sorrows, she felt a brother had been there before her. His prayers were answered and her spirit was calmed.

It was a very little thing to wash the Saviour's feet with tears and wipe them with the hairs of her head; and yet Mary's offering of love was of more value in our Lord's esteem than were all the titles of the proud Pharisees.—She who poured the precious ointment upon his head, did but a little thing for Christ, and yet he said that wherever the gospel should be preached, to the end of time, it should be told as a memorial of her.

What child cannot do some of these things? to feed the hungry, to cheer the sorrowing, to make a sad home brighter, to ease some aching head, or offer to the heathen the Bread of life? Try, dear children. Be careful in little things.—*Macedonian*.

BOOK NOTICES.

BIBLIOTHECA SACRA.—The July number of this Quarterly came to hand, and deserves attention.

Article I. Science of the Bible, by Prof. Dana—the conclusion of a long and elaborate discussion about the six days of creation. It contains a harmony of the two records—one by inspiration, the other by geology, with which we are well pleased and which we have transferred to our pages.

Article II. Religious sects of Syria, by Rev. L. Thompson, formerly missionary in that land, shewing the great diversity of religious belief, the great need and cheering prospects of missionary labor there.

Article III. Exposition of Rom. 6: 2, 8; and 10, 11, by Rev. J. H. Goodhue, on dying unto sin, &c.

Article IV. The Ottoman Empire, a succinct and authentic history thereof.

Article V. The Life and Works of Jean Racine, by Prof. J. B. Angell, a good article of its kind, but not especially pertinent to a *Biblical* and *Theological* Review. Indeed we are not particularly partial to the dramatic element in religion, and especially not in the pulpit. In our view it is not congenial with the simplicity and spirituality that are in Christ and his gospel, but conduces to an affectation, a smartness, an ostentation opposed to apostolic ministrations.

Article VI. Africa and Colonization, by Prof. Shedd,—perhaps not originally prepared for this Review, but exceedingly well prepared and replete with choice thought and sound logic.

Article VII. The Egyptian Year, by Rev. Joseph P. Thompson, a very good appendix to his *Journal of Oriental Travels*.

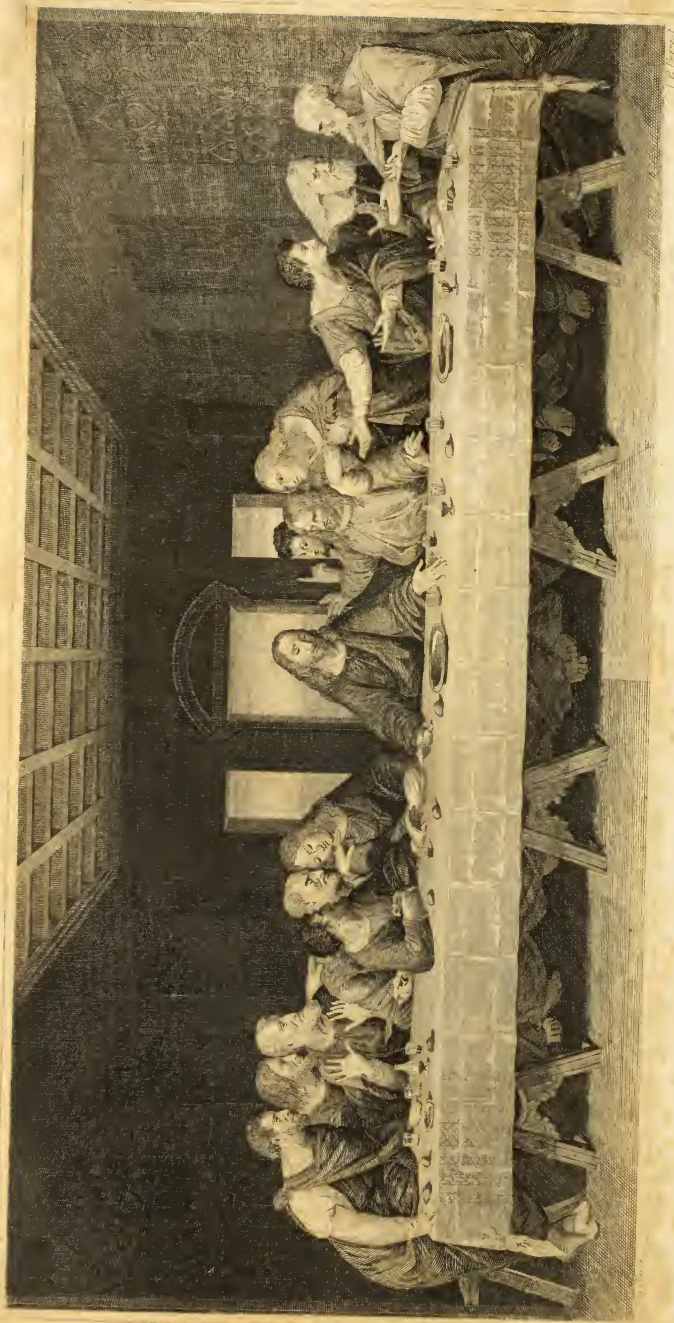
Article VIII. Notices of New Publications.

Article IX. Theological and Literary Intelligence.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.—Unforeseen circumstances constrain me very reluctantly to issue the present number without the usual cuts, patterns and plans, and to supply in their place reading matter.

C. STONE.



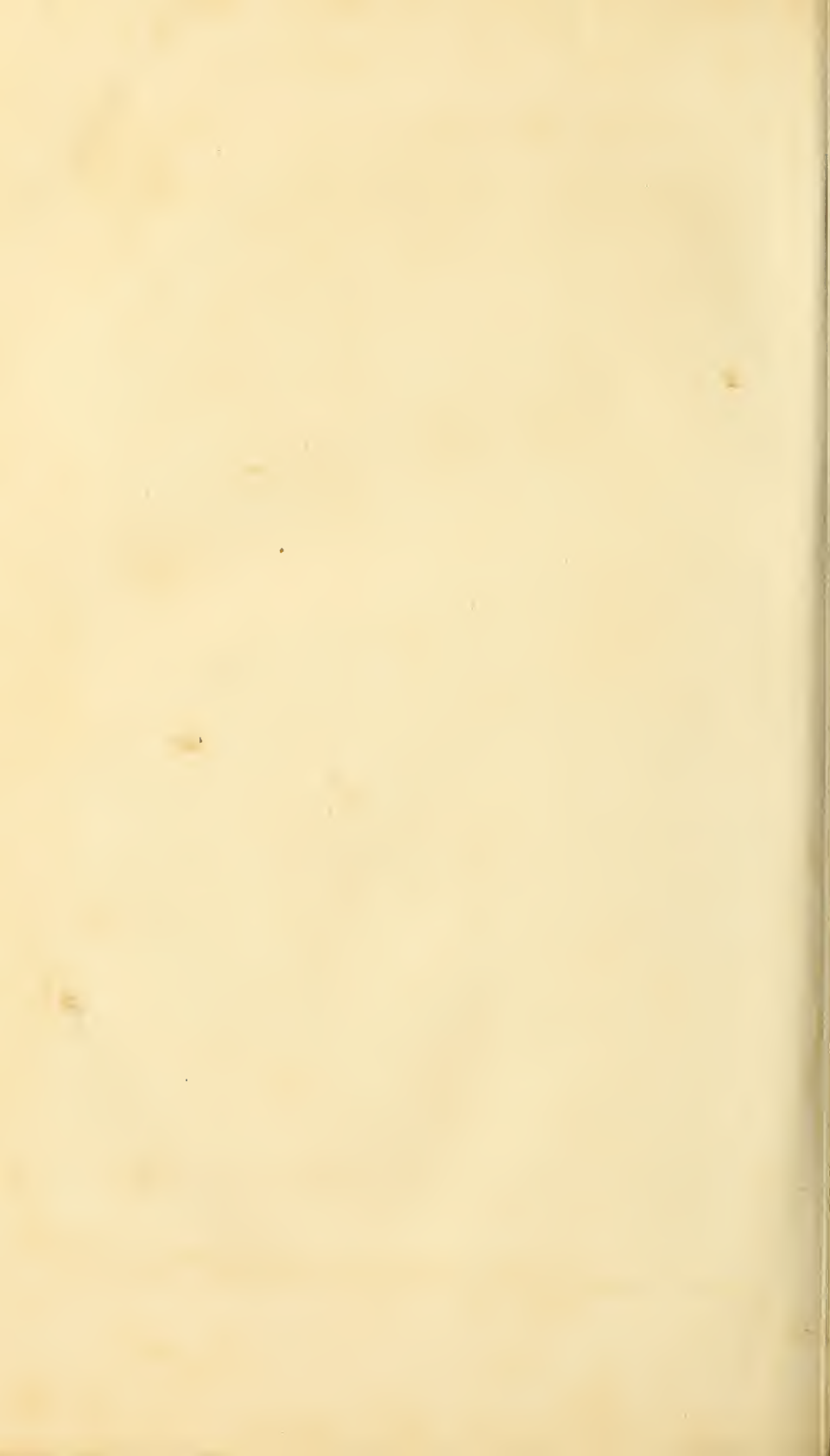


THE LAST SUPPER.

And as this had not we said lively I say unto you these are I say unto you that they were exceeding sorrowful
 but not I say of them to say unto him Lord is it I say of them 21.22



Sheldon Pear.



THE PLAINITIVE VOICE.

POETRY BY META LANDER.

MUSIC FURNISHED BY L. MARSHALL.

Allegretto.

1. Soft-ly are on me fail-ing, Bright visions of de-light! A plaintive voice is

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It contains the melody for the first part of the song. The middle staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It contains the accompaniment for the first part of the song. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It contains the accompaniment for the first part of the song.

calling Out of the shadowy night; For - ev-er slowly telling Of blossoms early

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It contains the melody for the second part of the song. The middle staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It contains the accompaniment for the second part of the song. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It contains the accompaniment for the second part of the song.

THE PLAINITIVE VOICE, Concluded.

shed,..... While memo-ry is dwell-ing,..... On that which quick-ly sped....

Rit.

A Tempo.

The musical score is written on three staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). It contains the lyrics 'shed,..... While memo-ry is dwell-ing,..... On that which quick-ly sped....'. The second staff continues the melody and includes the tempo markings '*Rit.*' and '*A Tempo.*'. The third staff concludes the piece with a final cadence.

2

Now Sorrow's bell is knolling,
 Where weeping willows wave,
 And ceaseless is its tolling,
 Above that fresh-made grave;
 Alas! my heart is swelling,
 For the beautiful and fled,
 And tears are ever welling,
 For my loved and loving dead.

A PIOUS MOTHER'S GRAVE.

CONCLUDED.

When our devoted mother is buried from our sight, and we visit her grave, what comfort is there in the hope of meeting her in heaven—in the assurance that her body shall rise again, reunite with the soul which formerly dwelt in it, and enter with us into the celestial paradise. This thought stimulates our fidelity in the work of preparation to meet God. Powerful, indeed, are the motives which her pious life and triumphant death supply to persuade us, her children, to follow her in the path of life and peace. They are ever influential for good, but there are moments when they melt us into tenderness, when they enable us to rise superior to surrounding temptations and easily besetting sins, when they fix our upright resolution, and impel us onward, right onward to duty in despite of all the powers of darkness. She led the way to heaven; and thither we seek to follow her luminous course, that we may bow with her before the same burnished throne, ascribing honor, praise and glory to Him who redeemed us by his precious blood. In prayer and praise, we hold spiritual communion with her, for all are one in Christ, one in affection, in spiritual nature, and in inheritance.

What gratitude we owe to God for these cherished memories and anticipations—gratitude for such a mother, for what grace made her and enabled her to accomplish for our good.

Where is the mother who looks with fondness on her children that would not provide them such occasion for gratitude, even while she lives, and especially when she is dead? Yet that occasion will be greater or less, her power over them in life and after death will be measured, by the degree of her personal piety, by her fidelity in duty, by her prayers and likeness to Christ. These swell the hopeful tide of maternal influence, and render it like Mary's anointing of her Saviour's feet immortal. How auspicious for our country and for Zion, if every mother's heart were fixed on this means of usefulness to her children and through them to the world. If we except the

preaching of the word, what other means is so intimately connected with salvation? It is ever present and powerful, shaping character, ruling life and fixing destiny. O that every mother would realize it as her believing children will when they stand around her coffin and her grave!

IN MEMORY OF MRS. MARY CODMAN.

Sweet the repose of twilight's hour,
As gently sinks the setting sun ;
No clouds around th' horizon lower,
Night has her starry reign begun.

But night has shrouded earth alone,
The orbs of heaven break into day,
And countless worlds before unknown,
The loss of one dark world repay.

Thus calmly has her evening closed,
Whose day was so serenely bright,
Beyond the bounds of earth reposed,
Still shedding her celestial light.

The many mansions of the skies,
Which to her Father's house belong,
Open their portals for the prize
Borne upward by the angel throng.

Dust unto dust ! Her ashes rest,
With cherished dust beneath the ground,
While in those mansions of the blest,
Her spirit has his spirit found.*

*Her husband, Rev. John Codman, D.D., who died some years earlier.

A WHOLE FAMILY EARLY CONVERTED.

BY C. KIMBALL.

Rev. Mr. — was my intimate friend and agreeable associate in our collegiate and theological studies. He was born and educated among the hills of New England, and was early accustomed to habits of industry and economy. His parents were farmers, and labored diligently upon a hard soil to support their growing family. They were strictly religious, and early taught their children the importance of experimental piety.

My friend was brought up in a moral, industrious neighborhood, under a thoroughly evangelical ministry.

He became the subject of renewing grace when quite young, so young, indeed, that he does not recollect the time when he did not feel interested in religion. Having a desire to be useful as a minister of Christ, he commenced a course of education with the hope of ultimately preaching the gospel, relying mainly for support upon his own resources.

He was a diligent student and a respectable scholar, and having finished his theological studies, set out with his companion for one of the Western States, expecting to spend his days as a minister of Christ in the valley of the Mississippi. For a time he had the oversight of a highly respectable congregation, and having relinquished this field of labor, he became an agent of the American Home Missionary Society, in whose service he has labored successfully for more than twenty years. He was blessed with an interesting family of children of whom he gives the following account, which parents and others will be gratified to read.

“I have eight children, four sons and four daughters. The eldest daughter is twenty-three, at home with us. The next daughter is fifteen and is at our Western Mount H——, in the junior class, doing very well. The next daughter is thirteen, all ready to enter Mount H——, but in point of age. She is with her mother in the parlor and kitchen, and to wake up a taste for home work, we let her take to the State Fair little

things, prepared in the kitchen, for which she received, two \$10 silver cups ; one set of spoons \$5, and nine gold pens, value \$2 each.

The next child is a daughter of ten years, has fine health, and is doing well at school.

The eldest son is twenty-one, a freshman in A—— College. The second is nineteen, preparing for College, and will probably go to M——, N. H., in three weeks to finish his preparation. The next son, seventeen, is in A—— College, a freshman. These three sons are all preparing to preach the gospel. The fourth son is eight, doing well at school. The three younger daughters are more forward of their age than the three sons, so that I have six children all on hand for the expensive part of their education. I have a comfortable hope that all of the eight are pious. In the winter vacation at A., our two sons came home, and the daughter that is at school, and the son that is studying at ——, and we have just had a Christmas and new year not soon to be forgotten. My children all sing, and most of them play on some instrument, so they sung some songs and family music. They, too, all had their prayer meetings as often as once a week, at which all the eight prayed.

We are the more pleased with this, as it was a matter of their own suggesting, though in past years my children have often had prayer meetings together. Since the sons began to set their faces toward the ministry, we have had to exercise faith, and do not know how we are to carry three sons through a thorough course, and educate three daughters at the same time. My sons have, I think good native business talents, and could sustain themselves if they thought it duty to turn aside from the ministry. But this I hope and trust no pecuniary consideration will induce them to do. Thus far, help has come in unexpected ways, so that I am but little in debt, and the same Father that fed Elijah, and the starving widow, can feed me and mine, for He is my Father as well as theirs, and he owns "the cattle upon a thousand hills." Pray for us, for you can see that a family where mine now is, need special blessings. All my children are daily forming a character for two worlds."

The following communications from these parents respecting their highly favored family will be read with interest.

“I wish I could sit one evening with you and hear and tell of the way the Lord has led us along the pathway of life. I would then tell you the history of my children as far as it is developed. The beginning, the middle, and the end would be, “We loved him because he first loved us.”

Next I should ask you to go back on both my father's and mother's side, and I would show you the truth of the great fact in Bible history, that “the children are loved for the father's sake.” Almost one hundred years ago a little grand-daughter used to sleep with my great grandmother, and years after said, “the old lady used to pray nearly all night.” When asked what she used to pray for, she replied, “I do not remember but one thing, and that was “for her posterity to the latest generation.” My grandfather became pious at eleven years of age, and has now nearly two hundred descendants who give evidence that they belong to the kingdom of heaven, and he every day in family worship prays for his posterity. My own mother's minister was a Christian so early, that his mother said, all the account that could be given of the origin of his piety was, that he was always different from the rest of the children as soon as his character began to show itself. He grew up devotedly pious, and was greatly blessed in a ministry of more than fifty years.

One link down the chain, and those prayers and instructions were blessed, I think, in my own conversion at six years or younger. In a word, my children's predecessors have been almost without exception pious for two hundred years, and on their mother's side about the same is true. Do you ask, what of all this? When there is a truly pious parentage, it is God's purpose that none of the good things which he has promised, should so certainly descend and remain with posterity as true piety. And besides, our old minister, our parents, and ourselves believe practically that children may be born again, even in infancy, and early childhood; more than this, we hoped and expected it as Hannah did in regard to her little son. If infants are born again that die, why not even infants be born again and live? With these views we consecrated our children to the Lord, and tried to keep them consecrated. In family wor-

ship we have not engaged in a service that the adults could take part in, and make the children sit still and look on, but they all began to sing at the time they began to talk, and we, without books, always sing some hymns or religious songs that they can understand and join in. Sometimes all read, one child for a few weeks, then another, then each repeat a verse for a while and then again one of the parents read; we then offer a short prayer, so as to make it *family* worship.

We have tried and succeeded, I think, in having our children frank, so as to bring everything good or bad to their parents, and just as freely talk with us on experimental religion as about their toys, or studies, or business. The parent's harvest time is when the frank, little child begins to ask questions in the house and by the way. Just when the child's mind is at rest and ready to ask questions, then the parent can do them more good than at the set times, when his mind may be choosing something else. For instance, our oldest son, now in College, was sick when between three and four years of age, and the doctor treated him very affectionately, always taking him on his knees. After a few visits the doctor himself died, and my son saw him after he was laid out, then again in the coffin, and then I held him up and let him see them fill the grave. This was the first scene of death that he had ever really looked at, and like other children asked many questions, such as, How could the soul get out of the body? How can the body get out of the grave at the resurrection? How can the soul get back again into the body? Will the doctor go to heaven? Why wont every body go to heaven?

For months this sort of inquiry continued, and led on to others, and he seemed to learn just as distinctly as adults, that he had a wicked heart, was a sinner, could not go to heaven unless his heart was changed, and that he must depend on Christ for salvation. During this time he gave us good evidence that his heart was changed at three and a half years of age, and still gives the same. The other son, at A——, who is about eighteen, became pious before he was thirteen. All the rest gave us good evidence of piety younger than thirteen, and some of them we think as early, if not earlier, than the one at

three and a half. Our children are still young, and we may yet find ourselves mistaken. But we have, with the hopes we now enjoy, very great cause for gratitude and thanksgiving, for we have been unfaithful, and unworthy of such blessings. I perhaps have had some richer experience than when you knew me, but I am the same man, and no more faithful than I was then.

The two sons at A——, and one fitting at M——, N. H., now hope and expect to preach the gospel. Our daughter is at the Western Mt. H——, and another will go to a similar school in a few days, and I trust the same God who has been with us thus far will give us the means to educate them for usefulness.”

Mrs. M—— remarks as follows :

“ In regard to the questions in your letter which pertained more particularly to myself in the matter of training our children, a simple affirmative would not give you a correct answer. The practice of praying with our children began as early as they were able to comprehend that their parents as well as themselves had wants, or in other words that *they* had wants beyond the parent's ability to supply, which knowledge, I think, is attained at a very early period, and does not detract from the dignity of the parent, or the reverence of the child to confess it. Our seasons of prayer were mutual prayer meetings, the child with his earliest lisp being encouraged to offer up his infantile petition. This has been continued, with some interruptions, to the present time. This winter we had a delightful re-union of all the members of our family group, and on each Sabbath afternoon of the five weeks we were together, thirteen of us, including my mother, sister, two nieces of my husband's, our eight children and myself held a prayer meeting, and at the different meetings each voice was heard in prayer, exhortation and praise. The ages varied from seventy to eight, and there was as much freedom and little restraint as in our table-talk, or conversation around the fire-side. In addition to this, the young people had prayer meetings two evenings of each week. To secure as great freedom in the expression of their religious frames as on any other subject has been with us a matter of first importance, and I think has been more promotive of their early conversion than any other feature. Not only

have we endeavored to secure this with our own children, but with other young people casually under our roof, and many of these (children of pious parents) have testified that never before had their feelings been drawn out on this subject; that often they had longed that their parents and pious friends would open the way to conversation on the subject uppermost in their thoughts, and which seemed the only one on which silence was observed. I do not mention this by way of boasting, but because from observation and experience, I have been led to feel that it is one of Satan's most subtle devices, and one which has secured more subjects for his kingdom, and brought the gray hairs of more parents with sorrow to the grave than any other of his wiles. In the retrospect, I find my heart continually exclaiming, "What has God wrought?" and while my experience greatly strengthens my faith in the promises of God, I am humbled, that efforts so weak and vascillating should have been so signally blessed. "Not unto us, not unto us, but to thy name be all the glory."

The course pursued by these parents, and the results of it, are an illustration of what may be expected in regard to the early conversion of children when piously educated. They consecrated their offspring to God in faith, and love, and cheerful obedience, expecting that He would accept the offering at their hands, and assist them in training up their little ones for his service and kingdom. They labored with them earnestly, perseveringly, and in hope, believing that in due season they should reap if they fainted not. Their faith did not fail, nor did they tire in their efforts, and now they are reaping a rich and abundant harvest. How great the blessing to have a comfortable hope that their eight children became the subjects of renewing grace so early in life, and are now on their way to heaven with the prospect of being useful in all their journey. How gratifying to their hearts to see two sons in college, panting to preach the gospel of Christ, a third just ready to enter, with the same glorious objects in view, and the youngest preparing to follow the example of his elder brothers. How cheering also to see their four daughters obedient, industrious, economical, and devoutly engaged in the service of Christ, all

aiming at high intellectual moral excellence. Such blessings are an ample reward for the efforts of an age. And why may they not be multiplied? Why may not all parents who profess to be Christians rejoice over the early conversion of their children, and see them walking cheerfully, and with growing strength, in the way to Heaven? It is earnestly hoped that guardians of youth will read and ponder well the facts contained in the preceding communications. Should they conclude to go and do likewise, they may confidently expect to realize in their own experience the same gratifying results.

FREDERIC AUSTEN :

OR, THE VICTIM OF PARENTAL INDULGENCE.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

CHAPTER I.

HERBERT AUSTEN drove furiously to the gate of his splendid mansion. His brow was anxious and his eye restless, and the glossy flanks and breast of the noble animal he rode covered with sweat and foam. The servant, who advanced to take the reins, made some reply to his hurried interrogation. "A boy, thank God!" he ejaculated, and throwing him the reins, he entered the house.

"Papa, papa!" exclaimed soft, childish voices, and two lovely little girls sprang forward to greet him. But pushing them rudely aside, he ascended the stairs and entered a darkened chamber, where upon a couch of silk and down lay the pale, slender form of a woman. Her long, dark lashes reposed quietly upon her colorless cheek, and she seemed to be slumbering. A soft, tiny form lay upon her arm. The footsteps, which fell so lightly upon the soft, thick carpet did not arouse her, and he stood there for some minutes gazing silently upon her. At last he bent his head and pressed his lips lightly upon her brow. She slowly opened her eyes, and smiled languidly, as she saw the unusual tenderness upon her husband's stern countenance, and then held up the babe for him to kiss. As

he took it up in his arms his heart swelled with joy, and his dark eyes flashed with pride and exultation. "Thank God!" he ejaculated fervently, "my name will not now become extinct, or my extensive lands or princely possessions pass into the hands of strangers."

But was this *all*? Did he thank God for nothing else? Was he altogether unmindful of the undying soul committed to his charge, the wealth of intellect which lay dormant in that brain, the warm affections which lay slumbering in that little breast? As he gazed upon

——"That fair machine of clay,
Working in mystery and health
Its wondrous way,"

did no emotions of gratitude arise from his heart to the Giver of so fair and precious a gift, no resolution to dedicate it to the living God, no consciousness of the solemn and weighty responsibilities which rested upon him? Alas, no! for he was not a *Christian* father.

Herbert Austen was what the world calls a fortunate man. He was at the age of thirty the very model of manly strength and beauty. His lands were extensive, and his coffers full. His talents of the highest order, and thickly around his forehead clustered the honors with which a grateful country loves to reward the faithful services of her sons. God has given him to cheer his heart and home a gentle wife and five fair and lovely daughters; but he was dissatisfied, for he had no *son*.

"Girls are well enough in their way," he replied impatiently to his wife, after the birth of the fourth daughter, as she strove to reconcile him to what was certainly no fault of hers, "but what can they do? Besides, we have a house full of them already."

When, two years after, he was told that another child was born to him, a *daughter*, his wrath vented itself in bitter and impatient words. The family physician was standing by, and it greatly shocked the feelings of the good old man, for he was a firm believer in an overruling Providence. With the free-

dom of an old friend, he ventured to intimate that God might withhold the coveted boon in mercy.

"I do not want *such* mercy!" was the bitter reply of the disappointed man as he turned away. At last God gratified the ardent desire of his heart; *a son* was born to him. But was it in wrath or in mercy? Time alone can tell.

CHAPTER II.

Ten years have passed since this stern, haughty man stood in that quiet chamber, and the tiny infant he held in his arms is now a bold, bright, handsome boy, inheriting his father's rare beauty of person and commanding talents, and, alas! no small share of his imperious and fiery temper. He possessed many noble and generous qualities, but he was indulged in every idle whim from his cradle, and his pleasure and convenience was consulted before those of any other member of the household. His violent temper and stubborn will were unsubdued, and he was, even at that early age, the terror of his sisters and the torment of his mother, who often declared "that she could do nothing with him."

Gray hairs began to mingle with the dark curls which clustered around Mr. Austen's head, and his broad forehead bore the impress of many cares and anxieties. But success had attended him at every step, his wealth daily increased, and his proud heart exulted as he thought of the fair inheritance he should leave his son.

Home was to Mr. Austen as it is to too many fathers, merely a place in which he *lodged* and *took his meals*. Amid the rise and fall of stocks, the many conflicting interests and distracting cares which press so heavily upon the minds of business men, he had no time to attend to the eternal interests of the son so dear to him, and the daughters, who should have been equally as dear.

If any instance of Frederic's violent temper came to his knowledge, he consoled himself by the reflection that he would learn to govern it as he grew older, and then dismissed it entirely from his mind. At other times, if he crossed his wishes

when he happened to be in an irritable frame of mind, he gave him an impatient word, or perhaps a hasty blow, and this was all the government that he ever exercised over him.

He provided for his son the best of masters, and obtained for him every opportunity for acquiring knowledge that wealth could procure. His teachers, however, had strict injunctions not to allow him to injure his health by too close application, or break his high spirit by too severe discipline. But he thought very little about his moral training.

As for Mrs. Austen, her feeble health, and the peculiar views of her husband, prevented her from exercising any restraining influence over her boy. She saw, and deeply lamented, the errors in his education, and the daily injustice practised towards her unoffending daughters, but for the sake of peace and tranquility, erroneously forebore to interfere, trusting that her husband would, ere long, see the danger of the course he was pursuing.

"My dear," said she, one day, as she entered the room where her husband sat reading, "I really think that you ought to attend to Frederic, he is getting so ungovernable."

"What is the matter now?" said Mr. Austen, raising his eyes from the paper. He was just reading an account of the fall in the value of some property in which he owned a share, and in which he expected to lose, and his manner was more than usually harsh when he made this enquiry.

"Frederic has drowned Anna's little pet kitten, and as I firmly believe, for the sole purpose of annoying the poor child."

"A pet kitten!" repeated her husband contemptuously, throwing down his paper. "Well, I suppose I must listen to all the whys and wherefores of it, though I am harassed to death with business. Let the children come in."

"Well Anna," he said sharply, addressing his little daughter, "what is the nature of your new grievance?"

Anna looked at her mother, and then at the stern countenance of her father, and burst into tears.

"Why, what ails the child, that she must cry every time I speak to her?" exclaimed Mr. Austen, impatiently. "Are

you not ashamed of yourself, old as you are, to make such a fuss about a dead kitten?" he added, in a tone and manner not calculated to re-assure the poor child, who sat sobbing still more violently.

"Go to your room, miss," he continued, as she made no reply, "and remain there until you can learn to control your temper. And as for you, sir," he added, turning to his son, "go and attend to your studies, and don't let me hear any more of your mischief." "A mere boyish freak, Mary," he said to his wife, as the door closed after them, "I really wonder that you will annoy me with such trifles."

"It was an act of wanton cruelty," returned Mrs. Austen, indignantly, "of which I grieve that a son of mine should be guilty, and that my husband should think proper to pass it over so lightly."

Mr. Austen elevated his eyebrows with astonishment at the unusual spirit evinced by his meek and patient wife. This unwonted opposition, however, aroused his fiery temper. "I never interfere in the management of your daughters madam," he said, sternly, as he arose to leave the room, and I beg that you will leave Frederic with me."

CHAPTER III.

Ten more years passed, and Mr. Austen sat alone in his spacious counting-room. The pen was laying idle upon the desk, and he seemed to be absorbed in deep and painful reflection. His hair was becoming frosted around the temples, and deep and heavy lines were graven across the brow, and around the mouth, and his whole countenance was haggard and anxious, yet he was not many years past the prime of life.

The door opened, and a young man entered. Tall and erect, he possessed a singular beauty of person; yet there was a sinister look in the bold, black eye, and an expression of dissipation impressed upon his handsome features, which were very painful to behold in one so young. He advanced towards Mr. Austen with a half-reckless, half-defiant bearing. "You wished to see me, sir," he said, abruptly.

Mr. Austen cast upon his son a look more of sorrow than of anger. "I *do* wish to see you, Frederic," he said impressively. "I wish to know where you were last night at such a late hour; also where and with whom you spend your evenings?"

The young man bit his lip, but made no reply.

"Did I not see you with Henry Warner and Richard Cole, last night?" inquired Mr. Austen, in a sterner tone.

"And if you did," returned Frederic, throwing back his head proudly, and casting upon his father a haughty, defiant glance.

"And if I did!" repeated Mr. Austen, his eyes flashing angrily. "Have n't I forbidden you to associate with them? I am surprised and shocked that my son should choose the society of *drunkards* and *gamblers*," he added, with a bitter emphasis; "let me never see you with them again!"

Frederic became sullen, and something which sounded like an oath escaped from his closed teeth as he turned away. An expression of sharp agony passed over the father's countenance as the door closed heavily upon him. Was this the son for whom he had sacrificed so much, whom he had fondly hoped would be the joy and support of his declining years? Was this the return for all the weary, toilsome days and sleepless nights which had whitened his head with untimely frost, and made him prematurely old? Alas! poor, unhappy father! he was just beginning to feel

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child."

CHAPTER IV.

Change had been very busy in Mr. Austen's household. His wife had some years since gone to the "house appointed for all the living." His four older daughters were married, and glad were they to leave the home, however splendid, in which they had always been considered an incumbrance. Yet Mr. Austen rejoiced too; not but that he had some natural affection for them, but while they lived with him they must be maintained in the style in which he moved, and this was very ex-

pensive. He paid all their bills grudgingly, for did it not take from the inheritance he was to leave his beloved son ?

Anna, the child whose birth he had lamented so bitterly twenty-one years ago, was the only daughter that was left at home. Her married sisters urged her to reside with them. But the affectionate girl dearly loved her wayward brother, and though her father's manner was ever to her cold and stern, he was her only remaining parent, and while she felt that she was in some sense necessary to his happiness, she could not be prevailed upon to leave him.

Anna was the most like her mother, not only in form and features, but in disposition, and perhaps this was the reason that Mr. Austen's heart inclined more toward her than toward either of his other daughters. Her mild and winning manner soothed his quick and hasty temper, and after the death of her mother, and the marriage of her sisters, her presence and society became indispensable, and he would have regarded it as the height of ingratitude for her to have harbored a thought of leaving him.

It had been one of the first desires of Mr. Austen's heart that his son should receive a liberal education ; and he therefore sent him to one of the most celebrated colleges in New England. Unfortunately, while there, Frederic became acquainted with a set of very dissipated young men. Neither his temperament, nor the education he had received, fitted him to withstand temptation, and his time, and the very liberal allowance of money given him by his father, was spent in wild and reckless extravagance. Finally, for wilful neglect of duty, and breach of college discipline, he was expelled, and sent home in disgrace.

This was a heavy blow to the heart of the ambitious father. But finding all his remonstrances of no avail, and being desirous of placing him under his own eye, he took him into his counting-room. Mr. Austen was just beginning to perceive the evil effect of the education his son had received, and was now in danger of going from the extreme of unrestrained indulgence to that of ill-judged severity. He forgot that he was not now a child, whose heart, like the yielding twig, or soft

wax, could be bent and moulded at pleasure, but a man, with strong nature and ungoverned passions.

Unaccustomed to the dull routine of business, Frederic's frequent neglect of duty called down upon his head many a severe reprimand. The restraint and suspicion to which he was subjected chafed and embittered his proud spirit, and drove him still further from the path of rectitude.

"Can you spare me some money, to-day?" said Frederic Austen, one morning, a few months after his return home, approaching the desk where his father sat writing. He spoke calmly, but there was an anxious look in his eye.

"How much?" inquired Mr. Austen, briefly, without raising his eyes.

"Five hundred dollars."

Mr. Austen raised his head, and cast an enquiring glance upon his son. "Five hundred dollars?" he ejaculated in astonishment. "Why, what can you want with that sum? It is scarcely a week since I paid you your quarterly allowance."

"I owe it."

"To whom?"

"To a friend."

"For what? Have you borrowed money?"

Frederick hesitated.

"Answer me, boy!" exclaimed Mr. Austen, impatiently, rising from his seat, and laying his hand heavily upon his son's shoulder.

Frederic stepped back, and threw off his father's hand, saying, with a glance as fiery and haughty as his own, "I want it to pay a debt of honor, sir."

A scornful smile curled Mr. Austen's lip. "A debt of *honor*!" he repeated bitterly. "A great deal of *honor* they must have, who lure an inexperienced boy like you into a *gambling* saloon!"

"And do you refuse to let me have it?" said Frederic, with an assumed calmness, but with a sinking heart.

"I do, most decidedly, sir."

"I must have it, *some way*," he said, in a meaning tone.

"Not from me, sir," retorted his father, sternly. "Get it

where you can — beg, borrow, or steal it, if you choose, but never shall a cent of my hardly earned wealth go to swell the hoards of a man like Richard Cole.”

There was a look of desperation in the closely compressed lips and flashing eyes of the reckless boy, as he crossed his father’s threshold.

One morning, a few days after the above conversation, a servant entered Mr. Austen’s breakfast-room, and handed him a note. It contained the heart-rending intelligence that his son Frederic was under arrest for the double crime of attempted robbery and actual murder! Mr. Austen’s cheek grew ashy pale as he read it. “Merciful Father,” he murmured, “it cannot be.”

Alas! it was but too true. Burthened with debt, and driven to desperation by his father’s refusal to aid him, the misguided boy had attempted to rob a store, and being detected by one of the clerks who lodged in the building, had, in his desperate efforts to escape, fatally wounded him.

As soon as the news reached them, his neglected daughters, who had stood aloof from him in his hour of prosperity, gathered around their stricken father, striving with words of love and sympathy, to soothe his anguished spirit. But in vain he turned away, and, like Rachel, refused to be comforted.

CHAPTER V.

It was a crowded and anxious assemblage that filled the court-room during the trial that was to bring to Frederic Austen life or death. The prisoner’s father was a man high in the public esteem, who had been twice the representative of the people, talented, wealthy and honored, and the hearts of his fellow-citizens were filled with sympathy for him and his afflicted family.

With as haughty and assured a step as though he was a conquerer going to receive the reward of his victories, Frederic Austen entered the court-room and took his seat. Though his crime was viewed with horror, and his guilt unquestioned, pity for his youth, and admiration for his rare and exceeding

beauty were depicted upon the countenances of many as they gazed upon him. The erect and graceful form, the proudly carried head, with its wealth of shining curls, the full, broad forehead, and flashing eyes, how gloriously beautiful they were ! yet it was the beauty of a fallen angel.

A low murmur of pity filled the court-room as the father of the prisoner entered. He was leaning upon the arm of a pale, slender girl clad in deep mourning. It was Anna, who had been all in all to her father since his heavy affliction.

Mr. Austen had employed in defense of his son one of the most talented lawyers in the country, and everything was done for him that wealth or influence could command. But the proofs of his guilt were too conclusive, and after a short deliberation, the jury brought in the verdict of *guilty* !

When Frederic Austen was directed to rise and receive the sentence of the Court, a haughty smile curled his lip, and he arose with the air of one about to receive a crown. He listened unmoved to the brief and touching exhortation of the Judge ; but when he turned to resume his seat, he met his *father's eye*. Oh ! what an expression of concentrated agony was there in that look ! Could that bowed form, that white hair and furrowed brow be *his* father ? Oh ! what a fearful change a few short weeks had wrought in that once strong and stately man ! A sharp pang of remorse pierced his hard heart, his assumed composure forsook him, and, sinking back upon the seat, he burst into tears.

There was not a dry eye in that crowded court-room. The Judge wept, stern men who had practised for years in a criminal court, and were acquainted with every gradation of crime and misery, felt their eyes moisten, as they gazed upon the unhappy young man, and his still more wretched father. But above the confused murmur of sympathy which rose up on every side, was heard a low, heart-breaking moan, and, if it had not been for those near him, Mr. Austen would have fallen to the floor.

CHAPTER VI.

The friends of Frederic Austen made an urgent appeal to the Executive clemency. Tears filled the eyes of the kind-hearted Governor as he listened to the prayers of the weeping sisters. It was very hard to turn away from the heart-broken old man, who plead so agonizingly for the life of his only son ; but a stern sense of duty forbade his indulging in the more kindly feelings of our nature. Justice must have her due, the laws must be executed, *and he must die.*

Finding all hopes of a reprieve vain, the night before the day appointed for his execution, Frederic Austen rushed unsummoned into the presence of his God, with the double crime of murder and self-murder upon his soul.

Reader, let us now re-visit the luxuriously-furnished apartment in which, twenty-two years ago, stood Herbert Austen, rejoicing over his new found treasure. Upon a couch in the middle of the room, lies a tall, manly form, around which a black velvet pall falls in heavy folds. Let us approach nearer. No breath of life moves the broad, unheaving breast, or stirs the dark curls which cluster around the brow. The eyes are closed, and the lips sealed in the long sleep of death. There lays the smiling infant, the wayward, head-strong boy, and the strong, fiery-hearted youth — the *murderer* and the *self-murdered* !

The door slowly opens, and an aged man totters in. With a sharp and bitter cry, the wail of a breaking heart, he throws himself beside the couch ; and then as he parts the damp and heavy curls, and lays his hand upon the marble brow, there bursts from his lips the touching lament of the king of Israel over his rebellious son — “ Would to God that I had died for thee. Oh ! Frederic, my son, my son ! ”

The shadows of night gathered slowly around that quiet room, but the sorrowing father still lay with his forehead in the dust, and a darker night in his soul — the night of despair.

With a softened and subdued air, sympathizing friends approached him, with the vain endeavor to induce him to retire,

or allow them to watch with him. But he motioned them away, saying, "I will watch with him alone."

How many bitter thoughts and regretful memories penetrated his soul during that long, gloomy night! His rebellious murmurings against God because he had given him no son, and, when he had received the long-coveted boon, his neglect of the solemn obligations which rested upon him.

He thought of his worldly pride and ambition, and then of its bitter punishment, all caused him the most painful remorse. What to him now were the honors which clustered around his brow, his extensive lands and glittering gold, when the son, for whom they were won, had gone down to a dishonored grave?

In the morning of life, and in the pride of dawning manhood, Frederic Austen was laid in his early grave, the victim of parental indulgence, and his own ill-regulated passions.

In a few months the grave was opened, and Herbert Austen was laid beside the son he had so loved and mourned. His death was happier than his life, for when the first of bitter anguish was passed he turned to the hand which smote him, and laid his heart at the foot of the Cross.

Fathers! with merry, prattling sons clustering around your knees, ponder well this solemn lesson! Early restrain their evil passions, pass not lightly over their youthful transgressions, lest they bring your gray hair to shame, and plant in your pillow the thorns of unavailing remorse.

SELF EXAMINATION.—Let not sleep fall upon thine eyes till thou hast thrice reviewed the transactions of the past day. Where have I turned aside from rectitude? What have been doing? What have I left undone, which I ought to have done? Begin thus from the first act, and proceed; and in conclusion, at the ill which thou hast done be troubled, and rejoice for the good.—*From the Greek of Pythagoras, by Dr. Samuel Johnson.*

INCIDENTAL EDUCATION.

LITTLE THINGS.

BY REV. WM. M. THAYER.

All parents agree that certain prominent things belonging to conduct, and the daily affairs of the household, exert a controlling influence over the child. There are other things, however, of less importance, though equally effective in moulding the young heart, which awaken little concern. We refer now to influences that have not been treated in previous articles. They are those *little things* that seem scarcely to deserve the attention of parents. So they pass them over without thought or comment.

There is parental example, for instance. Children are eagle-eyed to discover even small inconsistencies therein. It is quite common to hear them say, when reproved for this and that act, "father does so," or "mother does so." A little fellow, who was taught to remove his cap from his head on entering the house, was reproved one day for neglecting the gentlemanly act. He replied at once, "father has *his* hat on," and it was a strong defence for the boy. A pious mother was wont to guard herself in seasons of temptation by repeating audibly the words, "*God lives.*" Her children often heard them drop from her lips while she was moving about the room attending to her household duties. One day, however, in an unguarded moment, she gave way to her anger, and, instead of these admonitory words, she uttered others of far different significance. Her little daughter, some four or five years of age, started up from her plays with apparent surprise, and exclaimed, "mother, is God dead?" Had not the child disclosed in this way, the deep impression which her mother's example made upon her heart, the mother would not have thought, probably, that this act was of any consequence to the child. She could not be in doubt, surely, after such a rebuke as the artless

daughter administered. A Christian father prayed, at family devotions in the morning, for kind and generous hearts towards the poor and needy. In the course of the day, he turned away a beggar from his door empty. His son, a child of few years, was expecting to see the beggar cared for after such a prayer. He could not reconcile his father's prayer and practice. In a childlike manner he stated his perplexity, when the parent found it difficult to satisfy his young mind as to the harmony of the two things.

Such incidents show that the child is observant of parental example even when parents least suspect it. Nor do children make their observations unimpressed. The discrepancies noticed above were not observed without influencing the young beholders more or less. They made their own inferences. They may have concluded that strict uprightness and consistent, unbending integrity are not quite indispensable after all. At any rate, the tendency of these things is to educate the child into loose morals. Want of sincerity, duplicity, deception, and all kindred delinquencies in conduct, tend to loosen the restraints of virtue. Here the seeds of skepticism are often sown. Here religion is sometimes brought into bad odor. Comparatively trifling acts thus corrupt the young heart for life.

Sometimes unintentional wrong is inflicted upon the child by the manner of addressing him in respect to his good or evil conduct. An eminent example has recently come to notice. The late Hon. Mr. Marcy was unruly and evil-disposed in his youth. At home he caused his parents much anxiety and trouble, and, in consequence, they were wont to call him a bad boy. If he ever performed good deeds, he was not commended for it, while his evils ones were ever kept before him. At school he was no better. His teachers usually had trouble with him, and agreed with his parents that he was a reckless youth. He was never told that he was a good boy, nor even that he could be good. He was the worst boy in the neighborhood, and he was often reminded of the fact. At length a teacher of some acquaintance with human nature was employed in the district. Young Marcy's reputation was made known to the new master before he entered the school-room. This led

him to watch the lad narrowly through the day. At the close of school the teacher said to him, "*You have been a good boy to-day.*" Marcy looked up with evident surprise. He never heard anything but reproof, and appeared always to expect it. It was the first time he was ever called a good boy, and it proved an important era in his life. On the following day the committee visited the school. They said to the teacher, "Marcy is a bad boy and you may as well turn him out at once." "I do not expel scholars from my school as long as they behave" replied the teacher. "But he has always made trouble and he will again," continued the committee. Finally they *insisted* that Marcy should be removed, and the teacher as pertinaciously declared that he should not be. The result was that the boy continued in school. He was treated in the kindest manner by the discriminating and faithful instructor, and a better pupil was not found in the district. From that time young Marcy progressed rapidly in his studies, and conducted himself with the utmost propriety. Years afterward, when he had distinguished himself and was Secretary of State, he met his old teacher in the city of Washington. He spoke to him of his reckless youth, and the fact that he was always called a bad boy. "*Your kind words,*" he added, "*saved me from ruin.*"

The manner in which those parents treated the naughtiness of their boy was fast sending him to ruin. They knew it not. They intended no harm. They dreamed not that so slight a thing was deciding his destiny. The incident is a striking illustration of the influence of little things in the discipline of the young.

That apparent minor causes should thus mould the characters of children will not appear strange when we consider that the most unimportant events, in themselves considered, have often determined the life-pursuits of men. It appears to have been a purely accidental thing which decided the career of Niebuhr. A law suit occurred in his native place about a piece of land, and the measurement of it was required. There was no land surveyor in the whole district, so that one was sent for at a distance. Niebuhr regarded it a disgrace to his native town, and resolved to remove the dishonor by applying himself to the

acquisition of the necessary knowledge. Henceforth he was furnished with an occupation and an object congenial to his heart.

When James Ferguson was about eight years of age the roof of his father's cottage fell in, and a successful effort to replace it was made. He observed that his father applied a beam to it, resting the same upon a prop, in the manner of a lever, and thus restored the fallen roof. The circumstance set the young observer to thinking, and proved the first inciting cause of his future studies and observation as a philosopher.

When Alexander Murray was twelve years of age, an acquaintance loaned him "Salmon's Geographical Grammar," the study of which gave direction to his future life. It awakened within him an unquenchable desire to pursue that branch of knowledge in which he subsequently became distinguished.

Thomas Scott did not devote himself to literary pursuits until he was somewhat advanced in years. Then a trifling occurrence decided his course. He was serving in the capacity of shepherd for his father, in which employment he experienced many hardships. His father generally treated him with considerable severity; but, on one day particularly, Thomas thought that the most unreasonable demands were laid upon him, and he resolved to endure it no longer. He cast off his shepherd's frock, and from that moment devoted himself to the acquisition of knowledge.

Sir Isaac Newton was a dull scholar in his boyhood. His intellect was first roused to activity by the unkindness of a lad who stood above him in the class. After tyrannizing over him, this companion one day kicked Isaac in the stomach much to his injury. Isaac resolved to be revenged by outstripping him in his studies, and henceforth his progress was rapid. There was no lack of energy, perseverance, and application in him thereafter.

The president of a New England College was a farmer in his boyhood. His father designed that he should follow this employment. One day, however, as he was going to a distant part of the farm to labor, he found the stream which was usually forded with ease, so swollen by recent rains that he could

not cross over it. He turned back, and while he was waiting a few days for the water to subside, his attention became so engrossed in certain books that a craving thirst for knowledge was begotten in his soul, and he abandoned the plough and field for the halls of science. The whole course of his life was determined by the simple occurrence of a stream overflowing its banks.

We might continue to enumerate examples of this kind, showing that the most common and unimportant things have often changed the current of a man's life. Sometimes it has been only the dropping of a word into the ear of the unwary, which has begotten a new purpose of life. As in the case of Benjamin West, a word of encouragement from a mother's lip may have started off the young aspirant upon a new and brilliant career.

Now, if little things exert such controlling influence over the pursuits of men, will it be thought strange that children should be similarly impressed at the fireside? It is not so much a few resolute efforts at correction, when flagrant offences have been perpetrated, that moulds the character, as it is the less marked but oft-repeated acts and occurrences in the family. Little things constitute the sum of human experience—this is the life of every man and woman. The same may be said of the discipline of the young. A multitude of minor influences combine to give direction to their powers of mind and heart. Hence successful training of children demands careful attention to little things. It is the little foxes that destroy the vines. The smallest evil, working away ever so secretly in family government, will often inflict incalculable injury upon the child. It is important that the son should remove his hat in the presence of strangers, and speak respectfully; but it may be still more important that he should do the same at home in the presence of his parents. If he so conducts at home, it is quite certain that he will be equally courteous abroad. Yet it may be thought a small matter whether a child is as polite and respectful to his father and mother, and to brothers and sisters, as he is, or ought to be, to strangers. If he will only cultivate proper decorum in company, it is of little consequence with many

parents, whether he cultivates it at home. They forget that the habit formed in the latter place, in connection with the ordinary intercourse of the family, will go with him into all the walks of life. In company attention to little things is generally required by the customs of good society, let them be attended to in the familiar home-circle, and the demands of other spheres will be successfully met.

ONLY WAITING.

A very aged man in an alms-house was asked what he was doing now. He replied; "Only waiting."

Only waiting till the shadows
 Are a little longer grown—
 Only waiting till the glimmer
 Of the day's last beam is flown ;
 Till the night of earth is faded
 From the heart once full of day ;
 Till the stars of heaven are breaking
 Through the twilight soft and gay.

Only waiting till the reapers
 Have the last sheaf gathered home,
 For the summer time is faded,
 And the autumn's winds have come,
 Quickly reapers, gather quickly
 The last ripe hours of my heart ;
 For the bloom of life is withered,
 And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
 Open wide the mystic gate,
 At whose feet I long have lingered,
 Weary, poor, and desolate.
 Even now I hear the footsteps,
 And their voices, far away :
 If they call me I am waiting—
 Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows
 Are a little longer grown—
 Only waiting till the glimmer
 Of the days last beam is flown ;
 Then from out the gathered darkness
 Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
 By whose light my soul shall gladly
 Tread its pathway to the skies !

BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

"WHAT is the matter with your clerk?" said one merchant to his neighbor. "He was a good-looking, energetic young man when he came to the city, a year since, but he is a sad, dissipated fellow now, and if reports are true, is unworthy of confidence."

"They are too true, I fear," was the reply. "We have discharged him now, and should have done it before, but we forbore with him long, from respect to his father, a fine, venerable old man."

"A pity, a great pity," said the other, shaking his head, "but it's the way a great many of our young men ruin themselves. The boy was from the country I suppose, and the temptations of city life proved too strong for him."

"Not so. On the contrary his father lives in the city, but I think one cause of the boy's misconduct is the wrong doings of a sister. This sister had beauty, but was a gay, giddy girl, and by one false step has brought shame and disgrace on the family. George was very fond of her, and rather vain of her personal attractions. After her fall he seemed ashamed to meet his old companions, and as home had lost its attractions, he sought amusement in places which he ought to have shunned as he would a pestilence, and from drinking, to drown his vexation, he went to card playing to pass away time, and you see the result. His father has paid his son's debts, and made good our deficiency, but it has made him a poor man, and he is now about moving to a small farm in the country. George goes to California, that refuge for *unfortunate* young men."

"Their grave, you might say," answered his neighbor. "That sister has a load of guilt on her soul."

Not far from where this unfortunate father made his home in the country, lived a family consisting of the parents and four children, two boys and two girls. They were poor in this world's goods, but rich in mutual affection.

The father, hoping to improve his pecuniary condition,

moved West. Soon after his removal he sickened and died. The oldest child was a girl, a noble, affectionate child, most tenderly loved by the other children, but especially by her brother, the next in age. Henry was not a robust child, but he had untiring energy, and a warm, affectionate heart. His gentle mother and loving sister had silently, but none the less surely, moulded his character. Their home, though a log-cabin, was a little earthly paradise for him. Henry was only twelve years old when his father was laid in his forest grave, but he understood that through his exertions only could that humble home be retained.

"My mother and sisters shall never know want," he said to himself, "as long as I have hands to labor." He sought employment. It was easily found, and when found, retained, for those who did not know the secret spring of the boy's energy, wondered at the amount of labor he could perform. His evenings he devoted to study, but as he grew older, and business increased, those evenings were spent in writing and book-keeping, for which he received pay, thus increasing his wages. These were all devoted to his mother and sisters. He was unwilling they should labor beyond their strength. His brothers were led to imitate him, and thus the widow found that all things necessary for her comfort were provided. More than this, children could not well do. But Henry felt that more could be done in a few years, and he grew strong in hope, and brave to labor as he advanced in years. Mother, sisters and home became dearer, and these ties were strengthened by the unvarying gentleness and love of the sisters. In ten years Henry had built a neat, comfortable house, and surrounded it with much to make it a cheerful, pleasant home. With good habits, untiring industry, warm home affections, he could not fail in his life purpose. Ten more years pass, Henry is thirty years of age. He is now a member of Congress, a man of wealth, with many friends, and everything to make life desirable. His mother is dead, blessing with her last breath the son who so nobly supplied the place of provider and friend. His eldest sister has a home of her own, but the love of her brother is tender as ever. The youngest sis-

ter is dead, but her little orphan daughter is kindly cared for, and receiving an education at Henry's expense.

Said a member of Congress not long since, "We have not a member here that performs so much labor as H. He is always at work, and does thoroughly what he undertakes."

"Aye, we who knew the early training of the boy understood the secret of this activity."

Sisters can do much to influence the future lives of their brothers. Their opinion of woman will be regulated by their knowledge of your character and habits, and the wife will often be sought from your particular friends. A gentle, loving Christian sister may do much toward leading a brother from dissipation, and vain amusements to the choice of Solomon. Always retain their confidence, and when they are from home correspond regularly with them, and thus keep up their interest in all the little pleasant details of home. Avoid, if possible, that selfish spirit which shrinks from a brother's marriage. True, it is sometimes painful, but by welcoming the wife to your home and heart, you will be more likely to retain a brother's confidence and love than by indulging in those petty jealousies which sometimes divide brothers and sisters for life. God had wise designs towards our race when he instituted the family relation, and the love of brothers and sisters should increase with time, and not lessen as other ties increase. I have known instances when a man has been disappointed in marriage, finding no sympathy at home, turn with increased affection to the pure love of a sister, and find that peace in her friendship which his uncongenial marriage had afforded.

Blessed is that family where the children retain their mutual love through all the trials and changes of life. A sweet emblem of a better home!

Real holiness has love for its essence, humility for its clothing, the good of others for its employment, and the honor of God as its end.

A LESSON FOR WIVES.

The following touching, simple and sorrowful memorial of his wife, was written by one of the greatest statesmen of England—Sir James McIntosh—in a private letter to a friend. “She was a woman,” he writes, “who, by tender management of my weaknesses, gradually corrected the most pernicious of them. She became prudent from affection; and though of the most generous nature, she was taught frugality and economy by her love for me. During the most critical period of my life she preserved order in my affairs, from the care of which she relieved me. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation; she propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful and creditable to me, and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness and improvidence. To her I owe whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest she never for a moment forgot my character. Her feelings were warm and impetuous, but she was placable, tender and constant. Such was she whom I have lost; and I have lost her when a knowledge of her worth had refined my youthful love into friendship—before age had deprived it of much of its original ardor. I seek relief, and I find it in the consolatory opinion that a benevolent wisdom inflicts the chastisement as well as bestows the enjoyment of human life; that this dreary and wretched life is not the whole of man; that a being capable of such proficiency in science and virtue is not like the beasts; that there is a dwelling place prepared for the spirits of the just; that the ways of God will yet be vindicated to man.”

LAST WORDS.—“Talk to me now in Scripture language alone,” said a dying Christian. “I can trust the word of God; but when they are the words of man, it costs me an effort to think whether I may trust in them.” This was the testimony of one who died in the morning of life.

THE OLD PASTOR'S VISIT.

The church of Darlington had, from the first, been a stable and flourishing one, until certain eccentric preachers, who gained admittance to it, introduced new measures and views. Some received these and some opposed them, and the two parties contended so zealously, that there was not much peace or prosperity, for many years. The members lost their love for each other, and the young people grew up without piety. Many ministers had been invited, from time to time, to visit them and try to heal the difficulties; but the result usually was, that both parties disagreed with them, and were as far asunder as before. At length they agreed among themselves, to leave off all contention, and to send for a minister from a distance, who knew nothing of their troubles, to become their pastor.

The Rev. Mr. B—— was obtained, from a distant part of the country. He commenced his labors earnestly, and impartially administered the word, to all classes, without distinction. Gradually they disclosed their secrets to him and informed him of their difficulties, and each one wished that in his sermons he would chastise the others, for their faults. Having disputed with, and teased each other so long, they had formed a habit of doing so, and constantly practiced it on their minister. But he did not lend his ears to their tales, nor permit himself to be annoyed by their manners. He armed himself from week to week, with the sword of the Spirit, and taught them, as one having authority from the great High Priest.

After three years of patient labor the spirit of God fell upon them, with mighty power; converted all their young people, reclaimed the wanderers and removed the alienation of heart, in which they had indulged toward each other. Then said their pastor to them, "You wanted me to heal your difficulties. I knew that I could not do it; but I dispensed the word of God, and prayed that He might perform the work. Now He has done it; 'Arise, shine, for thy light is come and the glory

of the Lord is risen upon thee.'” The youth gathered around him and loved him as a father. The older ones confided their families to him as to the shepherd of the flock. Every measure which he proposed, they adopted without a question ; whereas, before, they would not co-operate with him in any thing. They would now do nothing without his advice, for they deemed him an eminently wise and good man, because the Lord’s work had prospered in his hands. How sweet was the work from that time, as he fed those spiritual children with the sincere milk of the word, and with what joy did they sit at his feet and receive it.

He labored on until the young people, a large company, were married and settled around him, and became heads of new families for him to train.

Few pastors have had a greener spot of earth to live upon ; but earth’s brightest scenes cannot last. Mr. B., had sons to educate, and there was no school in that place in which they could be taught, and his salary was not sufficient to defray the expense of sending them abroad. Having received a call to a place, where there was a classical school, and with an increase of salary, he considered that duty to his family, demanded that he should accept it. We pass over the scenes that were exhibited in that congregation, from the time that his determination was announced, until he bade them farewell, and removed to the other place, which was decidedly a hard field. It was similar to what D. had been before he went there. They had called Mr. B., because of his success in circumstances, so similar to theirs. The people were very fair in their speech ; but deceitful, heartless, and restless under a plain administration of truth.

Leaning on God alone, he labored on among them, as on a new and most unpromising field, for many months.

One afternoon, while pondering over the barren prospect around him, comparing it with the bright spot which he had left, he received a letter from Mr. T., of D., informing him that his only daughter, Martha, had died, and in her last hours requested that Mr. B., should be sent for, to preach her funeral

sermon. What remembrances were awakened, and what sympathies were kindled by that letter!

Mr. T., was a very prominent member in the church at D., and an especial friend of Mr. B. Martha had been converted in that revival. She was a gentle, unassuming girl, although the only daughter, in the wealthiest family of the place. Her piety was so quiet and unobtrusive, that some supposed it was not very deep; but her pastor had often seen by the kindling of the eye and the decided, yet mild answers to inquiries, that it was a pure and deep fountain.

As her end drew near, her reserve disappeared, and she talked earnestly of her interest in Christ. She said, "O, I wish I could see Mr. B. I do want him to preach my funeral sermon. Do you think it would be wrong to send for him to do it? If I was going to be married I should want him sent for, and would it not be right that he should come to my funeral?" Mr. B., decided at once to go; and although it was near a hundred miles, he took his wife and daughter in his carriage, and started. He arrived on Saturday, at night, and stayed with a family out of the village. On Sabbath morning he started to the church, at an early hour.

On his way, an aged man, one of the oldest members, whose eyes are dim, came along and not perceiving that it was his former pastor, said, "Do you know, sir, whether Mr. B., arrived in town last evening?"

He answered, "Father N., don't you know me?" The old man choked with emotion and remained silent, while the tears ran down his furrowed cheeks. He had been one of the rugged sons of New England, and had overcome the hardship of a new country, and trained himself to it for seventy years; but he had a deep and abundant fountain of emotion in his heart, which the remembrance of the mercies of God could easily open.

The congregation had not gathered, and Mr. B., with the present pastor, sat down in the pulpit. The burial had taken place more than a week before, and notice had been given of the sermon to be preached that day. Many members of the church and citizens of the town, who had removed to other

places, returned the day before, and began to assemble with the congregation. Mr. B., felt a tremulousness deep down in his heart, but he thought it would not rise, so as to embarrass him, for he had always been able to control his emotions in public.

Soon one of his old parishioners entered the door, cast his eye up to the pulpit, and then dropped his head to hide his emotions. Mr. B., felt that his feelings were gaining strength, so that he was obliged to make an effort to keep them down. Soon another came, and another, with the same look at the pulpit, and the same token of heart-felt interest. At each repetition the tide of his feelings rose higher, till he became agitated, while using his utmost power to suppress them.

Soon a group of young people came in and entered the choir. These were among the converts. whom he had loved so much. His eyes became so dimmed that he could scarcely see. Then came a family group, all the adults of which, had been converted in very interesting circumstances. Some of them he had married, and had baptized their children. The tide of his emotions could no longer be kept back, but swelled up and freely overflowed. He then became calm, and supposed that he should be able to remain so, for he thought that the crisis had passed. The other minister was to preach in the forenoon, and he arose and read a hymn, which he himself had often read from the same book, to the same choir, amidst scenes of the deepest religious interest. Every line of it called up again the deep feelings of the heart, and when the old chorister pitched a tune, known to be a favorite one with Mr. B., and forty sweet familiar voices joined, he was no longer able to exercise any control over himself. The man who had held the helm in that church so long, amidst scenes both of discouragement and intense interest, was now weak as an infant, tossed upon the mighty surges of the ocean.

It is uncertain whether the congregation heard the sermon, or not; but it was certain, that there was a deep and tearful interest throughout the church.

Having received the greetings of the people during intermission, he was enabled to proceed with the services in the after-

noon ; but he informed them that his mind was in a very peculiar state. He could not feel as a mourner, nor had he any instruction or exhortation to give them. It was the first time since he began the ministry, that he did not feel that he had a message from the word of God, to the congregation before him. He really felt in his heart, that he was standing in the promised inheritance of the saints, to welcome home one of the loved children, for whose salvation he had labored.

Several others had died since he left, and in spirit he really felt, by way of anticipation, that he was in the New Jerusalem receiving the reward of his labor.

Early the next morning, he, with Mrs. B., and their daughter, started to go over the parish and call upon the families.

The washing usual on that day was omitted, and the people prepared for a visit with their old pastor and his wife. At every gate they were met with a cordial welcome, and left with tears of gratitude. Each one in their former habit gave a present to their old pastor. At one place was a young married couple, who had an infant. Mrs. B., took it and putting it into Mr. B's arms, said playfully, "Here Mr. B., is your grand-child." "Yes, it is," said the young mother, while tears glistened in her eyes. The next day as they rode along toward home, Mr. B., said, "I have always been at a loss to understand the meaning of the scripture, Mark 10: 29, 30. That they who leave all for Christ, shall have in this life, of houses, lands, brothers, sisters, mothers, and children, a hundred fold ; but I understand it now—it is really true, in a full and important sense, and this relationship and attachment is such, that it shall never be destroyed.

AROSPHEL.

AFFLICTION.—We ought as much to pray for a blessing upon our daily rod as upon our daily bread.—*Dr Owen.*

THE MORNING STAR.

BY MRS. JOSEPH H. HANAFORD.

"And her against sweet cheerfulness was placed,
Whose eyes like twinkling stars in evening clear,
Were deck'd with smiles, that all sad humors chased,
And darted forth delights, the which her goodly graced."
SPENCER'S "FAIRY QUEEN."

The seasons all had charms for her,—
She welcom'd each with joy ;
The charm that in her spirit liv'd
No changes could destroy." MRS. HALE.

"Good morning!" exclaimed a fair one of forty-five summers, his face glowing with the healthful hue of early morning. "Good morning, Lilla," and he laid his hand with paternal fondness on the head of a young girl who sat leaning upon her elbow, and looking down on a slate placed on the table near which she was sitting. A lamp was burning near her, for it was yet early in the morning, and the shutters were still closed as they had been through the night.

Lilla replied gently, "good morning, papa," but did not look up.

"Why, my daughter, let me have a glance at those features, and see if a kiss on those lips won't bring me a more cheerful salutation in a tone not quite so languid."

He raised her head. There were traces of tears upon her cheeks, and two large, glittering drops had gathered in each of her eyes, and were just ready to course their way downward. Her lips quivered with emotion as her father kissed her, and he immediately asked on perceiving her agitation, "What has occurred to trouble my little daughter?"

She rose and threw herself into his arms sobbing, and finally said, "Papa, I am really ashamed of myself, but how can I help it! Here I have tried to rise early for four mornings, and yet have not been able to get up soon enough to finish my lessons. And that isn't all either." Her voice faltered and she stopped.

"Go on, daughter," said the father in an encouraging tone.

"Well I ought to confess it and I will," said she earnestly.

"I am crying mostly because Arthur rose earlier than I did."

"Why, how can you mourn over his success in throwing off the chains of slumber!" was the father's exclamation of astonishment.

"Ever since we read the story of the English family in which the earliest riser is called 'lark' through the day, as a title of honor, we have talked about it, Arthur, George, Lizzie and I; and we have all tried to gain the title. Arthur has had it the most, but I have never had it yet, for mother has told them not to call me, as I am not as well as they are, and she says I need more sleep. And yet, father, I should like to be called the 'lark.' Am I wicked for crying because Arthur got the name to-day?"

"Perhaps not, Lilla, if you only weep because you are disappointed, and do not envy him, and wish him to be as feeble as you are, that he might have to sleep more. But come here, my sweet Lilla, and he drew her to a window. Throwing open a shutter, he admitted the grey light of morning. Rosy tints were already beautifying the east, and immediately before them just above the horizon shone with her glorious radiance venus the beautiful "morning star." The father pointed to it, and the daughter's admiring gaze rested on the lovely planet.

"Lilla," said the father in a low impressive tone, "you know your mother and I do not love to see our children weep. It makes our hearts sad when tears fall from their bright eyes. And lately, dear daughter, you have wept, and looked sad far oftener than we could have desired. Now let me propose another thing in which perhaps you may succeed better than in early rising. Whoever wears the most cheerful countenance during to-morrow shall be called "Morning Star." How would my daughter like to try that experiment?"

"Oh, father," was the glad response, "I should like it so much, I am really sorry that I have looked so sad, and I will try. Yes, I will try," and the little maiden clapped her hands. With one more paternal kiss her father drew her toward the room, from whence the breakfast bell had just sounded, and soon imparted the plan to all the members of the

family. At the close of the meal he sent Lilla for a book to his study, and during the interim explained to his family his reasons for such a plan as he had devised.

"I think," said he "that Lilla needs encouragement. She has been ill so much that her spirits are often low, and if we do not prolong the time for competition beyond to-morrow, she may gain the title, and by being often addressed as our "Morning Star," may remember to cultivate a cheerful spirit, which will not only make our family circle happier, but conduce greatly to her health. Of course I do not ask my other children to weep or look cross and sad, but simply request you to refrain from annoying her as much as possible. You will probably keep the 'lark' title all to yourselves, but don't prevent her from obtaining this new one if she can be cheerful a whole day."

The children gladly promised, but although they were willing to refrain from hindering their sister from gaining the title, each secretly resolved that he or she would try to secure it. But not having experienced the disappointment which Lilla had, nor having had any impression made upon their young minds by seeing Venus as Lilla and her father did, they did not have a like motive to remember, and several times during the "trial-day" Arthur and George were reproved for loud voices and unpleasant looks as one interfered with the other's playthings, and Lizzie forgot the matter entirely when a letter arrived saying a friend she had expected to visit them on the morrow, would not be able to come for a week, and burst into tears. Lilla was on the point of doing the same, when she suddenly remembered the morning previous when she was last disappointed, and with that memory came the thought of the "Morning Star," and she wisely forbore. Looking up just as she was seeking to manifest no emotion of sorrow, she caught the eye of her father, and her equivocal smile said, "I am truly disappointed too, but I'll try not to cry." He smiled, and the victory was won.

Evening came, and the family were about separating for the night, when the father calling Lilla to him, said, as he gazed tenderly upon her, "My daughter, you have borne disappointment well to-day, and you have really been so bright and

cheerful that you deserve to be called our Morning Star. Cherish this cheerful spirit, my children, if you would have your hearts and our home always happy. When disappointments come, bear them patiently, remembering that God out of Infinite wisdom orders all events. And now good night. Let us see who will be the 'lark' to-morrow, and thus the first to greet Lilla as our cheerful Morning Star."

With smiling faces they sought their repose, and ever after Lilla retained her pleasant name, when her family wished to address her by an endearing title. It served to remind her of her duty to be cheerful; cheerfulness promoted health, and with returning health came more buoyancy of spirit, till, finally, she who was once a pale, puny, sickly, and usually sullen or sad child, became the joy of the neighborhood, with rosy cheek, and laughing eyes,—the Morning Star shining on the family.

Years passed by, and in their rapid flight brought maturity to the mind and body of sweet Lilla. Nor were they without their effect on the other children of that family. The sons both passed with honor through college; one choosing the profession of an engineer, the other preferring the cares and responsibilities of a physician's life. Lizzie and Lilla remained at the old homestead. Rumor with her hurried tongues, had whispered that Lizzie would soon fill a place at the head of some other household, but Lilla yet wandered, "In maiden meditation, fancy free."

One lovely evening, just preceding Thanksgiving—that day which calls home so many wandering children of scattered families, and unites them again around the parental hearthstone—Dr. Arthur Sanford, with his brother George, and a stranger gentleman, might have been seen leaving the city of their residence, for the early home of the Sanfords. They had but a short distance to ride in the cars, but so great was the desire of the sons, who had been absent from their parents many months, to reach home, that they would fain have urged on the iron horse to still greater speed, and regretted the frequent pauses at the various stopping places. But during their ride they "spoke often one to another," about the loved scenes and friends they were approaching.

"Mr. Scudder," said Arthur, "we are really glad that we have met with you this morning. Your arrival in the city last night was opportune, for I have long wanted to introduce you to our family, and I think you will enjoy yourself."

"I hope I shall be no interruption to your family gathering," was the reply; "but I know that it will be pleasant to unite in your Thanksgiving, though it will cause me to remember how far away I am from all my early friends."

"Well, you will be among warm friends," said George in a playful manner, "so don't feel sad, or look sad, for if you do you will displease our Morning Star."

"Whom do you call by that bright name?"

"Oh, our sister Lilla," replied Arthur, "she believes as you do, that cheerfulness is a part of religion."

"But why do you give her that title?"

Arthur and George here unitedly explained the incidents of their childhood which led to the appropriation of such a name to their dear sister.

"But you cannot surely think that merely giving Miss Sanford that title was the cause of her continued cheerfulness?" asked the young minister, for such he was.

"Oh, William," said George, "you are as full of questions as to the why and wherefore as in our College days. Wait till you see Lilla, and ask her, my friend."

Mr. Scudder smiled, and the conversation turned on College scenes, and the whereabouts of old chums, with accounts of their varied success in life, till the termination of their ride. At the depot they were met by the old family equipage, and quickly conveyed to the family mansion.

Here they found all the family except Morning Star. She had gone some miles away to spend the night with a bereaved friend, who proposed on the morrow to be in their vicinity.

"Miss Seymour was so lonely," said Lizzie, in explanation, "that Lilla could not resist consenting to spend the night with her. I don't know how Miss Seymour could ask for Morning Star just now, when she knew you were expected. But then she needed cheering, and Morning Star is just the one to dispel her sorrow, as far as smiles and sympathy can do it."

"Smiles and tears you mean, don't you?" asked George.

"No; Morning Star don't believe in tears, you know. She thinks she can express sympathy in cheerful tones as well as in dolorous ones."

"But then your sister does not think it wrong to 'weep with those that weep,' does she?" asked the young minister.

"She doesn't think it *wrong* to do anything our Saviour has taught, and I have seen her tears fall fast in seasons when true sympathy could not fail to call them forth, but her words are always words of consolation and cheerfulness, and as soon as possible, as well as whenever possible, she blends them with smiles. Morning Star is a curious young woman, Mr. Scudder,—you needn't laugh, boys, or look so incredulous. Arthur, Lilla is strange, but it is in a very comfortable way for us all. She believes in cheerfulness as a duty, and she acts up to her belief, that's all."

"Well, Lizzie, you are a good advocate; pity you had n't been a man," said George; "we might have had a lawyer in the family. But after all you are right. Morning Star is a strange, but bright specimen of humanity."

The summons to supper interrupted the conversation, and it was not again resumed. Mr. Scudder, however, did not forget it, but felt an unusual desire to see the wearer of so bright a name.

Morning brought the Star. She was gladly welcomed, and seemed joyous. Yet there was none of that levity which Mr. Scudder had feared might be evident. Unconsciously to himself, he had been interested in finding her simple and animated. There was no affectation, but constant cheerfulness. Smiles often wreathed her lips, but sternness never pressed them together. The light of love shone in her eyes, and illumined her brow, but no shade of sullenness dimmed the one, or gathering frown darkened the other. She seemed truly what her family had long called her, the Morning Star.

Mr. Scudder's visit was prolonged till the return of the "boys" to the city, a period of several weeks. He spent a brief season at Christmas in that pleasant family circle, which possessed *the magnet* for him, and returned thither in early spring for this sole purpose, as the discerning reader may sus

pect — to make the lovely Morning Star his bride, the sharer of his joys, and soother of his sorrows, his companion in labor, and his “help-meet” in winning souls to Christ.

From the time he left her at Christmas, till they met in the following spring, they had been frequent correspondents. In one of his letters he thus wrote: “Lilla, my Morning Star, indulge me, will you, in your next, with an explanation of your invariable cheerfulness, of that sunlight that always shines in your presence. I know that you are a Christian, and believe, with me, that *true* religion never makes any heart gloomy, but I would know a little more of the process by which you have become so worthy of your beautiful name?”

On the wings of love came her reply. “You are right, my chosen one in attributing my cheerfulness to religious principle. I well remember, though I was but a child, the day on which my father gave me this title, which he said I had earned that day, and how glad and encouraged I felt. When I went to my room that night I asked God, sincerely, to render me worthy of the title, and make me indeed a cheering light. God heard my infant prayer. I did not continue cheerful from that hour. I did not grow joyous all at once. But the good work was begun in my heart, and gradually, but surely, it went on. As I grew in years, God’s holy spirit was ever whispering to me, ‘This is the way, walk ye in it,’ and strengthened by divine grace, I have at last become, in a measure, the trustful, hopeful child of God, who wears the expression of a cheerful heart, because her Bible teaches her to ‘*rejoice evermore.*’ Give not the praise to me; you know that to Him only it is due who has given me grace to follow one who declares himself to be the ‘root and the offspring of David, the bright and Morning Star.’”

And thus Lilla continued, a sunbeam, till called to her home in the skies. May we not hope that she, and all who resemble her in character and life, will be numbered with those who, having “turned many to righteousness, shall shine as the stars and as the firmament, forever and ever?”

Editor's Miscellany.

BIBLICAL NOTES.

[SEE PLATE.]

MATTHEW 26: 21, 22. — "*And as they did eat, he said, Verily I say unto you that one of you shall betray me. And they were exceeding sorrowful, and began every one of them to say unto him, Lord, is it I?*"

In the life of our blessed Lord, these words occur between his celebration of the last passover and his institution of the supper. They are a conclusion of the one, an introduction to the other. Peter and John went from Bethany to Jerusalem, and following their Saviour's direction, entered the guest-chamber and there made ready the feast. They spread the table, placed on it the passover-wine, the viands, the unleavened bread and the paschal lamb. Their Master, with the other ten apostles approaches, and, as evening's lengthening shades prevail, enters the city and wends his way to the place of meeting. It is a large upper room furnished.

The ceremonial washing has passed; the preparation of the body and of the soul for the solemn service has been made. All take their seats, or rather, recline, at the table. A blessing is invoked, "Blessed be thou, O Lord our God, the King of the Universe, who hast created the fruit of the vine." The next course in this festival consisted of sallad or bitter herbs, of unleavened bread, and of dates, figs and such fruits cut up and mixed together with wine and sugar into a paste which looked like clay.

Before they partake of these, a second blessing is pronounced: "Blessed be thou, O Lord our God, for the fruit of the earth." In imitation of the example of their Lord and Master, each apostle takes a small quantity of the bitter herbs, dips it in the sauce or paste and eats it.

After the reception of these elements, all drink another cup of wine, and their Master rehearses the history of the passover, speaks of the symbolic significance of these elements, and exhorts them to increase of faith, to more fidelity in duty, to more patience in suffering, to fortitude, perseverance and renewed devotion. He says of that sacrament, "This Passover which we eat is in respect that the

Lord passed over the houses of our fathers in Egypt" — of the herbs, "These bitter herbs that we eat are in respect that the Egyptians made the lives of our fathers bitter in Egypt" — of the sauce, "This represents the clay in which our fathers labored" — of the bread, "This unleaven bread which we eat is in respect that the dough of our fathers had not time to be leavened, when the Lord appeared unto them, and redeemed them out of the hand of the enemy; and they baked unleavened cakes out of the dough which they brought out of Egypt" — of the lamb, "This is the sacrifice which the Lord commanded to be offered as a sign of Him who is to come and to offer himself a sacrifice for us all." With thanksgiving they drank the third and fourth cup of wine, which last was one of blessing, chanted one of the passover-psalms and concluded the service.

But before its termination, Christ gave utterance to a thought which shows that his heart was fixed on his approaching end — that he was communing with death: "I will not any more eat thereof, until it be fulfilled in the kingdom of God."

The old question was then debated, probably with some warmth, — a question that seems likely to be discussed till the saints shall be made forever perfect in love, — "which of them should be accounted the greatest." Christ, rising from the table, rebuked their ambition by washing their feet. By this symbolic service, he taught them the lesson which Paul subsequently expressed: "Be ye kindly affectioned one to the other, in honor preferring one another."

But in that company there is one heart at which the arrow of truth must be hurled with greater force. He whose ambition rose above the rest was not humbled by that example of meekness. His destitution of his Master's spirit must be made manifest.

No wonder Christ was troubled in spirit, as he contrasted that communion-table and those about him with the scenes of Gethsemane, of the judgment hall and of Calvary. His sense was deep of the deceitfulness of sin and of the misery it was bringing on himself, when he announced, "Verily, verily I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me."

Precisely at this point, our plate, which we confess is somewhat more occidental than oriental, represents the scene: — The Passover has been celebrated; the Lord's Supper is about to commence; the Saviour is seated at the centre of the table; the startling announcement has just fallen from his lips; John, who reclined upon his breast, has started up and inquired of another apostle, against whom he leans his head, "Of whom speaks our Master this?" Peter

who has extended his hands in astonishment, first breaks the silence : " Lord, is it I ? " Round the question goes, relieving each anxious heart, till last of all Judas, who had been intent counting the money and putting it in his bag, comes up behind the table, fixes his mercenary eye on his Lord, lifts his treacherous finger and asks, " Master, is it I ? "

Devout meditation and sympathy raise still higher the tide of emotion in the Saviour's heart. He cries out, " Woe worth the day when that man was born by whom the Son of man is betrayed ! good were it for that man, if he had not been born." Yet the sop, the prophetic sign, was given to him ; and having received it, and being moved, partly by fear and partly by anger, he arose to leave the room, when his Master bid him hasten : " that thou doest, do quickly." Those words were daggers to his heart, bent on murder. " Surely," thought he, " my plot is discovered ; my Master has heard of my conniving with the Pharisees to betray him unto them." No wonder the traitor could not endure the presence and scrutiny of his Lord, the holy society around that table, the sacred service. How could he unite in commemorating a death which he himself was about to procure. None but cannibals can feast on the human blood which their own hands shed. Truly his heart was like the troubled sea ; it could not rest. It found no holy delight in those spiritual services—none at all in prayer, in praise, nor in the communion of saints—none in any thing, save in the sight and sound of his money. His gods were of silver and gold, and he perished beneath their tyrannical sway. He went out from them, because he was not of them. It was the repulsion of his own wickedness that drove him out,—the same power which repels the wicked from the mercy-seat, and which will eventually drive them from the bar of judgment and shut them up in hell,—the opposite of that attraction which bound the beloved disciple to his Master and which gathers the ransomed and glorified in concentric circles round the throne.

But the disciples understood not the import of their Saviour's words, nor the malicious emotions and designs in the heart of Judas, to whom they were addressed. They evidently supposed their Master had sent away his treasurer to purchase articles for the feast or to distribute alms to the needy.

Again Jesus spoke to them of his approaching death and of the new commandment which he had given them, that they should love one another. His prophetic eye surveyed with the distinctness of

vision the scenes of that night and of the succeeding day,—all which was to take place between that hour and his expiring groan.

A little later we find him in Gethsemane, entirely absorbed in his personal agony; yet here his solicitude is for his apostles. He warns them of their danger: "All ye shall be offended, because of me, this night."

"Nay," says Peter, "I am ready to go with thee, both into prison and to death." How little he knew of his own heart, of the power of easily besetting sin, and of temptation.

But Christ had taken the dissecting knife, and he resolved to lay bare the springs of thought and action: Turning to that ardent and impetuous apostle, he said, "Peter, the cock shall not crow this day, before that thou shalt thrice deny that thou knowest me." He exhorted them, by their experience of his protection, to steadfastness and dependence on him, clearly intimating that a season of fiery trial awaited them. The apostle supposing he referred to an outbreak of popular violence, seized his own sword and that of another communicant, (for then and there it was not uncommon for citizens and pupils to wear side arms,) held them up before his Master, and said, "Lord, behold, here are two swords." Jesus replied, "It is enough;" it is sufficient for the protection of your own life, for he did not intend that they should defend him, since he came to lay down his life to ransom some theirs.

A few hours later Peter drew one of those swords, and with it cut off the ear of Malchus, servant of the high priest, a member of the nefarious band that apprehended Jesus. Jesus said to that rash apostle "put up thy sword into its sheath;" "my kingdom is not of this world,"—not to be extended by carnal weapons—"not by might nor by power; but by my spirit, saith the Lord."

Having thus conceded to them the right of personal defense, a right which in his own case he waived to accomplish the end of his mission, taught them the spirituality of his kingdom, and renewed the assurance of his death, he took the unleavened bread and the pass-over wine, consecrating them to a new purpose,—the one to represent his body broken for sin, the other his blood shed for our remission; he instituted the sacrament of the supper, commanded his followers to celebrate it to the end of time, and reminded them, by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, that, "as often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till he come."

This monument still proclaims that event wherever the Christian church exists. But it is *more* than a representing ordinance. If this

were all, the disciples might commune together by looking on a painting or print of Christ's passion, or even of the sacramental supper. But it is also a sealing ordinance, an appointed means, whereby God conveys his grace to the hearts of his people. Like the inspired Word, this sacrament must be received according to Christ's appointment; the bread must be eaten; the wine drank, that the ordinance may seal to the communicant the benefits of the new covenant, and nourish faith, hope, patience and every grace.

Let us look once more on the print of this scene. There is the Saviour, with his apostles around him. But where are Mary his mother, and the devout women? Where are their little children? To the latter, it is supposed that the services of the passover would appeal, and that this would prompt them to inquire, "what mean ye by this service?"

God required an explanation to be given them: it was and is still given in the progress of that feast. So in the sacrament of the supper, children should be present with their believing parents, and should witness the service; and when it leads their curiosity to inquire, "what mean ye by it?—why eat ye this bread and drink this cup?" the ministers of religion should teach them, and their parents should reiterate the instruction at home, that the ordinance may prove to them a means of knowledge and salvation.

Why, then, were there no children at the first communion-table? It was not because Jesus did not love them; for, on another occasion, he took them up in his arms and blessed them, saying, "of such is the kingdom of heaven." But he was then instituting a sacrament in anticipation of his death, and he needed only competent witnesses of the transaction. For this purpose, he selected his apostles, whom he had chosen, and who, after his ascension and the descent of his Spirit, were to go forth preaching Christ and the resurrection, publicly administering this sacrament as they had received it. As often as we celebrate it, or meditate upon it, we will beware of the cupidity, selfishness and sin that destroyed Judas; of the rashness, self-confidence and instability of Peter, and of sin in every degree and form, and will most gratefully remember our crucified, risen and glorified Lord.

"So twelve disciples with their Lord
The solemn banquet share;
And all the votive hymn have poured,
All bowed in seeming prayer,

Yet in our heart doth Satan dwell, —
 Glares in the Traitor's eye, —
 While even of those that love so well,
 The boldest will deny,
 The truest will forsake their Lord, — but does their Lord upbraid?
 Oh, no ! Love triumphs on the night when Jesus is betrayed.

“ Love triumphs — still the bread He brakes,
 The spirit's mystic food;
 And still the words of love He spoke,
 And poured the wine of blood.
 He knew the traitor's heart — He knew
 What demon lurked within;
 And ‘ what thou doest, do quickly,’
 He said, ‘ O child of sin:’
 * For thus the Spirit of the Lord in Scripture page hath said,
 And thus it must be on the night when Jesus is betrayed.

“ But ye, take eat the mystic bread —
 In this my body view;
 Drink too — the blood I soon shall shed,
 Is symbolled here for you.
 And ever this till I return,
 Your feast of love shall be;
 In this your risen Lord discern;
 In this remember Me.
 Still let the hymn of praise be sung, and still the prayer be prayed,
 As on the night, the self same night, ‘ when Jesus was betrayed.’ ”

ALMOST HOME.—A traveller, weary and worn, covered with dust, and suffering many privations, sees in the distance the curling smoke ascending from his homestead, and choked with feelings almost too big for utterance exclaims, while tears of joy are rolling down his cheeks—“ I AM ALMOST HOME ! ”

The playful child having wandered from its fond parents, trembles for fear of approaching danger, as darkness gathers around his footsteps ; yet as it sees some well-known object, shakes its curling locks and clasps its glad hands, exclaiming—“ I AM ALMOST HOME ! ”

The mariner after a long and toilsome journey, discerns in the far distance the outline coast of his native land, and sings aloud with joy, while his heart is full to breaking—“ I AM ALMOST HOME ! ”

The Christian, after having fought many hard battles, endured many trials, resisted many temptations, suffered from many afflictions, and grieved over many short-comings, feels gradually approaching the hand of disease, and being admonished thereby of his speedy dissolution, lifts his glad eye heavenward, while his heart melts within him, as he exclaims in triumph—“ I AM ALMOST HOME ! ”—*Christian Advocate.*

CHOICE SELECTIONS.

WHO IS TO BLAME?

A STORY FOR CHILDREN, BY CATHERINE DEAN.

"There! everything has gone wrong to-day!" said little Mary Allen, as she tossed her school satchel on the floor, and untied the strings of her sun bonnet with a jerk. Her pretty red lips were distorted with an ugly pout, and her whole face looked sullen and cross.

"Whose fault is it, Mary?" asked her mother who sat sewing by the window.

"Not mine, I am sure," said Mary, "but it has all gone wrong, every single thing, since I got up this morning."

"Somebody must be to blame, my dear," said Mrs. Allen, "such things don't come by accident; come here, my daughter, and let us talk it over, and find out what the matter is."

Mary sat down on a little footstool at her mother's side, but kept her eyes cast down, and began to twist the corner of her apron into a rope.

"Now something else is going wrong, I am afraid," said her mother, smiling, as she took the apron out of her fingers, and smoothed it over her lap. She took the little offending hands in her own, and said gently, "Now tell me Mary, what went wrong in the first place?"

"Well, in the first place," said Mary, blushing and dropping her eyes again, "I—was—late—at breakfast."

"Whose fault was that, my dear," asked her mother quietly.

"I don't know," said Mary hesitatingly, "I couldn't help it."

"Very well, if you couldn't help it, you're not to blame. What next?"

"Then I couldn't go to ride with papa, as he said I might last night, and I couldn't get my lesson—school time came so quick, and I lost one of my books. Then Fanny Dayton came, all ready for school, and wouldn't wait for me; and my bonnet blew off going to school, and I stumbled up the steps and tore my frock—Miss Miller rang the bell, I know, just as soon as she saw me turn the corner;—she always will be so dreadful punctual, so I had to be marked tardy."

"Take care, my dear, I am afraid something is going wrong again," said Mrs. Allen, as Mary's tone grew very cross.

"Well, I can't help that," said Mary—"Then Miss Miller would ask me all the hardest questions, and gave me such a great long sum to do on the blackboard; and then because I didn't get it right, she made me stay in at recess. I don't think it was fair, for Fanny Dayton couldn't do hers either, but I had to take the blame of every thing to-day. I am sure Miss Miller gave me the very hardest words in the spelling lesson, for she always does, and then when I missed

the girls laughed at me, and I didn't care if I missed every word." Mary dropped her head in her mother's lap, and fairly cried.

Mrs. Allen waited a few minutes, till she grew more quiet, and then said: "Finish your story, Mary, what wrong this afternoon?"

"Well, I lost my place in the geography class, and I knew every word of my lesson too."

"How did you happen to lose your place there?"

"Miss Miller wouldn't let me say it."

"That needs some explanation, Mary, she must have had a good reason for not letting you recite, when you knew your lesson."

"She said I was cross," said Mary blushing deeply again. "She said I didn't speak properly, and I'm sure I couldn't speak any better. Fannie Dayton asked me to go home with her to-night, and get some peaches—three or four girls were going, but I wouldn't go, because Julia Howard went, and Julia laughed at me in the class to-day, and called me 'cross patch' and I can't bear her—she is always making fun of everything you say or do."

"That is quite a chapter of misfortune, truly," said Mrs. Allen, "And now let us see, Mary, if we can find out the cause of it all, so as to prevent everything going wrong another time. To begin, you were late at breakfast, which you say you could not help. You forget, my daughter, that you indulged in another nap after I called you and so lost the half hour you would have had before breakfast to prepare your lesson, so instead of going to ride with papa, you had to study after breakfast—That was surely your own fault, was it not?"

"Yes, Mamma."

"Then being disappointed of your ride, you were not in the very best humor, and didn't give your mind to your lesson, as you should have done, so school time came before it was learned, or you were ready to go. Then you were a little vexed with Fannie, because she would not run the risk of being tardy for the sake of walking with you—was it not so?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Then you hurried to school, and was heated and tired, and being just too late, was disposed to blame Miss Miller for her punctuality, If she were to wait for every idle girl, I am afraid her school would soon lose the good reputation it has for order. You acknowledge, yourself, that you felt cross when you got to school; that will easily account for missing lessons. You generally take pride in Miss Miller's giving you the most difficult questions on the black-board, and the hardest words in your spelling lesson; but to day your mind was not on your work, yet I have no doubt you would have resented it as an insult to have had a simple question, or an easy word given you. In the geography class, you probably replied in a surly tone, and Miss Miller very properly refused to hear your recitation at all. I never knew her to be unjust; it is difficult always to feel that it is justice when we receive the punishment ourselves. Your sudden dislike to Julia Howard seems to come from the same cause—it was only yesterday that you was praising her wit, and laughing at some

joke she had played upon one of the girls; but when her fun-loving spirit is turned against you, you are displeased and annoyed. Little girls, as well as older people, should be careful how they hurt another's feelings even in play. But before you condemn Julia, think if Mary Ellen does not often exercise the same spirit. Remember, my dear, to treat others as you would be treated yourself, and when things seem to be going wrong again, stop, and think if the fault is not partly in yourself. If you indulge in wrong thoughts and a wrong disposition, you will be very apt to find everything around you going wrong too. Remember that God's eye is ever reading your inmost heart, and strive to have nothing there which is not pure enough for him to see."—*Little Pilgrim*.

A CHRISTIAN WOMAN.

A worldly man was with some friends in a coffee house. Wine had inflamed the heads and loosened the tongues of the guests. Each sketched the character of his wife, and enumerated her defects as well as her good qualities. "As to mine," said our worldling, "all that I could say in her praise would fall far below the truth. My wife unites all the virtues, all the amiable qualities which I can desire. She would be perfect if she were not a Christian. But her piety gives her no ill humor. Nothing disturbs her equanimity; nothing irritates her, nor renders her impatient. I might go with you, gentleman at midnight, and ask her to get up and serve us with a supper, and she would not show the least discontent. She would do the honors of the table with as much assiduity as if I had brought loved and long expected guests."

"Well, then, let us put your wife to the proof, said some of the company.

A considerable bet was made. The husband agreed to the proposal, and our wine drinkers, forgetting all propriety, went in the middle of the night, to invade with their noisy mirth, the peaceful dwelling of the humble Christian.

"Where is my wife?" asked the master of the house, of the servant who opened the door.

"Sir, she is asleep long ago."

"Go wake her, and tell her to prepare supper for me and my friends."

The wife, obedient to the call of her husband, quickly made her toilet, met the strangers and received them in the most gracious manner. "Fortunately," said she, I have some provisions in my house, and in a few minutes supper will be ready."

The table was spread and the repast served. The pious lady did the honors of the table with perfect good will, and constantly bestowed upon her guests the most polite attention.

This was too much for our drinkers. They could not help admir-

ng such extraordinary equanimity. One of them (the soberest in the company) spoke, when the desert was brought in, and said, "Madam, your politeness amazes us. Our sudden appearance at your house at so unseasonable an hour, is owing to a wager. We have lost it, and we do not complain. But tell us how is it possible that you, a pious person, should treat with so much kindness others whose conduct you cannot approve?"

"Gentlemen," she replied, when we were married, my husband and myself, both lived in dissipation. Since that time it has pleased the Lord to convert me to himself. My husband, on the contrary, continues to go on in the ways of worldliness. I tremble for his future state. If he should die now he would need to be pitied. As it is not possible for me to save him from that punishment which awaits him in the world to come if he is not converted, I must apply myself at least to render his present life as agreeable as possible."

These words affected strongly the whole company, and made a deep impression on the husband. "Dear wife," said he, "you are then, anxious about the fate that awaits me in eternity. Thanks, a thousand thanks, for the warning which you gave me. By the grace of God, I will try and change my conduct."

He was true to his promise. He opened his heart to the gospel and became from that day another man—a sincere Christian, and the best of husbands.

"Christian wives, who have the misfortune to be united to infidel husbands," adds the narrator, "read and read again this anecdote. See how minds are gained to the gospel. Complaints and reproaches, however well founded, do not restore peace to a household; often the contrary; they irritate and increase the evil. Be then full of meekness, patience, charity, and the Lord will bless your efforts."

RULES FOR HOME EDUCATION.

The following rules we commend to all our patrons and friends, for their excellence, brevity, and practical utility. They are worthy of being printed in letters of gold, and being placed in a conspicuous place in every household. It is lamentable to contemplate the mischief, misery, and ruin which are the legitimate fruit of these deficiencies which are pointed out in the rules to which we have reference. Let every parent and guardian read, ponder, and inwardly digest:

1. From your children's earliest infancy, inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.
2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean what you say.
3. Never promise them anything unless you are quite sure you can give them what you say.
4. If you tell a little child to do something, show him how to do it, and see that it is done.

5. Always punish your children for wilfully disobeying you, but never punish them in anger.

6. Never let them see that they vex you or make you lose your self-command.

7. If they give way to petulance or ill temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.

8. Remember that a little present punishment, when the occasion arises, is more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment should the fault be renewed.

9. Never give your children anything because they cry for it.

10. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden, under the same circumstances at another.

11. Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good is to be good.

12. Accustom them to make their little recitals with perfect truth.

13. Never allow of tale-bearing.

13. Teach them self-denial, not the self-indulgence of an angry and resentful spirit.

If these rules were reduced to practice—daily practice—by parents and guardians, how much misery would be prevented, how many in danger of ruin would be saved, how largely would the happiness of a thousand domestic circles be augmented! It is lamentable to see how extensive is parental neglect, and to witness the bad and dreadful consequences in the ruin of thousands.

WATCH AND PRAY.—Beware of all the malignant passions. They are great foes to grace. Envy is devilish. Hatred is murderous. Wrath is cruel. Even peevishness destroys equanimity, and connected thought is impossible. God's Spirit is a dove, not a bird of prey. He flies from noise and strife.—He who ruleth not his own spirit will be ruled by an evil spirit.

Still near me, O my Saviour, stand,
And guard in fierce temptations hour;
Support me by thy mighty hand,
Show forth in me thy saving power;
Still be thine arm my sure defence,
Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.

RESIGNATION.—Try to take cheerful views of Divine things. Dwell on your mercies. Look at the bright as well as the dark side. Do not cherish gloomy thoughts. Melancholy is no friend to devotion. It greatly hinders the usefulness of many. "It falls upon a contented life like a drop of ink on white paper, which is not the less a stain because it carries no meaning with it." Let your soul rove through the truths of Scripture as the happy herds through the green pastures.

In the furnace Christ may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth, more bright,
But can never cease to love thee,
Thou art precious in his sight;
Christ is with thee—
Christ thine everlasting light!



THE SECKEL PEAR.

We cannot do better than give Mr. Downing's description of this pear. He says—"We do not hesitate to pronounce this American pear the richest and most exquisitely flavored variety known. It is highly concentrated, spicy and honey flavored, it is not surpassed, nor indeed equalled, by any European variety. When we add to this, that the tree is the healthiest and hardiest of all pear trees, forming a fine, compact, symmetrical head, and bearing regular and abundant crops in clusters at the ends of the branches, it is easy to see that we consider no garden complete without it. Indeed, we think it indispensable in the smallest garden. The stout, short-jointed olive-colored wood distinguishes this variety, as well as the peculiar reddish brown color of the fruit. The soil should receive a top-dressing of manure frequently, when the size of the pear is an object. The Seckel pear originated on the farm of Mr. Seckel, about four miles from Philadelphia. It was sent to Europe by the late Dr. Hosack, in 1819, and the fruit was pronounced by the London Horticultural Society, exceeding in flavor the richest of their autumn pears.

Fruit small, (except in rich soils,) regularly formed, obovate. Skin brownish-green at first, becoming dull yellowish-brown, with a lively russet cheek. Stalk half to three-fourths of an inch long, slightly curved, and set in a trifling depression. Calx small, and placed in a basin scarcely at all sunk. Flesh whitish, buttery very juicy and melting, with a peculiarly rich, spicy flavor and aroma. It ripens gradually in the house, from the end of August to the last of October.



THE WILLIAMS APPLE.

This apple is called *Williams Favorite*, and *Williams Early Red*. It originated in Roxbury, near Boston, and was introduced by A. D. Williams, Esq.,—hence its name. COLE describes it as “large, oblong-ovate; bright red; dark red in the sun; little pale yellow in the shade; stalk slender, two-thirds of an inch long, in a narrow basin; flesh yellowish white, fine, mild, pleasant and excellent, Ripe during August. Moderate grower, good bearer. Requires a strong moist soil, and high culture to bring the fruit to perfection, and then it is splendid, and the most salable apple of its time in the Boston market.

The above description by Cole, of this favorite summer apple, (admitted to be the best we yet have among the early kinds,) will hardly enable any one not familiar with the fruit to recognize it. The form varies considerably, but the true type resembles the *Porter* in shape; and others of them can hardly be distinguished in color or feature from the *Sapsavine*, which is ripe about the same time,—say the middle of August. The stalk or stem is nearly an inch long, but sometimes very short and fleshy at the base—this latter is an invariable feature, and together with the fleshy *nob*, where the stem is set in, always distinguish it from the *Sapavine*. It is of a rich *winey* flavor, and generally with fine veins of red running through the white and delicate flesh.



THE VINE

THE VINE.

IN former days the rich drapery of the vine constituted one of the most beautiful and picturesque objects of Palestine. All parts of the country were favorable to its cultivation; but the fruits of Eshecol, Carmel, Hermon, and Lebanon, were renowned for their sweetness and abundance. Clusters of grapes from these vineyards sometimes weighed six pounds or more. Sir Moses Montefiore mentions that he obtained in Hebron a cluster nearly a yard in length.

"Sometimes the luxuriant plant hung its graceful festoons about the trellis, as seen in the engraving; at others it clung from pole to pole, or clad the wooden palisade with a garment of verdure."

The vine was cultivated for its utility in several respects. Camels and goats were admitted to browse on its leaves after vintage. We can scarcely form an idea of the value of its cooling shade in an Eastern climate, where the sun shines hotly through the long summer day. Sitting in cheerful groups, beneath a beautiful arbor, the members of the oriental family partook of the purple fruit which constituted a welcome refreshment, while the laborer gathered and packed for raisins the superabundant store. Both wine and vinegar are also produced from the juice of the grape.

Hence, we account for the fact that no object of nature furnished the inspired writers with so great a variety of allusions as did the vine. In the earliest parable of Scripture we find the vine, in the language of allegory, exclaiming, "Shall I leave my vine, which cheereth God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?" Thus adverting to the use of wine in sacrifice to the Deity, as well as to its medicinal benefit to man.

The church of God is the vine which his own right hand hath planted. In prosperity it sends out its boughs to the sea and its branches unto the river. In adversity the boar out of the wood doth waste it, and the wild beast of the field doth devour it.

The Saviour, ever ready to lead the mind from the field of nature to the field of holy thought for lessons of instruction and admonition, said, "I am the true vine and my Father is the husbandman. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in me."



THE HUMMING BIRD.

HUMMING BIRDS.

Nearly three hundred species of this beautiful bird have been collected in the Zoological Gardens of England. The splendor of plumage, which characterizes this class, has given rise to the error that they are natives of the eastern continent. As a matter of fact, however, they exist only on the western continent and the adjacent islands. The form is, therefore, essentially American.

One beautiful species of this bird is well known in the United States. Passing from its winter quarters in Mexico, it ranges through all the region to the borders of Canada. The most brilliant species known migrates from another portion of Mexico through, California to Nootka Sound. Others migrate from Bolivia, and sweep the whole length of South America to Terra del Fuego.

Though these birds came from a warm climate, they are capable of sustaining an intense degree of cold. They have been seen around the blossoms of the Fuchsia, at Terra del Fuego, while the snow covered the ground. There is a species which inhabit the snow-lined regions of Chimborazo and Catopaxi.

It has been erroneously believed that humming birds feed entirely upon honey. Although they do occasionally take both honey and pollen, the real object of their search in blossoms is the insects which inhabit them, insects so small as to escape detection by the naked eye.

The species represented in the engraving, called *Docimastes ensifer*, lives on insects which hide in the blossoms of *Brugmansia*. To enable the bird to penetrate the depth of this long tubular flower, there is a remarkable adaptation of beak to the proposed design.

The jewel-like splendor, which glitters in every direction, upon the head, the throat, the breast, the back, and the tail of these delicate creatures, must be supplied by the imagination, since an engraving, though in the most perfect style of art, can only exhibit what is remarkable in form.

POOR, YET RICH.—A poor simple man once said, "I have lost all my property, I have lost all my relatives, my last son is dead. I have lost my hearing and my eyesight; I am all alone, old and poor, but it makes no difference. Christ never grows old, Christ never is poor, Christ never dies, and Christ never will forsake me.

Religion! What pleasures untold
Reside in that heavenly word,
More precious than silver or gold,
Or all that this earth can afford!



HARMONY.

This engraving presents a beautiful picture, and shows that animals of opposite natures may be taught to live on terms of peace with each other.

A young lady in England had a dove, a lark, and a red-breast, so tame, and on such excellent terms with her cat, that they would peck the crumbs from her plate, and often perch upon her back.

A man in London carried his efforts, in this respect to a still larger variety of animals. He has taught the owl, the pigeon, the rabbit, the cat, the mouse, the hawk, the starling, and the sparrow, to frolic together in the same cage. The owl and the sparrow eat from the same plate, while the mice caper directly under pussy's paws.

A traveller says, "I have seen in the streets of the British metropolis, living harmoniously in the same apartment, a cat, two mice, a rat, three sparrows, one linnet, one canary, one owl, and two guinea pigs."

Thus we see that animals naturally hostile to each other may be trained to amicable intercourse. How desirable that men, whom God hath made of one blood, to dwell on the face of all the earth; men, who have common interests and sympathies, should learn to live in love and peace? It is estimated that the bodies of those who have already been slain in battle would extend six hundred times around the globe.

HOUSEWIFERY.

GOOD CRACKERS.—A lady writing to the *Prarie Farmer* gives this receipe.

1st. Make a knife, of hard wood, with one two or three blades, which should be from 12 to 18 inches long, from two to three inches wide, one half inch thick on the back, and less than one-fourth inch on the edge; leave it sufficiently strong, so that it will not break.

2d. Take good flour, a suitable portion of salt, and pure cold water, mix the dough as stiff as possible; cut the dough with the knife until it becomes light and short, say for one hour, as the longer it is worked the better.

It must be prepared so firm, or hard, that the whole cannot be rolled out with a rolling pin, but that each piece for a cracker must be snapped off, moulded, rolled and picked separately. A quick fire, but do not burn them.

I prefer the addition of a small portion of good butter, for some purposes.

This has been my practice for the last 40 years.

THE BEST TOOTH WASH, because the safest, and most universally accessible, and most invariably applicable and efficient, where specific dental science is not sought, is a piece of common white soap with a brush of moderate stiffness. The correspondent of a medical contemporary inquires as to the truth of the statement, to which the editor replies simply, *It is "nonsense!"* What are the ascertained facts of the case? "Tartar on the teeth," is a familiar expression. Microscopical examinations shows that millions of living things are there—but there are mainly two kinds, and that the larger class are instantaneously killed by soap suds, when strong acids have no effect whatever. Here is a simple fact on which eminent dentists have based the practical advice to use common white soap as a corrector and preventative of tartar on the teeth to a considerable extent.

BEEF BOUILLI.—Take from six to eight pounds of a fine round of fresh beef. Put it into a soup-pot, with the remains of a piece of roast beef (bones and all) to enrich the gravy, but use no other cold meat than beef. Season it slightly with salt and pepper, and pour on just sufficient water to cover it well. Boil it slowly and skim it well.—When the scum ceases to rise, have ready half a dozen large carrots, cut into pieces; and six whole onions. Let it boil slowly till all the vegetables are done, and very tender. Send it to table with the beef in the middle of a large dish; the vegetables laid all around it; and the gravy (thickened with fine grated bread-crumbs) in a sauce-boat. Serve up with it, white potatoes, boiled whole; and mashed pumpkin, or winter squash. This is a good dinner for a plain family.

NEW WAY TO COOK TURNIPS.—A good way to cook turnips, is to slice them thin and fry them in fat, as you would potatoes.—*Cor. Michigan Farmer.*

A CEMENT FOR BROKEN EARTHENWARE.—Take one oz. of dry cream cheese grated fine, and an equal quantity of quick-lime mixed together, with 3 oz. of skimmed milk, to form a good cement, when the rendering of the joint visible is of no consequence. If mixed without the milk, it perhaps might be stronger still.

HOW TO WASH FLANNEL.—Some washer-women possess quite a *knack* in washing, so as to prevent it fulling. It is not the soap suds, nor rinsing water, that thicken up flannel in washing, but the *rubbing* of it. Cloth is fulling by being “pounced and jounced” in the stocks of the fulling mill with soap suds. The action of rubbing on the wash board, is just the same as that of the fulling mill. Flannel, therefore should always be washed in very strong soap suds, which will remove the dirt and grease, by squeezing, better than hard rubbing will in weak soapsuds. It should also be rinsed out of the soap in warm water, and never in cold, as the fibres of the wool do not shrink up as much in warm water after coming out of the warm soapsuds. Great care should be taken to rinse the soap completely out of the flannel. This advice will apply to the washing of blankets, the same as it does to the washing of flannel.

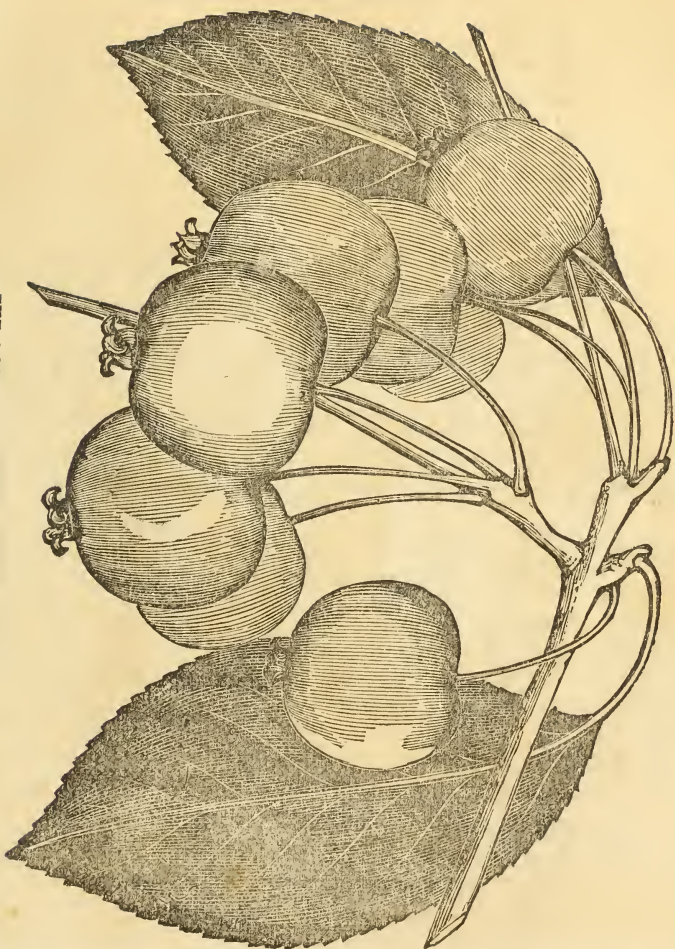
THE RHUBARB PLANT.—The Victoria and Mammoth varieties have none of the earthy taste peculiar to the old kind, and need no peeling. The stems should always be cut in short sections across the fibre. It is very nice stewed, to eat with bread and butter, but should always be cooked quickly with a liberal supply of water, and the sugar added when put over to cook.

Pies made of it are much richer, if sweetened with syrup or good molasses, with a plentiful sprinkling of sugar, than when sugar alone is used. My method is, after the pie dish or pan is lined with paste to fill it with the cut plant, dust in a small quantity of flour, sprinkle the sugar over, then put in your syrup or molasses, to suit your taste for sweet. A little water should be added that the pie may be juicy; cover as usual for any fruit pie. They should be baked quickly until the paste is nearly done, then open your oven door, and let the fruit cook thoroughly, but not long enough to have your pie dry. To have them good they must be juicy. Molasses alone for sweetening, with a sprinkling of flour and a little water makes an excellent pie, and some prefer them without any sugar.

Another excellent dish for the dessert is a rhubarb-roll. Roll out paste, such as is used for pie-crust. Lay over it cut rhubarb, then roll it and press the ends closely to keep in the fruit. Have ready a cloth scalded and floured, pin your roll up snugly in it, and put it in a kettle of boiling water. One five inches in diameter will require full two hours to boil, serve with butter and sugar, syrup or sauce, to suit your taste. In boiling puddings, an old plate should always be put into the kettle, to prevent them from adhering to the bottom of it. —*Battle Creek Journal.*



THE YELLOW SIBERIAN GRAB APPLE.

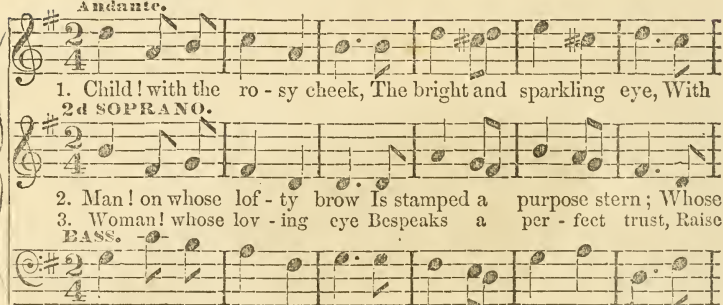


"GIVE TO GOD THY HEART."

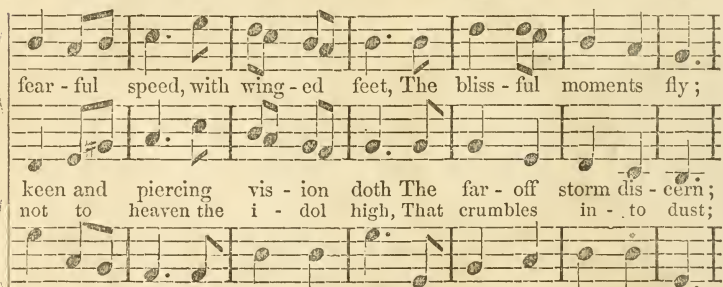
POETRY BY MARY G. HALPINE.

MUSIC BY L. MARSHALL.

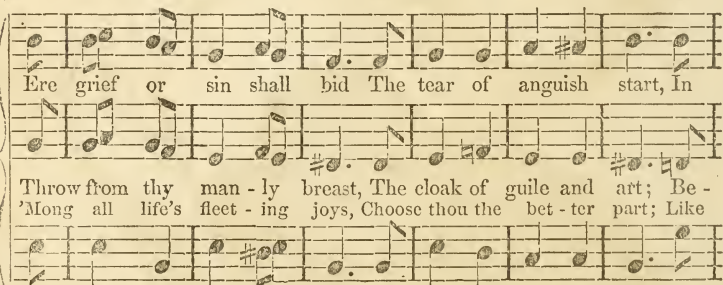
1st SOPRANO.
Andante.



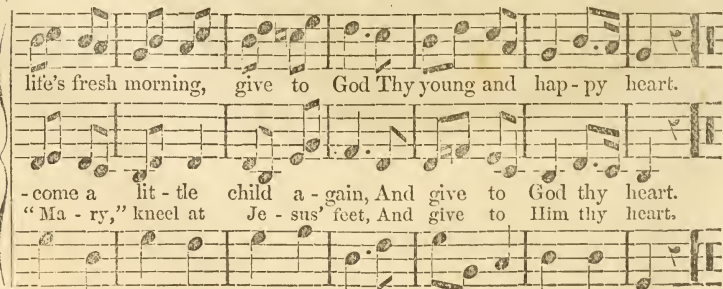
1. Child! with the ro - sy cheek, The bright and sparkling eye, With
2d SOPRANO.
2. Man! on whose lof - ty brow Is stamped a purpose stern; Whose
3. Woman! whose lov - ing eye Bespeaks a per - fect trust, Raise
BASS.



fear - ful speed, with wing - ed feet, The bliss - ful moments fly;
keen and piercing vis - ion doth The far - off storm dis - cern;
not to heaven the i - dol high, That crumbles in - to dust;



Ere grief or sin shall bid The tear of anguish start, In
Throw from thy man - ly breast, The cloak of guile and art; Be -
'Mong all life's fleet - ing joys, Choose thou the bet - ter part; Like



life's fresh morning, give to God Thy young and hap - py heart.
- come a lit - tle child a - gain, And give to God thy heart.
"Ma - ry," kneel at Je - sus' feet, And give to Him thy heart.

SCENES IN THE DESERT OF SHUR.

BY PROF. LAWRENCE.

WE found ourselves in the pasture-ground of a few wandering Bedouins, whose flocks were roaming over the wastes, nibbling the dry tufts of grass which sprang up here and there through the sand. Wishing to observe their manner of life, we strolled leisurely towards one of their tents. The faithful watch-dog gave the signal of our approach. A tall, gray-bearded old man, who like Abraham, was sitting in the door of his tent, came out to meet us with his bare feet, and his coarse blanket thrown over his shoulders. As I walked up to him, I gave him the Mahommedan salutation, placing my hand first upon my forehead, then to my lips, and finally laying it on my breast. This brought him directly towards me, holding out one of his sun-burnt hands, while with the other, he returned my salutation. I took his hand, he gave mine a cordial grasp, then kissed his. I returned the grasp and kissed mine, and this was our introduction. Pointing my new acquaintance to my friends, he saluted them in the same civil manner. We could understand nothing he said, except the *selam* which he repeated several times, and which I knew from its resemblance to the Hebrew word Salem to mean "peace," or "peace be to you." For want of a better medium of communication, I commenced making signs. Pointing to some scattered trees, and to the sun just sinking into its bed of yellow sand, and then looking up towards the heavens, I laid my hand on my heart, thus expressing reverence. "Allah, Allah!" he exclaimed. This word, nearly identical with the Hebrew Eloah, I knew to mean God. I then signified that we should like to go to his tent. He cheerfully led the way. There, as his guests, we were safe. To eat salt in a Bedouin's tent, is a covenant of safety. Four small children, with his wife and daughter, the latter the mother of the little brood, were the occupants. It was a rude habitation for human beings, about four feet high, eight

long and six wide, made of coarse goat's hair cloth. No bed, no chairs or table, graced this dwelling of man. A little fire was smoking in the door under the offal which had been piled upon it for fuel. We took notice of the children, giving them a few paras, which attracted, there, as every where, pleased the parents.

We had here in the wilderness, met a man as near the savage state as he could well be, and, without our knowing his language or his knowing ours, friendly relations were immediately established between us, based upon the two great truths of religion, the existence of God, whom we both recognized by the Arabic term "Allah," and the law of love, signified by the common salutation "selam." It was a pleasing episode in the prose of our desert-life.

As we travelled day after day through the wide wastes of sand, with only here and there a tuft of coarse grass, and a few dry, prickly shrubs, occasionally passing a well of bitter water like the wells of Marah, and in some low-land vale, a cluster of palm-trees, seldom so many as the seventy at Elim, we were forcibly reminded of the description given by Moses of this same great wilderness of Shur. And as I rode upon my faithful camel, starting lizards or serpents from under almost every clump of shrubs, I took out my Bible and read of "that great and terrible wilderness, wherein were fiery serpents and scorpions and drought, where there was no water." And verily I was in the midst of it. "It is no place of seed, or of figs, or of vines, or of pomegranates, neither is there any water to drink." And it is even so. As we now and then passed a solitary vulture, feeding upon the carcass of some worn-out camel, or listened to the night-bird's disconsolate cry, I was reminded of David's striking description of his own sorrowing and afflicted state. "I am like a pelican of the wilderness, I am like an owl of the desert."

And this absence of water was made more impressive by contrast with that most singular phenomenon, which we frequently witnessed—the *mirage*. The illusion is complete.

There stands the limped lake, whose quiet shore we shall soon gain. The smooth surface is ruffled by the gentle breeze, and the ripples, glittering in the sunbeams, are chasing each other across its tranquil bosom. There are the islets sitting on the water like contemplative sea-birds. The shores are distinctly marked, and occasionally a cooling shade-tree upon its margin augments the enticement to hasten on and refresh ourselves in such a tempting retreat. It was not till I observed that the margin *receded* as we advanced, — that, what a few minutes ago seemed a delightful sheet of water, was now only scorching sand under our feet, that reason fully resumed her empire, and corrected the hallucination. This tantalizing illusion is the peculiar effect of the rays of the sun, reflected from the expanse of heated, glittering sand.

Advancing farther into the desert, the surface of the country becomes more irregular, and the scenery, more wild and variegated. The clumps of shrubs scattered over the wastes, are fewer, but larger, growing apparently without moisture, from the vegetative properties of sand and air. As the root grows, the frisking wind drifts the sand around it, and it becomes the nucleus of a hillock, gradually, in the space of a century perhaps, increasing to a mountain, which as slowly may be worn away in helping to build up other hills and mountains. We were in the heart of the desert, yet the scenery was as wild and picturesque as romantic Switzerland. Around, and far away in the distance, towering mountains of fine, glistening sand in every shape and of all sizes, meet the eye. Sometimes they rise up separately, like a smooth sugar-loaf; again square corners are formed, and the sand is piled up to a point like a pyramid. Sometimes it is wrought into mountain-ranges, rising ridge over ridge and peak above peak, glittering in the sun like piles of dazzling light. The boundaries of the hills and vales, and their curves and lines are drawn as with mathematical exactness, and artistic taste. Upon the windward side of a ridge or mound, there is occasionally a beautiful tracery like ripples on the surface of a lake. Sometimes it seems like a fine, silken net-work, delicately wrought, as the adorning which nature gives to the

little hills in this barren waste, as a compensation for the lack of verdant beauties. The gentle breeze, as if to finish their toilet, bears along over them a soft white powder as the fleecy cloud sometimes veils the face of the blue sky. And these various forms of beauty are all the work of the *wind*, the sand being the only material out of which is constructed so unique and picturesque a landscape. Without hammer or chisel, or square or compass, it takes down and builds up these singular edifices, and is all the while busied in these fantastic changes, which it has been carrying on for nearly six thousand years.

We were now in that part of the desert the most infested by robbers, and Saturday, the sacred day of our Jewish companion, was approaching. He had but a single attendant, his camel-driver, and he was unarmed. What will he do? He will observe his Sabbath, and remaining behind his fellow-travellers, will hazard the peril of robbers. On Friday evening he made application to me privately to take charge of his money and his watch, that if he should meet with robbers, these might be safe. I complied with his request, taking his name and residence, and direction where to leave his effects, in case he should not overtake us. The next morning, with a little of sadness at leaving him thus alone in the desert, but with admiration for his conscientiousness, we proceeded on our course, while he walked to and fro, alternately reading his Hebrew Bible, and lifting his clasped hands in prayer. On the afternoon of the next day, as we were resting on *our* Sabbath at El Arish, he came up with us, refreshed by the worship and repose of his.

El Arish is a fortified town containing about two thousand inhabitants. It is on the Mediterranean, although it has no commerce. Nor has it any mechanic arts or manufactures or agriculture. The people deal in cattle and camels which they rear in the desert, and are the marine carriers across this sea of sand. The lineal descendants of the Philistines, they are possessed of many of the repulsive traits of their warlike ancestors. This was the Botany Bay of the old Egyptians, to which place criminals, condemned for capital

offences, having first had their noses broken, were transported by the Pharaohs. Hence the name El Arish — land of broken noses.

Here are the ruins of a Christian church, which was early dedicated to the Virgin Mary. Here Baldwin II., King of Jerusalem, died in the midst of his warriors, when on his way to the conquest of Egypt.

Our somewhat spacious tent attracted the notice of the Governor, and procured for us a visit from his Excellency and suite, which, as it was the Sabbath, only our Roman Catholic priest and the German physician were disposed to return. He was very social, though not intelligent, being unable to read or write. The coffee and tobacco with which our dragoman profusely supplied him, introduced us so effectually to his favor, that, much to our annoyance, he repeated his gubernatorial visit in the evening.

The whole course from this place to Gaza, is replete with historic interest from the time of Nebuchadnezzar down to Napoleon and Ibrahim Pasha. Near the border line we passed two solitary granite columns, the only remains of ancient Raphia, where Antiochus the Great and Ptolemy contended with their trained elephants, for the Empire of the East. Here also, it is said, the elders of Israel received the daughter of Pharaoh for King Solomon, and conducted her to Jerusalem, to add another to his nine hundred wives. Crossing the river of Egypt, we entered Palestine at the southern extremity of the rich and beautiful vale of Sharon, where still grow the “rose of Sharon” and the “lily of the valley.”

TEARS AND SMILES.—God made both tears and laughter, and both for kind purposes; for as laughter enables mirth and surprise to breathe freely, so tears enable sorrow to vent itself patiently. Tears hinder sorrow from becoming despair and madness, and laughter is one of the very privileges of reason being confined to the human species.

MUSINGS.

DISEASE hath laid his withering hand
Upon this mortal frame of mine :
Physicians, with their healing wand,
Can only check the sure decline.

He long hath kept me lying low,
But he'll at length his task complete ;
Then Death will give the final blow,
And lay me prostrate at his feet.

The grave is waiting to receive
This body, when the soul hath fled ;
But shall I sigh, or weep, or grieve,
That I must slumber with the dead ?

The pains of death may be severe,
The scene of dissolution long ;
The ties that bind my spirit here
May prove to be exceeding strong : —

But Christ hath died as mortals die ;
He hath the sting of Death removed —
Lain in the grave as mortals lie,
Its gloom and loneliness hath proved.

And He hath left the darksome tomb,
Ascended in the clouds to heaven ;
I too, shall leave its solemn gloom,
The promise hath to me been given.

Come Death ! I'll greet thee as a friend,
And fearless in the grave will lie,
And from it with the Lord ascend,
To reign with Him above the sky !

But if protracted long my s'ay,
May I ne'er murmur nor repine,
But ever, with submission say,
“ Thy will be done, O Lord, not mine ! ”

THE FAMILY RELATION.

BY R. CRAWFORD.

AFTER years passed in active life, with the best opportunities to observe the habits and enjoyments of mankind, I have drawn the conclusion, that, as a general thing, the family relation is not appreciated as it should be. Of all earthly alliances, that of husband and wife is the most binding and sacred; yet, in passing from house to house, and forming intimate acquaintance with the heads of different families, it is no uncommon thing to find those "whom God hath joined together," so divided in feelings and sentiments, that where unity, love and peace should prevail, are seen discord, contentions and consequent unhappiness. Where such is the state of the united heads of a family, the whole household is effected by it, greatly to its disadvantage: parental and filial obligations are not rightly estimated and there is a want of correct management and discipline on the part of parents, and of respect and obedience on the part of children, which often renders one's stay in that domestic circle any thing but pleasant—many times it is even painful to tarry as long as circumstances render it necessary.

But, when families live thus unpleasantly, it must not be inferred that there is, of course, an entire absence of love: they may possess very strong natural affections, and still act without due consideration, from the impulse of the moment, and thus, through want of a just appreciation of home, and friends bound by kindred ties, and of their relation to, and claims upon, each other, for comfort and happiness, form habits, the constant practice of which destroys the enjoyment of all who assemble beneath the roof of their dwelling. The family relation is the arrangement of Providence, and is the greatest temporal blessing that God ever conferred upon man; and, thanks to His great name, there are families in which the most critical observer can discover nothing to prevent him from pronouncing them "a happy family." But the numbers of such

households are much less than they should be. Would that they were far more numerous!

It is not, however, my design at this time, to dwell upon the duties and obligations of husbands and wives, nor on those of parents and children; but on the relationship of brother and sister, with its attendant obligations and enjoyments.

How dear, how sweet and strong, and, if properly cultivated how enduring the affection attending the relation of, brother and sister; and yet, how little is generally thought of this endearing, sacred relationship as long as the family reside together and all goes well with each member of the circle! All cannot think alike at all times; hence differences of opinion frequently arise. These might and ought to exist without unhappy results; but human nature is such, that differences are not always amicably settled and forgotten: many times from very trivial causes, bitter contentions arise, and an unkind feeling is left to rankle in the breast of one or more of the fire-side circle, and too often it is cherished there till death. Sad, O, how sad the thought, that those so nearly allied to each other, should ever become thus alienated, even when the causes producing such a result are of an important character! But selfishness and pride are prominent traits in the natural heart, and though discipline does much to control them, nothing less than the grace of God can subdue them. These, with envy and jealousy, kindred traits, cause most of the discord in families while they remain together, thus rendering them regardless of their obligations to each other, and causing them to forget that they are dependent, in a great measure, upon each other for their welfare and happiness. But years disperse the family, and if when separated by time and distance these evil traits cease to be cherished, all prejudice will be laid aside and affection will be cultivated — then the love of brothers and sisters will be strong, even in extreme old age. It sometimes seems that brotherly and sisterly love has become extinct in the heart of the aged; but when it has been cherished and cultivated, and the fount of affection overflows in old age, with all its youthful tenderness, the sight is lovely indeed.

To every one interested in the present and future well-being of his fellow creatures, the fact must appear lamentable, that brothers and sisters, while young and in the possession of home, health and their attendant blessings, so frequently fail to appreciate each other as they ought. Often, there is very little fraternal love or sisterly affection exhibited by the "home circle," until it is visited by adversity or death. These frequently come as if they were sent to cause friends to realize their obligations to each other, and the claims that one kindred spirit has upon the others who dwell beneath that paternal roof. "When one of the members suffers, all the other members suffer with it," and if there has formerly been a want of kindness, sympathy, and affection in the family circle, when afflictions visit it, they are rendered more painful by a reproving conscience. In this way the dormant tender emotions are generally aroused and called into exercise, and indifference becomes anxiety. But it very often requires separations by distant removals, or by death, to enable those reared at the same hearth-stone to place a true estimate upon each other's worth. The enjoyments and benefits attending a highly cultivated kindred love are too sweet, too deep and valuable, to be dispensed with. But, "blessings brighten as they take their flight;" and it is difficult to appreciate fully any blessing until deprived of it.

Brothers, sisters, hasten, before the evil day shall come, so to love each other that affections need not be sent to teach you your duties to the dear home-circle. Then, when death shall select a victim from your number, conscience cannot condemn you, and you may hope finally to escape that dreadful sentence, "Ye knew your duty, but ye did it not!" and to hear the welcome plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servants!"

There is nothing on earth so beautiful as the household on which Christian love forever smiles, and where religion walks, a counsellor and friend. No cloud can darken it, for its twin stars are centred in the soul. No storms can make it tremble, for it has a heavy anchor. The home circle, surrounded by such influences, has an antepast of the joys of a heavenly home.

THE TEACHINGS OF THREE WEEKS.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"I DECLARE, I don't quite like this," soliloquised Mrs. Wilmer, a wife of three months, as she walked up and down her tastefully-furnished parlor, one pleasant summer afternoon. She was a little, graceful woman, with a face that owed most of its charm to its brightness and vivacity, for though the mouth looked like a cleft rose-bud, with a stray sunbeam in its heart, and the eyes were blue as the skies that strike out from the edges of some May cloud, Marion Wilmer's face had little of bloom or regularity of features.

She was a warm-hearted, impulsive girl-woman, who loved her husband with all that strength and devotion which makes a woman cling to a man "through good and through evil," sacrificing and suffering for him to the end of her life.

So Marion Wilmer loved her husband. But she had been tenderly cared for, and petted through all her childhood; she was accustomed to receive many sacrifices from, and make few for others; then, like so many, many other characters, full of beautiful impulses, her principles had never been highly educated, and she was not in the habit of analyzing her own feelings.

Frederick Wilmer was a proud and happy husband, loving his young wife almost to idolatry, and never dreaming that she might be at times, a little exacting and selfish in her demands on his love. Now it is certain that a heart that has room only for one affection cannot be a very large one, and newly married women would do very well to remember this. A wife should, of course, have the first place in her husband's heart, the chief seat at his table, "the best rooms there, and the prettiest furniture;" but there are guests' seats, too, and rooms beyond, and surely that love which ignores every other tie, demanding all for itself, is self-love, which is selfishness. There are other gems besides the diamond; and this may not lose

any of its worth or brilliancy because it is set in the midst of them.

There was a shadow on the brow of Mrs. Wilmer, that day, as she walked up and down the parlor, with the heavily carved sofas on one side, and the crimson-cushioned chairs and marble tables on the other. It was the heaviest that had been there since that morning when she turned away from the altar with Frederick Wilmer, a newly married wife.

"I think it's too bad that Charlie Stevens"—continued the lady, swinging absently in one hand a locket containing her husband's likeness and hair—"should take up so much of Fred's time. Now, they've gone off on this fishing frolic, I shan't see any more of him till night, I 'spose. I know Fred's very fond of fishing, and it's the first time he's gone since he's been married; but then, don't Charles take him once a week to the Association, and there's always something coming on; some meeting or supper, or nobody knows what. I think after a man's married, he belongs exclusively to his wife, and that his friends should understand this, and let him alone. I can't have others set up their claims to Fred beside mine, that's certain, and I do just wish I could devise something to keep Charles Stevens away from me. Fred has me, (bless his heart,) and that ought, of course, to satisfy him."

She was still for a moment, but the cloud did not lighten on that fair brow, and no smile wavered over the settled lips, or in the musing eyes that searched without seeing the figures on the Turkey carpet; for pretty Mrs. Wilmer, to speak the plain, unvarnished truth, was actually jealous of her husband's regard for Charles Stevens; she really believed (why *will* women be so petty and narrow-minded?) that this lessened by so much his affection for herself, took away something that belonged exclusively to herself.

Now Frederick Wilmer and Charles Stevens had known each other from childhood, and there was something beautiful in the brotherly attachment that had grown and strengthened between them from boyhood. They would "have gone to the world's end to help each other." The young merchant had been, indeed, under large obligations to Charles Stevens for

procuring assistance at an important crisis in his business. The friends of both the young men often laughingly protested that as they could not marry each other, they would not marry at all; but Frederick Wilmer had proven the fallacy of this assertion, for the blue eyes of Marion Worth had won a place in his heart which his friend had never occupied.

Charles had congratulated Frederick warmly when he heard of the engagement, although it may be the young man conquered a secret pang when he remembered the evenings they used to pass together, and thought how seldom Frederick now ever spared him one from his betrothed.

Well, the young people were married, and went to house-keeping. Charles was a tolerably frequent guest here, and admired Marion greatly; but that jealousy, how prejudiced, and unjust, and evil it makes one. She did not reciprocate this feeling. And she ought to have rejoiced greatly over this brotherly bond, to have strengthened it by every word and deed in her power. But, alas! for our humanity.

"There, that will be just the thing," said Mrs. Wilmer, swinging her locket and chatelaine vehemently. "I'll give that party next week and not invite him. It'll be a pretty strong hint as to my wishes respecting his future relations with my husband; but what'll Fred say? No matter, it'll be very easy to make him promise I shall give out all the invitations, and that he'll not allude to the party to a human being. Then, when he finds Charlie Stevens isn't here, he'll certainly be surprised, and, of course, he won't like it; but I guess a little of my coaxing will make the matter all right;" and she smiled; but somehow, that smile did not brighten the face of Marion Wilmer, as her smiles usually did.

"I'm in a prodigious hurry, Stevens, and I can't stay, indeed I can't, to discuss the matter now;" and the young man hurried from the desk where Charles Stevens was sitting—for he was clerk in a bank. "See here," the speaker turned round suddenly, "we'll settle the thing to-night at Wilmer's. I've had an invitation, though we're mere acquaintances, for it's to be a large party, and I'll see you there, of course."

The young man looked up with a question on his lips, but his friend was gone.

"It must have been an oversight on all sides, or else it's all his wife's doings," mused the young clerk, as he dipped his pen into the ink and commenced adding up the column of figures in the book before him for the tenth time, although the sum involved no rule but that of simple addition. "It struck me the last time I was there, that the lady wasn't very cordial" — his brow lowered. "Well, there's one thing, if they treated me to such a marked slight as this, I shan't trouble them very soon again, that's certain. But then, there's Fred, it'll go hard, oh, so very hard, to give him up! Hang the whole race of women, I say! and yet if he deserts me, my best resource, I'm thinking, will be to take one of them 'for better, for worse.'"

"Well, haven't we had a good time, Fred?" and the young wife threw herself down on a small divan by the side of her husband and surveyed, with real pleasure, the disordered parlors and the tables confusedly scattered over with heaps of china and glass, and silver, intermixed with broken forms of cake, and fruit, and cream.

"Yes, a most delectable one; and do you know what I thought when you stood at the table, Marion?" looking down, and smiling with the dark eyes in her face.

"No — something I shall like to hear, I know."

"That there were a great many lovely women around me, but none, after all, who could compare with a certain Marion Wilmer."

"Oh, Fred! did you think that?" and she looked beautiful now, with the smile coming up into her blue eyes, and the blush into her fair cheeks.

"I did, most assuredly, dear. But" — abruptly changing the subject — "it's very strange Charlie Stevens wasn't here to-night. I missed the old fellow all the time; perhaps he's ill. I must go round to the bank to-morrow morning and see what the matter can be."

Marion blushed again — not from pleasure, this time, and for

a moment she wished that she had asked her husband's friend to the party; but the truth must come out now. "Fred, you remember you told me I might give out all the invitations to this party?"

"Yes."

"Well, I didn't invite Charles Stevens."

"Didn't invite him, Marion!" in a tone between surprise and displeasure. "What in the world prevented you?"

"Because — because — Fred, I don't like him as well as you do. He comes here, and takes you away from me every few evenings, and seems to consider his claims greater than my own."

Frederick gave a significant whistle.

"No don't look so cross, Fred," pleaded the wife, laying her hand on her husband's shoulder.

"Marion, I would not have had you done this thing for a thousand parties," he said, sternly. "Charlie Stevens is a true friend to me — would go further to serve me than all the people together who were here to-night."

This praise was not pleasant to the young wife. A little frown gathered over her face. "I think you set quite too much store by this friend of yours," she said. "I can't for my part see in what his great merit or attractions consist."

"In his noble soul and his warm heart, Marion. I must call upon him to-morrow, and make up this matter, somehow. It'll be a disagreeable business, though."

Marion burst into tears. "And make your wife ridiculous by throwing the blame on her? I would not have believed you would do this, Fred, even for Charles Stevens' sake."

Her tears softened the young husband at once, and he was ready to promise almost anything to call back the old smiles to that bright face; then he saw clearly that he could not apologize to his friend without implicating Marion, and he finally concluded to let the matter drop, hoping that Charlie would hear nothing about the party; and so Marion Wilmer had triumphed; with her woman's arts and tears, she had come between her husband and the best friend he had on earth. How many a wife has done this thing!

Frederick Wilmer and Charles Stevens did not meet for several days after this; and when the former called to invite his friend to dine with him, he felt at once that he was no longer the Charles Stevens of the old time. He talked and joked after the old fashion, and said the old words, but his manner and even his very smile had lost their old heartiness; and Frederick felt it all.

Men have not the tact of women in making graceful apologies, or getting out of an awkward dilemma. The young merchant had it several times at "his tongue's end" to allude to the party, and apologize in some way for the inadvertency on his part. But he could not implicate Marion, and he was too conscientious to tell a falsehood. So they parted, and Charles Stevens did not come to dinner, because an imperative engagement prevented, and after this Marion had Frederick all the evenings to herself.

"I'm very sorry you can't go, Marion, but I'll run down and tell them not to wait for me, as I shan't leave you alone."

"Yes, you will, Fred," answered Marion, lifting her head from the pillow, and faintly smiling; "I shall sleep until you return, so your being here will do me no good — kiss me now and run off."

Mr. and Mrs. Wilmer had ridden down with a large party to the shore that day; but she had been taken ill with a severe headache, to which she was subject, and obliged to keep her chamber, in the hotel, while the rest of the party were preparing to go off on a sailing excursion.

"Well, then, if you insist upon my going, good bye;" and Frederick Wilmer laid back the uplifted hand very tenderly on the pillow, and left his young wife to that best physician of head and heart aches, *sleep*.

When the young man reached the shore, he found a large addition had just been made to the party, and of this latter number his friend, Charles Stevens. They met cordially, of course, with mutual expression of surprise and pleasure, which were interrupted by the hurried preparations to embark.

The sail boat was not large, and when all the ladies were

seated, the boatmen thought it unsafe to put off with so large a company ; so some half-dozen of the gentlemen volunteered to take a small boat that lay tied to the shore near them, and among these were Charles Stevens and Frederick Wilmer.

It was a beautiful day, as those two boats swept from the shore, the one riding the waves with her white sails leaping to the wind, and her green sides breasting the blue waters, as though she knew and rejoiced in the world of proud manhood and womanly loveliness she carried with her.

The other boat was a diminutive little affair, quite filled by the six gentlemen on board of her, who waved their hats to the ladies, and plied their oars right bravely, as they followed in the wake of the others.

The afternoon wore brightly on ; but, at last the wind sprang up and strengthened, and thick black clouds began to pile themselves in the sky. The two boats had separated long before this ; but now both were turned homeward. Fiercer and fiercer stormed the wind, hurling the waves up madly, and the boats, now far apart, rocked and quivered as they ploughed through the white foam.

Frederick Wilmer and Charles Stevens were the only two on board the smaller boat who understood perfectly how to manage her, and she was by no means well constructed to ride against the wind. Two of the gentlemen thoughtlessly attempted to rise, grew dizzy, lost their equilibrium, and in attempting to regain it, fell to one side, nearly capsizing the boat. In Fred's alarm the oar fell from his hand into the sea ; he leaned over, making a quick, blind motion to secure it once more — the boat dipped again, and this time when she righted, Frederick Wilmer was in the sea.

He was not an expert swimmer, and after battling a moment with those wild waves he went down, and there was none to save him.

The men in the boat sat horror-bound. None of them except Charles Stevens could swim well, and the shore was far off ; it would have been certain death to have committed themselves to the waves.

Frederick Wilmer rose again ; and Charles Stevens saw that

wild, white uplifted face — the face that had beamed up along his path, from boy into manhood — and his heart stood still for pity.

A moment more and he had thrown down the oar, and sprung into the waves. He clutched the young merchant by his long hair, and beat out for the shore. It was a terrible struggle for life. Frederick was completely exhausted, and soon little more than a dead weight upon his friend; but courage and skill triumphed at last, and with great exertion Charles Stevens drew his friend upon the shore.

“My husband, my husband! is he drowned?” White as the dead were Marion Wilmer’s lips, as she asked this question, while she stood upon the wet sands, with the wind and the rain beating through her long, unbound hair.

The storm had roused her from her sleep, and she had rushed out on the piazza, straining her eyes for the large vessel which was not in sight, and in which she fully believed her husband had sailed with the party. She observed the smaller boat, and thought it was filled by a company of fishermen, who would understand managing it well enough. But her eyes were bent in another direction, and it was not until the swimmers nearly reached the shore, that they attracted their attention.

Suddenly a change came over her face. She grasped the railing of the piazza, and gazed with distended eyes and quivering lips on the two heads, that one moment rose, and the next were buried under the spray.

It was some distance to the shore, and the young men reached it before she did, though she rushed almost like a spirit over the sharp rocks and wet sands.

“No, he’ll revive soon, don’t be alarmed,” Charles Stevens answered the frightened wife, and then fell down on the ground, overcome by his long struggle with the waves.

There was help at hand, and the two men were conveyed to the hotel, and in a short time both were restored to consciousness, to learn that the storm had abated, and both the boats after imminent peril reached the shore.

It was evening, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilmer, with Charles Stevens, sat together in one of the chambers of the hotel.

"Charles, my dear old fellow, to think I owe my life to you!" said the young merchant, lifting up his pale face from the hand that rested on the arm of his chair, for he had not yet regained his strength. "There are debts too great for a man to cancel; there is a gratitude too deep for words. Charlie, what shall I say to you?"

"Nothing at all, Fred. It is enough of reward to me to think that I saved you."

"And to-night if it were not for you, Charles, (she had never called him Charles before,) instead of sitting here by Fred's side, a happy, happy wife, I should have been ——," the lady could not finish the sentence, for the tears that sprung up from her heart into her eyes — those eyes that bent down on the young man, from their blue depths, a glance of gratitude, that he thought repaid him fully for all he had done.

He smiled lightly. "You would have made a charming widow, certainly, Mrs. Wilmer; but, notwithstanding, I had rather see you a loving wife."

And then the memory of their recent neglect of Charles Stevens smote the heart of both husband and wife; but Marion felt it far more keenly of the two. She was an impulsive little woman, and in her gratitude for the life more precious than her own, which he had saved, her pride entirely vanished, and she determined to confess the wrong she had done the preserver of her husband.

"I am very much ashamed of it, but I can't keep it back now," she said, turning round her tearful face, and flashing up through it her smiles on the young man; "but I was really jealous of you, Charles, and — and when I gave my last party, I just didn't invite you, because I thought my husband would care less for me, if he loved you so much. It was very, very wicked, and how God has punished me for this feeling; but still if you knew what a young wife's tenderness is for her husband, you would not find it so hard to — to do what, with these tears of penitence and shame I ask you now — forgive me."

“To be sure I will,” answered the hearty tones of Charles Stevens, as he lifted the little hand Marion Wilmer had lain on his own to his lips. “We will never speak of it any more.”

And then Frederick Wilmer rose and stepped toward him. He took the hand of his wife and the hand of Charles Stevens and clasped them both together. “We have been brothers all our lives, Charlie,” he said, “and it is now right I should bring you a sister. It is the best, the only reward that I can bring you.”

And Charles Stevens drew his arm around Marion Wilmer. “Marion, my sister!”

“Charles, my brother!” and so there was “peace” between them.

“And now you may take Fred to the club, and the association, and to all the fishing and hunting frolics in Christendom, for all I shall care,” laughed Marion.

“Look here, I don’t know but what the tables will be turned, and I shall be jealous of you, Charlie, Marion is so willing to turn me off.”

Mrs. Wilmer clapped her hands in her own dainty, graceful fashion, and laughed a laugh so full, and sweet, and frolicsome, that both the listeners could not choose but join in it.

But Marion’s bright face grew sober again, as she said, “I shall never forget the lesson which the last three weeks have taught me.”

And she did not; she was never jealous of Charles Stevens again.—*Arthur’s Home Magazine.*

ALWAYS READY.—Our breath is in our nostrils; we know not what a day or an hour may bring forth. The proper method for preparation for death is a life of faith in Christ, and a hearty and faithful discharge of every duty. Such cannot be taken unawares; they have living grace and they will have dying grace whenever they shall need it. ‘As thy day is, so shall thy strength be.’ They have strength in life to live to God, and in death to die to him.

GIVING PRESENTS TO CHILDREN.

BY REV. WM. M. THAYER.

Not long since we called upon a family and found the father and mother somewhat troubled about the present of a tin sword to their little son. It came from a very honorable and respected person, whose kindness they fully appreciated; but they believed that such toys appealed to the baser passions of the heart, and ought not to be tolerated. The child valued the gift highly, and flourished the weapon with the air of a young hero. His deep interest in the toy made the parents still more solicitous.

In two other instances we remember to have heard similar complaints by parents. In one case, a box of ninepins was the present; in another, "The Battle of Alma." It was feared by them that the ninepins might beget a love for gaming; and the representation of a battle-scene develop the spirit of warfare. They were gratified that notice was thus taken of their children; but would have been better pleased with some other gift, though it cost not half so much. They hoped the time would come when givers of presents would have as much regard for the good as for the pleasure of the child.

These facts relate to a prevalent evil. Hundreds of parents have experienced similar trials. It is a delicate matter to express dissatisfaction with a gift that is made from motives of love and friendship. The child cannot understand why the present is not a proper one: besides, the parents can hardly venture to show him that it is an improper token. Hence, there are few things that oppose more insuperable difficulties to the efforts of considerate parents to train their children correctly, than this kind of gift-making.

It is plainly the duty of all persons, who purpose to give presents to the young, to consult the good more than the pleasure of the recipients. The most attractive article, if it tends to develop evil propensities, should be sacrificed for one far less inviting. It is morally wrong and wicked, to perplex parents in their difficult work of educating sons and daughters

for usefulness and God. Besides, the toy-market, and all other markets, are well supplied with unexceptionable articles, so that no excuse for giving improper tokens can be offered on this score. Books are always at hand ; and they are the very best presents for children. They are both pleasing and elevating. A good book is a good companion, and one whose salutary influence will never die.

No one would think of teaching a child that gaming is an innocent amusement. Is it not equally inexcusable to teach him the same thing by the gift of a toy that may nurture the love of gaming ? It is no relief to a parent to know that his son acquired his evil habits only by intercourse with a toy, in early life. He would just as lief that a person would pour pernicious sentiments into his child's ear, as to embody the same in a present to him.

HOME WITHOUT A MOTHER.

What is home without a mother ?
What are all these joys we meet ?
When her loving smiles no longer
Greet the coming of our feet ;
The days seem long, the nights are drear,
And time rolls slowly on ;
And O ! how few are childhood's pleasures,
When her gentle care is gone.

Things we prize are first to vanish ;
Hearts we love to pass away ;
And how soon, even in our childhood,
We behold her turning gray.
Her eye grows dim, her step is slow,
Her joys of earth are passed
And before we learn to know her,
She hath breathed on earth her last.

Other hearts may have their sorrows ;
Griefs that quickly die away ;
But a mother lost in childhood,
Grieves the heart from day to day.
We miss her kind and willing hand,
Her fond and earnest care—
And O ! how drear is life around us,
What is home without a mother ?

DEDICATION OF THE GOLDEN IDOL ON THE PLAIN
OF DURA.

Of all the ancient cities, Babylon was the most gorgeous in magnificence and splendor. Thebes may have exceeded it in massive temples and towers; Tyre, the queen of the sea, whose merchants were princes and her traffickers the honorable of the earth, may have surpassed it as a mart of commerce; Athens excelled it in the simple and intellectual purity of its sculpture, painting and architecture; and Rome, proud mistress of the world, showed more of the stern and iron strength of military power: but for gorgeousness, magnificence, Babylon was "the golden city," so styled by the voice of inspiration—"the glory of kingdoms," "the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency," "a golden cup in the hand of the Lord," "the lady of kingdoms," "the praise of the whole earth," "a tree of such luxuriant branch and verdant leaf, that not any tree in the garden of God was like unto her in her beauty." Babylon was the golden head of the image seen in Nebuchadnezzar's vision, the brightest and most glorious of all the kingdoms represented by the symbol. Her king is styled "the king of kings," "the mighty one of the heathen," "the hammer of the whole earth," to whom "God had given power over all flesh, and over all the beasts of the field." He was a splendid despot—"all people, nations, and languages trembled and feared before him; whom he would he slew; and whom he would he kept alive; and whom he would he set up; and whom he would he put down." The spoils of conquered cities and provinces garnished his capital, and his palaces were rich "in barbaric gold and pearl." His princes were arrayed in purple and precious stones, and his countless armies shone in all that wild and gay coloring, which is found alone in an oriental clime, under a sway of half-civilized despotism. Astrology and sorcery, those mystic sciences so fascinating to rude and uncultivated minds, and not without charm to the more intelligent, were the chief study of the magi, who surrounded the court; and the Chaldean sooth-sayers mingled

with the sovereigns and princes of Babylon, in the festal scenes and worship, boldly interpreting dreams, and muttering predictions and omens, to which the blind credulity of the age gave a ready ear. Of all this pompous array the monarch was the central sun, around whom all worshipped his throne, resplendent with gold and precious stones—his royal robe of Tyrian purple—his sceptre the rod of dominion to the countless tribes of many tongues, subjects and tributaries of his vast empire. It was the perfection of human pomp and grandeur, the gorgeous magnificence of Oriental despotism.

Under this mighty rod of Jehovah, Judea had been smitten and Jerusalem burned with fire. For her sins, the city of David had been given a prey to the spoiler; her princes slain; her sons and daughters sold into captivity. Of the more noble among these, “of the king’s seed, and of the princes, children in whom was no blemish, but well-favored and skilful in all wisdom, and cunning in knowledge and understanding and sciences,” the despotic monarch ordered a selection to be made, that they might be trained to grace his court, as attendants in the palace. Among these, the most distinguished were four of the children of Judah, Daniel, Hananiah, Mishael and Asariah. These were eminent for knowledge and piety; and, amid all the seductions of an idolatrous court, clave fast to the true religion. As they remembered God, so God remembered them, and gave them “knowledge and skill in all learning and wisdom. So that among them all was found none like Daniel, Hananiah, Mishael and Asariah: therefore stood they before the king. And in all matters of wisdom and understanding that the king required of them, he found them ten times better than all the magicians and astrologers that were in all his realm.” Daniel, especially, had understanding in all visions and dreams, and having, in the second year of Nebuchadnezzar’s reign, interpreted a dream, after recalling it to the king’s memory, when it had gone from him—which none of the magicians, or astrologers, or Chaldeans could do—was made ruler over the whole province of Babylon, and chief of the governors over all the wise men of the kingdom. At his request, his three companions were set over the affairs of the province of Babylon.

Babylon attained its highest pinnacle of glory under the reign of Nebuchadnezzar, who was its ablest and most prosperous monarch. He swept over the Eastern world in rapid conquests, and gathered from every land the spoils of victory to deck and beautify the city of his kingdom, already profusely adorned by the wealth and taste of his predecessors. Tyre, situated at the entry of the sea, a merchant of the people of many lands, the mart of ancient commerce, rich in purple, silks, gold, precious stones and all merchandise, fell before his conquering sword, and her abundant wealth poured into Babylon. Egypt felt his mighty hand, and the treasures of Zoan were brought to adorn and enrich his capital. Judea and Jerusalem were his tributaries, and their gold and silver increased his vast stores of wealth, all which he spent lavishly in enlarging and beautifying "the house of the kingdoms," till it glittered in golden palaces and temples, and shone resplendent the proud capital of the Eastern world, whose conquered nations poured their riches and treasures into it. The king himself was a splendid specimen of the oriental despot—brave, haughty, fond of pomp and power, of quick and generous impulses when pleased, but stern and vindictive in the moment of initiated passion. Accustomed to have every word from his lips received as law, he was prompt in decision, and energetic in action. Impatient of contradiction, he demanded implicit deference to his will, unhesitating obedience to his command. This history is remarkable in strange incidents and supernatural visions. Doubtless he partook largely of the spirit of his age and nation, and searched eagerly into dreams and omens, and the interpretation of dreams. Hence God, who held him as "the rod of his anger, and the staff of his indignation against Tyre, Egypt and Jerusalem," by visions of the night, communicated to him what should come to pass hereafter. These dreams he called the wise men of Chaldea to interpret, but their sagacity failed—the interpretation was not with them. Hence he called on Daniel, who, by wisdom imparted from above, unfolded the mystery, giving both the dream and the interpretation thereof. By this providential arrangement, the monarch was brought into intimate connec-

tion with pious Jews, and an impression, for a time at least, made upon his mind, that led him to declare publicly "the God of Daniel to be the God of gods, and a Lord of kings, and a revealer of secrets." At the same time he was evidently an idolator at heart; for, in the next recorded scene of his life, he sought to make all the people of his kingdom bow in idolatrous worship before a huge golden image he erected in the plain of Dura. Afterward he had a vision of his own fall and degradation, "for the haughtiness of his pride, and because he gave not God the glory." In fulfilment of the vision, he was driven from his palace and kingdom, and his reason dethroned. Being again restored to power, he humbled himself, "and praised, and extolled, and honored the King of heaven, whose works are truth, and all his ways judgment." Whether this was a real, hearty, permanent recognition of the true God, we cannot say, for here the remarkable record closes. These incidents, however, serve to illustrate the character of the monarch, and show how the light and the darkness alternated in his mind; how, at one time, under quick impulses, stirred by remarkable revelations of God's power, he acknowledged the might and glory of Jehovah — and anon, swollen with pride, he sought to bend all his subjects to idolatry, and make his single will the law of conscience and of worship to all the people of his realm.

Nebuchadnezzar was now in the full tide of prosperity, and he loved to make lavish display of his wealth and greatness. He, therefore, out of his accumulated treasures, the gathered spoils of many kingdoms, caused to be made a gigantic, golden image, three-score cubits in height, and six cubits in breadth. This splendid idol he erected on the plain of Dura, in the province of Babylon, and appointed a day for its dedication with pompous rites, and an imposing array of that wild, gorgeous magnificence in which he delighted. The appointed day came, and from all the tribes and tongues of his widely extended provinces mustered the princes and mighty men, in their varied, picturesque costumes of scarlet, purple and gold, with gay banners floating on the air and notes of liquid music from sweet-toned instruments, and jewelled armor glittering

in the sun — a vast company arrayed in bright and sunny colors of every hue, such as can be gathered only in the oriental despotisms, where the semi-barbarian chiefs and their followers delight in floating robes of rainbow dyes, and every lance tosses its gay pennon to the breeze. Babylon opened wide its brazen gates, resplendent as burnished gold in the morning sun, and the princes, and priests, and magicians in their costliest dress, studded with jewels and precious stones — the armed cohorts, “gleaming in purple and gold” — the players on instruments, “discoursing all the while sweet music,” and unnumbered masses of every rank in gala attire, sallied out, covering the wide plain with flowing beauty and animated life. In the midst of all, rode the royal monarch, in regal dress, and jewelled sceptre and crown, in all the dazzling pomp of the conquering despot. Earth perhaps never saw a scene so wonderful and gorgeous — so rich a display of all the varied hues and forms of grandeur and beauty, which power and wealth can create. All was designed to mark the triumph of idolatry.

The haughty monarch, having reached his appointed place by the golden image, paused, and cast his searching glance over the multitude. Every knee did him homage — every ear waited his word. He nodded, and the waiting herald, obedient to the sign, proclaimed aloud the imperial mandate: — “To you it is commanded, O people, nations and languages, that, at what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer and all kinds of music, ye fall down and worship the golden image that the King Nebuchadnezzar hath set up; and whoso falleth not down and worshippeth, shall, the same hour, be cast into the midst of a burning, fiery furnace.”

The imposing rights began. Around the tall, golden image, glistening in the sunlight as arrayed in the sun’s own beams, priests in flowing robes waved costly oblations, and sweet incense of the precious spices of Sheka, whose delicious perfume breathed on the air as the odor of flowers, and banners and pennons waved over the wide plain — when, suddenly, at a nod from the monarch, a thousand instruments of music

awoke to melodious strains, rising and floating far away on the calm, tranquil air, till they caught the ear of the most distant tribe among that countless multitude. At the sound, the imperial despot reverently bowed his sceptre, and cast himself prostrate in lowly obeisance before the costly idol. Every banner and pennon was downward bent, and that, all that mighty mass of men prostrated themselves to the earth in humble adoration. Of all those proud and princely nobles, those brave and fearless warriors, those cunning and wise magicians, and of all that assembled company of tongues and nations, but there stood erect—three young men, in the garb of king's counsellors. They were captive Jews, whom the monarch, in a moment of generous impulse, had raised to honorable distinction, and made rulers over the favorite province of Babylon. Worshipers of the true God, they bade defiance to the king's commandment, and, unawed by the terrors of the fiery furnace, would not bow the knee in idolatrous worship. They made no leagued opposition to government, nor sought, nor desired to kindle the flames of sedition, but alone, in their own conscience and in their own person, calmly refused to do contrary to God and to duty.

There were enough among the fawning courtiers and sycophants about the court, whose envy had been stirred by the devotion of these sons of captivity, to bear tidings of their disobedience to the king. In the hour of his pride, when his heart was flushed with the homage rendered to his word by the mighty masses around him, the whisper came to his ear that certain alien Jews, favored by his all-powerful patronage, had boldly refused to do homage before his idol. The despotic passions awoke all uncontrolled in his breast, and he angrily commanded the men to be brought before him. Stern and brief were his words, which breathed the haughtiness of one who felt himself born to command, and to whose will reason and conscience alike must bow. "Is it true, O Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego—do ye not serve my gods, nor worship the golden image I have set up?" He then gave them the alternative—to render the demanded homage to the golden image, or to be hurled into the burning, fiery furnace; and

haughtily added, with the blasphemous presumption of a proud idolator, "and who is the God that shall deliver you out of my hand?" Calmly but fearlessly replied the young men to the enraged despot. Committing themselves in strong faith to God, they unhesitatingly refused obedience to his command. Nor wrath of the king, nor fiery furnace could "shake their steadfast resolve." The monarch heard, and his vindictive hate was stirred, and his countenance paled in wrath. What knew or cared he for rights of conscience? Who of all the princes of Babylon might dare oppose his will or brave his power? much less the captives, spared by his sword, and raised to honor by his smile!

Quick he spake and urgent, bidding the fires kindled, and the furnace heated seven times hotter than usual. Impatient he waited, and called the mightiest of his soldiery to bind the three Jews hand and foot, and hurl them, thus fettered and helpless, into the fierce flames. So impatient was his wrath, that the servants who hastened to do his bidding, were themselves consumed by the exceeding heat of the furnace.

Idolatry now seemed triumphant. Despotie wrath had done its worst, and its helpless victims fell down bound into the midst of the burning fiery furnace. The fires crackled and roared around them, wrapping them in sheets of flame — by whose intense heat their bonds were consumed, but they themselves were unscathed. Unscorched in persons or garments they stood erect like the bush Moses saw encircled with flame, but unconsumed. And lo! another form appears with them of such wonderful majesty and beauty, as marks him, though in human likeness, divine, the Son of God. Him the fiery element acknowledges master, and dared not touch his sacred person; and shielded by his presence, the captive Jews stood unhurt and unbound in the midst of the scorching flame.

The wrathful king sat by, and watched the execution of his sentence. Suddenly he started, and cries astonished to his counsellors, "Did we not cast three men bound into the midst of the fire?" They instantly replied, True O! king. "But," said he, "lo! I see four men loose, walking in the midst of

the fire, and they have no hurt, and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God." Well might the proud monarch be startled, for never in his wonderful night visions had been revealed a scene more wonderful—never had a fuller, clearer display of Jehovah's power passed before his eye. In a moment of impulsive feeling, characteristic of the man, his stern hate passed away, and his spirit was awed by the manifest presence of the true God. Rushing hastily forward, he came near the mouth of the furnace, and cried to Shadrach and his companions, "Ye servants of the most high God come forth and come hither." Before all that mighty array of the pomp and power of Babylon, in presence of the idol they had refused to worship, they came forth and stood before the king. "And the princes, governors, and captains, and the king's counsellors, being gathered together, saw these men, upon whose bodies the fire had no power, nor was an hair of their head singed, neither were their coats changed, nor the smell of fire had passed upon them. Then Nebuchadnezzar spake and said, Blessed be the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, who has sent his angel, and delivered his servants who trusted in him, and have changed the king's word, and yielded their bodies, that they might not serve nor worship any God but their own God. Therefore I make a decree, That every people, nation and language, which speak anything amiss against the God of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, shall be cut in pieces, and their houses shall be made a dunghill: because there is no other God that can deliver after this sort."

Thus did Jehovah vindicate his glory before the most pompous and imposing array of idolatrous worship Babylon could make: and deliver his humble worshippers from the furnace heated seven times hotter than usual, by the haughty and wrathful king. So that the proud monarch, "the mighty one of the heathen," before all his assembled potentates and powers, and at the foot of the costliest shrine ever reared to idol worship, did homage to the true God.

The dedication of the golden image of Dura closed with the public recognition of Jehovah as above all gods. Contempt was poured on the costly idol. The Lord alone was exalted in that day.

AN UNHAPPY "PLEASE."

BY S. A. B. C.

"*Sister, please give me my book.*" Did Eliza feel happy when she asked the return of her borrowed book? Not at all. She had returned from school weary and fretful; and although she had been instructed to say *please*, if she wanted a favor, yet the request was made in so unlady like a mood, as to contrast strangely with the true meaning of the beautiful word *please*. The force of habit constrained her to *say* please, while her spirit was supremely selfish.

Kind words, like every other good thing, may be abused. Children, as well as older people, should remember that it is not enough to speak kind words. A kind spirit must be manifested, else the words avail nothing. The Lord looketh at the heart, and knoweth what feelings prompt us when we speak. We may deceive all others around us except the Lord.

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.—Dr. Leonard Woods was going to Hartford, years ago, to preach the ordination sermon of Mr. (now Dr.) Hawes. When he reached the Connecticut River, the bridge had been carried away by a freshet, and the river was full of floating ice. He walked to the edge of the river, and ascertained that the boatman would attempt to take him across. Then he went to a house which stood near by, knocked at the door, and asked the privilege of a retired room for a short time. There he kneeled down and sought direction from God, concerning his duty, committed to God, himself, his wife and children, and then returning to the river, he crossed in safety.—*Dr. Sprague's Annals*.

BEST THINGS TO GIVE.—The best thing to give to your enemy is forgiveness; to your opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to a child a good example; to a father deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men charity.

THE BEAUTIFUL IN NATURE.

BY REV. H. DANIEL.

WHATEVER definition of beauty we may adopt, the fact of its existence will not be questioned. It greets us on every hand, more abundantly disclosed, indeed, to the cultivated and observing eye, yet visible, also, to the most superficial and heedless. Physical beauty, of which alone we now speak, abounds in every department of nature. In the animal kingdom, for instance, what graceful form and proportion, what richness and delicacy of color, what sweetness of sound! It was not mere utility which made the humming-bird that flies around our door, or the bobolink pouring out melody as he wings his way over the meadow. "In the commonest human face," says an artist, "there is more beauty than Raphael will take away with him." The eye is not only an admirable contrivance for conveying images of external objects to the mind, but, in its form, colors, and varying expression, is in itself beautiful. Can anything surpass the tints of an insect's wing, whether viewed by the naked eye or through the lenses of a microscope. If we descend into the region of animalcules, the minutest living objects examined by the most powerful instruments, we find that they exhibit the greatest perfection and finish. Indeed, it seems as though the Creator had purposely drawn a veil between the common eye and some of the finest specimens of his handiwork in order to surprise or stimulate investigation or science.

The revolving seasons have many pleasing aspects. Spring scatters the Hepatica and Anemone on the hillside, tinges the meadow with green, breathes on trees and shrubs and bids them revive, and awakes the song of birds. Summer fills the air with fragrance and music, robes the forest in deep rich foliage, supplies man with fair and invigorating fruits, and decks his fields with the tokens of a coming harvest. She brings us cool and dewy mornings, long twilight evening airs, resonant with the chirp of insects, the peal of distant bells, and the murmur of leaves and streams. She brings that

"—— strange, superfluous glory of the air"

which poetry feels, though chemistry cannot discover, it brings skies of tropical richness and splendor, clouds and refreshing rain. Autumn comes laden with ruddy fruit and golden grain. She decks the hills with variegated banners, and over all casts a thin, azure haze, softening the rugged outlines of the landscape, suffusing every object with a dreamy spell which wraps the beholder in an Elysium of delight. And last in the train, Winter, spreading his white mantle over the earth, hanging crystal pendants on tree and shrub, purifying the atmosphere, giving the sky a deeper blue, and the stars an intenser lustre, filling the northern air with Auroral coruscations, and compelling the coldest heart to exclaim, "God hath made everything beautiful in its time!"

But is the world, indeed, one wide, unvarying scene of beauty? There are exceptions, certainly, to this general fact. In the animal and vegetable kingdoms, there are imperfect developments and even deformities. There are thorns and poisons as well as flowers and wholesome fruits. Barren deserts, vast marshes, and rocky wastes abound as well as fertile plains and blooming gardens. Tempests howl through the sky, the lightning smites the earth, volcanoes and earthquakes rend its bosom. Does not this mixed state of things indicate that something has happened to the earth since its creation? May it not be that the natural world sympathizes with its chief inhabitant and lord, bearing part of the woe which has fallen upon him?

"O, earth! dost thou, too, sorrow for the past

Like man thy offspring? * * *

* * * Dost thou wail

For that fair age which the poets tell,

Ere yet the winds grew keen with frosts, or fire

Fell with the rains, or sported from the hills,

To blast thy greenness?"

But without pursuing this inquiry, it is obvious that the world is full of beauty; it surrounds man with a continual presence, and addresses his soul through every possible avenue. What, now is the *meaning* of this beauty? It is not here by accident. The machinery of the universe might have been firmly constructed, and its parts closely fitted and properly

lubricated, without being adorned with tracery, and set with gems. Why, then, did the Creator superadd the ornamental to the useful? We answer—why should he have done otherwise? It is hardly conceivable that the Divine Intelligence should manifest itself spontaneously in the way of deformity and ugliness. On the contrary, it seems proper to suppose that God made the world beautiful, because, in giving visible expression to the thoughts of his own perfect mind, he could not embody them otherwise than in forms of beauty.

Moreover, the earth so made contributes to the Divine happiness. Tell us not that the Almighty takes no pleasure in that on whose adornment he has lavished so much care, and which his own lips have pronounced “very good.” The earth was not made solely for man’s enjoyment; else, what means the thousand, thousand flowers which bloom and shed their fragrance amid untrodden forests and on inaccessible mountains? What mean the uncounted gems and precious stones which lie undiscovered on the bottom of the ocean, and in the bowels of the earth? Untold wonders lay open to the Divine eye before the invention of the microscope, and doubtless still greater remain undiscovered, which no perfection of human instruments will ever enable man to behold. The Infinite mind sees all these things at once, the vast and the minute, and finds happiness in them.

No one will deny that the world so made promotes man’s happiness. The brute creation cannot appreciate beauty, and hence their happiness was not taken into the account in this thing. An ox can detect poisonous herbs by their odors, but he never stops to admire a sunset; he has no passion for *mignonette*. The dog will trample down the finest parterre, in search of a bone. Man alone of all creatures on earth is permitted to share with the Divine Being in the enjoyment of the beautiful. And has not that Being dealt toward man, in that respect, with a Godlike benevolence? He has made the earth a paradise—not a prison house. He has not made it simply endurable, but a place of delight.

These things being so, the beautiful in nature should receive attentive regard. Some men affect indifference to every form of beauty, and others associate a taste for such things with

mental effeminacy. The finest lilly pleases them less than the blossom of the vine, for it promises nothing really useful. The most beautiful river charms them only as it feeds canals, or drives machinery. The most stately tree excites only apprehension of its injury to some growing crop, or suggests calculation as to its worth in fire-wood and lumber. Let such men hear the words of Channing. "Suppose that I were to visit a cottage, and to see its walls lined with the choicest pictures of Raphael, and every spare nook filled with statues of the most exquisite workmanship, and that I were to learn that neither man, woman, nor child, ever cast an eye at these miracles of art, how should I feel their privation! how should I want to open their eyes, and help them to comprehend and feel the loveliness and grandeur which in vain courted their notice. But every dweller in the country is living in the works of a diviner artist; and how much would his existence be elevated, could he see the glory which shines forth in their forms, hues, proportions, and moral expression!"

This love of the beautiful should be carefully fostered. Too often is it repressed and overshadowed by severely practical pursuits. Were it more assiduously cultivated, we should see less of that growing materialism and epicureanism which now prevail, less of that perilous haste to be rich, less of that vulgar ambition for display, and more real culture of mind and simplicity of manners, more purity and contentment. Happily, the means for its culture are confined to no class in society. Wealth and power may lock up many rare specimens of art from the common gaze, but they cannot monopolize the sunset, nor the thousand forms of beauty which fill the earth.

It hardly need be added here, that it is this to enjoy the beautiful. Did not the Son of God, as he trod the earth, delight to look upon its various, pleasing aspects? "Consider," said he, "the lillies of the field! . . . Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." Man might have lived a brute's life, subsisting upon roots and nuts, but God saw fit to endow him with a higher style of existence, and planned the world expressly to minister to his intellectual wants and taste. Does it then become man to turn away from all these things as from things forbidden? They are a royal gift, and should be

gratefully received. They are not a radical cure for the ills of life, but they are a most pleasing solace. They serve to refine and elevate the taste, to calm the passions, to soothe grief, and lighten heavy burdens.

No one need fear that the beautiful in nature—say what he will of art—will prove a snare to him. Why should it not rather purify his thoughts, and lift them upward, give them higher conceptions of God and of heaven? For, if God has so wonderfully adorned this distant and comparatively insignificant planet, what will He not do in the immediate presence of His throne?

The view we have now taken, suggests an argument for rural improvement. If, as many suppose, man has brought in a measure of deformity upon the otherwise beautiful earth, let him seek to restore the earth to its primitive loveliness. He cannot, indeed, robe the entire globe in the beauty of Eden, but he can remove much of its ugliness, can fertilize much of its barrenness, and some small portions of its surface he can highly adorn. He can clear away wild forests, root out the thorn and thistle, and clothe even the most sterile soil with verdure. Whatever is already beautiful, he can preserve from desecration. He can erect comfortable and tasteful dwellings, and so arrange them within and without, that their occupants shall have daily familiarity with objects affording and promoting refinement.

Were the public taste more generally and highly cultivated our hillsides and valleys would present a spectacle of greater beauty than they now exhibit. The neat cottage, the farm house, the mansion, each embowered in leafy beauty, would speak, in no mistaken language, of contentment and social culture. Broad avenues of trees, mile after mile, would refresh the highway traveller. Public parks and gardens, and cemeteries would be amply provided in the neighborhood of all our cities and villages. And above all, each home would be surrounded with whatever could lend it ornament and grace, binding to it the heart of the child and the man of years, weaving about it precious memories which no lapse of time, nor change of fortune could ever destroy.

THE GUIDING STAR AND LIFE'S DISCIPLINE.

BY MRS. C. B.

"I dreamed, yet 'twas not all a dream."

I STOOD for the second time upon an eminence, that overlooked the broad plain of human life. With untiring interest I contemplated its ever-varying scenes, some of which were beautiful beyond description, while others were repellent, or attracted but to give pain to the observer. I looked for a long time at its numerous paths running in every direction; the broad highways thronged with crowds of travellers, the strait and narrow ways where the numbers were comparatively few. Some seemed isolated, others were gathered in small groups or families. On one of these my attention was soon concentrated. Its most powerful attraction was a beautiful child. Her face was glowing with health and radiant with happiness. Flowers of rarest hue and fragrance were springing up beneath her feet and on every side of her. She plucked them till her dimpled hands were full, and in her infant glee her silvery voice rang forth, peal on peal of gay and happy laughter. With but few exceptions the flowers were thornless, but from contact with those that were not, she was as far as possible shielded by the watchful guardianship of a mother's love; and if the delicate fingers sometimes felt a sting, and the blue eyes filled with tears, they were like the summer shower, and were quickly chased away by the sunshine of a mother's smile. On she bounded, her light step scarcely crushing the verdure beneath her feet, while ever and anon a strain of music burst from her rosy lips, sweeter to my ear than the sweetest songs of birds, for it was the song of a young immortal; the language of a heart whose mirror-like surface was not yet so covered over with the dust of earth that it could not reflect back the image of him who had kindled its living light.

With rapt attention I watched her progress, her angelic beauty, her every motion so full of artless grace, and won-

dered in myself how long she would remain so joyous and pure, where spirits of evil were even striving to lure from the paths of innocence and peace. But deeply as I was interested in the child, I found that I must soon lose sight of her.

As we proceeded, (for I too was a traveller,) my course was through a valley so bounded by mountain and forest, that the plain was hid from my view. But over hill and valley, surmounting every barrier, there came to me a little quiet messenger telling me that it was well with the child.

When I saw her again she was no longer a child, but a youthful maiden ; and glad was I to know that she was still in the path of truth and duty, and not as when a child because she was led in it, but because it was her chosen way and she loved to walk in it. True, her path was sometimes rugged, and not always cloudless, but the difficulties of the way pressed not upon her spirits, for a bright guiding star was before her, and beside her, as of old, was her guardian angel, a mother's love. With that love for a shield and the Star for a guide, she hardly felt the thorns that were sometimes in her path, and her step, though more subdued than in childhood, was still firm and elastic ; the arched brow, the deep, earnest expression and lustre of the beaming eye, as it sought to look into the long vista before her, told of bright hopes and joyous anticipations. She was a pattern of filial love and duty, as well as of sisterly affection. A little group of brothers and sisters looked to her for aid and sympathy, and never looked in vain. One little tender one she often carried in her arms. They called her Lily, a name characteristic, not only of the unsullied fairness of her complexion, but of her sweet humility and gentleness of character. And as I looked upon her, I involuntarily exclaimed, blessed is the mother of such a daughter. And the spirit voice at my side responded, "Blessed indeed ! and blessed is the daughter of such a mother !"

As yet the little band was unbroken. No serpent had entered their Eden, no rude hand had snatched a bud or flower. Death had found no victim there. But a stranger came. He had seen and loved the beautiful Lily, and he longed to pluck

the coveted blossom from its parent stem and wear it in his own bosom. With winning smile, and soft, persuasive words, he won her guileless heart, then asked her of her parents, as the choicest treasure earth could give. He promised to shield her from ill and to strew her path with flowers, aye to bear her in his arms when she was weary, even as the shepherd bears the tender lambs.

To his many fair promises they yielded her. There were tears in her blue eyes as she asked her father's and her mother's blessing, but with a woman's undoubting trust she laid her hand in his, who had promised to shield her from the storms of earth, and as they took another path, she consoled herself with the thought that there were intersecting ways connecting the new road with the old one, which would enable her to communicate with the dear friends from whom, for the first time in her life pilgrimage, she was separated.

But despite of these reflections, sad memories crowded upon her; her eye was downcast and her step lingering and unsteady. But a manly arm was around her, dark eyes looked lovingly upon her, and sweet words of affection were whispered in her ear. He told her that she was the light of his earthly existence, and he would be her strength and solace; that she was dearer to him than all else. She listened and believed. Happily for her peace she did not know that she had a rival in his love. But so it was. Deep in his inmost heart there was enshrined an idol. That he worshipped. To that everything else was made subservient. Next to that he loved the artless young creature he had won to be the companion of his life-journey. He loved her because she was necessary to the happiness of that darling idol-self. He loved her as a treasure which it gratified the pride of self to exhibit, as a prize that his resistless charm had won. He loved her as a precious gem that he might wear to adorn himself. For such a love as this she had yielded the wealth of her young heart's first affections, rendered more pure and unselfish by the germs of holy love already implanted and cherished.

As yet she had kept in view her guiding Star, for she knew that while she did this her feet trod safely on the path of life.

But the tendrils of her heart were twining more and more around the object of her love, and, like the clinging vine, she trusted more and more to his support and guidance, until she forgot the safe and never-failing guide.

As thus they went on, they came to two paths but slightly diverging. They seemed undecided which to take. I was much surprised at this, for it was plain to me which path was the right. One was narrow and seemed a continuation of that they had been travelling; the other was broad and bordered with gaudy flowers and tempting fruit; but wo to him who plucked the one or attempted to partake of the other. The first were either scentless or offensive in their odor, the last, though very fair to look upon, was bitter to the taste, and its nauseating effect was not soon counteracted. But this our travellers had yet to learn. The strait and narrow path had fewer flowers, but they were delicate and rare, and possessed a delicious fragrance that was grateful and reviving to the weary pilgrim. Its fruits, though not so plenty or of so fair an outside, were pleasant in their flavor and refreshing to body and mind. This Lily well knew, for she had walked long in the narrow way. But she was blinded by her love for her husband, and with implicit faith she trusted to his assurance and entered the broad way.

So intense was the anxiety with which I had watched their decision that I cried in agony of spirit, "O is there none to warn that too confiding young wife that the path she has taken leads down to death?" The voice at my side whispered, "calm thy troubled spirit. She is dear to the Lord of the pilgrims and she shall not perish, but she must learn one bitter life-lesson, and she will never again stray from the path of duty. And look! His angels watch around her and will guard her safety till this painful discipline shall terminate."

Poor Lily! her shrinking feet at every step were pierced with thorns; her vision could no longer penetrate the thickening gloom, and terror-stricken she clung to the arm of her companion, and with frantic earnestness implored him to lead her back to the path they had left. But impatient and angry at what he called her childish fear, he shook from him her

trembling clasp. Her blanched lips only uttered, "Father, forgive him," and she sank senseless to the earth. Was she forsaken? No. Ministering spirits hovered about her, and swift messengers sped to the path her childhood's feet had pressed, and soon a gentle hand was clasping hers and a sweet but familiar voice addressed her.

"Arise, my daughter, and flee from this dreadful place, where the very flowers exhale poison, and venomous reptiles lurk in every nook."

"O, mother, dearest mother, how can I escape? Dangers are on every side, darkness enshrouds us as a garment, and I have lost sight of my guiding star."

"You do not see it because your face is turned from it. Yonder it beams in resplendent beauty. No cloud can obscure its changeless lustre; no darkness so thick that its piercing rays cannot penetrate. Beneath its hallowed light return with me to the loved companions of your early youth, there to remain till you recover strength to grapple with the temptations and perils, that in your earth-bound way you must necessarily encounter; and never again let earthly love or earthly trust tempt you to turn your back upon its life-giving light."

Again she was the centre of that family group, and gentle hands prepared a couch of rest for her exhausted frame. Her husband stood by with dark and sullen brow. Self-convicted of error, yet proud and unrelenting, he unconsciously laid open to view the darkest passions of his heart.

I pondered upon what I had seen, and my heart was sad. But the voice at my side said, — "Mourn not. There is balm for the wounded spirit; there is a Physician that can heal even that broken heart. Already light is dawning upon it. The beams of the Sun of righteousness will penetrate its deepest recesses. In the paths of truth and duty she will find peace and strength to meet life's discipline; and though her way will sometimes be rugged, she will, at last, reach a haven of blissful rest."

Almost at the close of a long and toilsome day, my path led up a steep ascent, which it was evident must be sur-

mounted before I could find a place of rest for the approaching night.

"Yonder summit terminates your path of duty for to-day," said a voice at my side. "Short of its attainment you cannot find peace, nor that invigorating rest necessary to fit you for the morrow."

Rallying my nearly exhausted energies, I continued to climb, and soon found that much of the difficulty existed only in imagination. With grateful hearts we gathered around a spring of sparkling water, bathing our heated brows and drinking plenteous draughts of the life-giving beverage. Its delicious coolness refreshed us and cleansed from the dust and impurity inseparable from the day's travel. Then a new pleasure awaited us. The whole broad plain of human life lay spread out before us like a vast moving panorama, and, for a time, we contemplated it in silent wonder. I had previously looked upon the scene several times, but its features were ever changing and it possessed an interest that was always new. But I gazed not long ere my thoughts recurred to Lily. My eye ranged from group to group in search of that in which I had last seen her. I discovered it at last, but she was not there. Where was she? Before my question was expressed in words, the Voice at my side said,—

"Lily is the centre of yonder circle gathered into the little arbor by the wayside. All the day long she pressed on in her weary pilgrimage, with one little helpless babe clinging to her side and another on her bosom, and now rest is very sweet; but it will be sweeter far in that celestial world to which she is soon to go."

I eagerly looked in the direction indicated, but it was some time before I could recognize in the pale mother, reclining upon a couch, with her little ones clustering around her, the once beautiful Lily. But, though her face was pallid and care-worn, it had lost none of that sweet expression of innocence and gentleness that characterized her youth. She was still very lovely. No silver threads mingled with the abundance of golden hair that was brushed smoothly back from the fair brow marked by many a line of sorrow. Yet peace had

left its impress there. Her life-discipline had done its work. Like gold seven times refined, her heart was purified from earthly dross, her spirit ripe for the celestial world. And, as the immortal part matured, the earthly was wasting away. Her husband bent over her couch, bathed her throbbing temples and spoke to her, gentle, soothing words. A sweet, sad smile wreathed her white lips, and an expression of grateful tenderness lighted her eye, but was blended with a look of surprise. It was evident that his gentle ministration was unwonted and unexpected; and that he had been more accustomed to receive tender offices than to bestow them.

Poor Lily! she had toiled on by the side of her husband, and though he would sometimes walk with her for days, in dark and sullen silence, yet she complained not, but was grateful if she sometimes received a kind word or an approving smile. But it could not be always thus. Her heart was broken at last; and he, who had promised to shield her from the storms of earth, had done the deed. But his spiritual monitor clung to him, and, faithful to her mission, she improved every golden opportunity to awaken in him just views of himself. She led his memory far back on life's journey, and whispered, — "Let the future atone for the past."

In obedience to her suggestion, he bent over the couch of Lily, as we have seen, and her glance of grateful affection sent a sharper pang to his heart than the keenest reproaches could have done. Well would it have been for him if he had yielded his heart to the salutary influences then acting upon it. But long cherished habits of self-indulgence had not fitted him to resist temptation. In the dusk of the evening there stood by his side a syren tempter, whose "lips dropped as a honey-comb," "whose mouth was smother than oil." Lily's pleading glance, and the still small voice of his monitor, were alike unheeded. He yielded to the enticements of the syren and went forth from that sacred resting-place, around which angels were encamped, to the dwelling of her whose "guests are in the depths of hell." His monitor still lingered by his side, but her bearing was changed. She was no longer the gentle pleader, but the indignant avenger. Her voice ceased

not to ring upon his ear; and when his vile pleasure had turned to pain it drove him back to the hallowed spot he had left for the blandishments of a wanton. As he approached the arbor, a voice whispered in his ear, —

“Thou art too vile to enter here, nevertheless, for her sake it is permitted. Go, look upon the flower that thou hast crushed and repent; for so surely as the Lord liveth, every tear that thou hast caused her to shed, shall be a thorn in thy nightly pillow, and fill thy soul with bitter and deep unrest.”

With his head bowed with shame, he approached the couch. There she lay, colorless as the flower whose name she bore, her head resting on the beautiful breast that had pillowed it in infancy. Her mother had obeyed a hasty summons and was by her side to leave her no more while the spirit clung to its frail earthly tenement. Lily knew that she was passing away from earth, and with filial confidence she had resigned her children to the guardianship of him who gave them. But one thought still bound her fettered spirit to the earth. It was that the companion of her life-journey was wandering in forbidden ways, among objects whose very touch was pollution, and in companionship that was death to everything pure and holy. An intense earnestness of feeling was expressed in every lineament of her face, as with clasped hands and eyes upraised to heaven she pleaded for a guilty child of earth. The troubled look passed away. Her prayer was heard, and the wanderer stood before her. An unearthly light shone in her eye and her voice was low as she addressed him, but every word was distinctly uttered.

“My earthly pilgrimage is ended. Life’s burdens have been too heavy for me — I have sunk beneath the load; and who shall guide these little ones in the way of life? Shall their father be wandering in the road that leads down to darkness and death, while they tread life’s slippery paths alone?”

“I will strive to do right,” he replied, in a voice choked with intensity of emotion.

“Then I hope again to meet thee when thy pilgrimage is

ended. I see a golden pathway extending from earth to the very portals of the celestial city whose gates stand open wide ; and oh its radiant glories ! Already angels have come to guide my upward flight along the untried road ; and though between it and me there intervenes a cloud, my guardian attendants will guide me safely through it, and I do not fear. Adieu, loved ones of earth, they are waiting for me."

The night passed away, and in the early morning twilight the sad-hearted travellers commenced another day's journey. They missed the affection that had blessed them hitherto ; but spirits of love guided those whom a mother's hand had led, and soon one little helpless babe was borne away to its mother's bosom. Again, for a long time, I saw them not ; and then there came again the "little quiet messenger," telling me of the father — that after a long, toilsome and painful journey, wherein he had walked steadily, even sternly in the path of duty, earnestly endeavoring to guide his children aright, his limbs at last refused to perform their office and he fell by the wayside. Darkness had often enshrouded him ; but one bright gleam of light illumined his last closing day.

Some of Lily's children are still pilgrims on the earth, and I sometimes see them, when, at long intervals, our paths converge, and gladly see them walking carefully in the light of the beautiful star that guided their angel mother to the celestial city. May they meet her there.

TELLING MOTHER. — A cluster of girls stood about the door of the school-room one afternoon, engaged in a close conversation, when a little girl joined them and asked what they were doing.

"I am telling the girls a secret, Kate, and we will let you know, if you will promise not to tell any one as long as you 'live,'" was the reply.

"I wont tell any one but my mother," replied Kate. "I tell her everything, for she is my best friend."

"No, not even your mother ; no one in the world."

"Well, then, I can't hear it ; for what I can't tell my mother, is not fit for me to know."

After speaking these words, Kate walked away, slowly, and perhaps sadly, yet with a quiet conscience, while her companions went on with their secret conversation.

POLLY CLARK.
OR, OLD AGE MADE HAPPY.

BY REV. D. H. BARCOCK.

MANY women when they grow old—when they have outlived their generation, while new customs, manners, and modes of life, break in upon their settled habits, become sad, gloomy, morose and fretful—they do not enjoy themselves, neither do they permit those around them to be happy. They feel that they have passed the period of their usefulness, and continually mourn the degeneracy of the age to which their advanced years have introduced them.

But then there are exceptions to this rule; and it is important to all to know how these exceptions occur—how old age can be made cheerful, and a long life continue to be a happy one. Those plans of life are imperfect that omit any period, and if “all is well that ends well,” that which pertains to the close of life is of peculiar importance. All ladies ought to hope that they shall live many years, attain to a great age—they ought to anticipate this period with as much anxiety and care, as they do that in which they hope to be blest with loving husbands and affectionate children. Perhaps no part of their existence occupies *less* of their thoughts than this, and, as a result, the gloom of age covers up all the sprightliness of youth and the cheerfulness of womanhood. Any light therefore that can be thrown upon this subject may be useful.

In that ancient town where the Pilgrims landed, lived, and died; a few miles down the coast from that Rock so sacred and the centre of such hallowed associations, and near to the track of the Mayflower, as she bore her precious freight from the Old World to the New, lives Polly Clark, known far and wide as the oldest resident of the parish, and the most sensible and cheerful of aged people. Though ninety-five (April 17, 1857,) years of age, she has, to some extent, attended to her own domestic affairs. She lives with her eldest son, and what adds to the peculiarity of her position, her son's wife's mother, an interesting and intelligent lady of ninety years or more

lives with her, and, being more feeble than she, looks up to her for assistance in many of those things in which aid is needful. These ladies—these *nonagenarians*—room together, sleep together, amuse and interest each other, and manifest for each other the affection of children; and thus they have done for more than twenty years, or ever since the marriage of their children brought them together.

The subject of our narrative was born but a few rods from the parsonage at South Plymouth. Her father has been dead ninety years, and her husband twenty-nine. She has been a member of the Congregational Church fifty years; sat under the ministry of nine settled pastors; her memory extends back of all the Presidents to the reign of the kings; back to the Revolution and Declaration of Independence. She takes a deep interest in the affairs of the Parish, the Church, and the community; her judgment in matters pertaining thereto is deemed worthy of much consideration.

A few months since, she went up to the house of God and gathered with his people around the table of Christ; of those that joined the church *before* and *with* her not more than *three* were there, and they were younger than she by fifteen years or more. She reads the Bible daily, and that without glasses; and oftentimes aloud for the entertainment of her aged friend, whose dim sight does not allow her the privilege of reading herself. She says that she can perceive that her eye-sight has been failing since she was ninety years old. About once a month, in pleasant weather, a meeting is held at the house where she and her loved and aged associate resides. She enjoys it much, and the many precious revivals with which this place has been blest, have greatly gladdened her heart.

The people here attribute her great age and prolonged vigor and vivacity to the quietness of her life, and the cheerfulness of her disposition. Her son, (now sixty-four years of age,) with whom she lives, says "he does not remember of ever seeing her angry, or of hearing her utter a harsh word. She never manifests excessive joy, or shows outward signs of excessive grief, even in times of the greatest affliction."

She made — she still makes — a right use of reason and revelation. Though prompt, energetic and industrious, she is never in a hurry; she never attempts to make the stars move any faster in their course, nor to precipitate the plans, purposes and providences of God. When her youngest son took a fancy to the sea as a theatre of action and a place for earning a living, she did not say to him harshly, "You must not go;" did not excite his opposition, though she felt strongly opposed, but said to him, "You do thus and so a year or two more, and then if you still wish to go, we will take it into consideration." (During the prescribed interval he became interested both in intellectual and eternal things, determined to study for the ministry, and now, as secretary of the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society, has a wide field and great opportunities for usefulness. If she had sent him to sea immediately (as some mothers would have done) he would not, probably, have accomplished a thousandth part of the good he has; or, if she had arbitrarily denied his request, he might have gone contrary to her wishes and a sad alienation taken place.

Her only surviving daughter's husband found business in California and wished his wife to come on. In reference to it this aged mother remarked, "I did not say a word against her going, for I felt as if she ought to be there." It was quite uncertain whether she would ever see her daughter again, yet she felt that the claims of a husband were stronger than those of a mother, and she cheerfully assented to her departure.

She used reason; she brought it to bear on all important questions. But with this reason revelation was blended. She had faith in God — she believed that if her duty was truly performed she might safely trust Him; therefore she was hopeful, she looked on the bright side of everything. And her cheerfulness added to the number of her friends; in so mild a sunshine most individuals like to bask. All needful attentions have been bestowed upon her. Her children have all been in places of influence and responsibility, as minister, deacon, teachers, Sabbath School teachers, teachers of sacred music, and active members of society. And some of her grandchildren take the world about as easy as she, with a faith as strong

and an energy as persevering. The grand secret of her success is that she governed herself—controlled her feelings according to the rules of reason and the precepts of the gospel; and thus was she capacitated to govern others—to control them not so much by authority as by a course which carries a conviction of propriety with it. And now all around her feel a respect and veneration for her.

Great changes have taken place not only in the ninety-five years of her existence, but also since she reached the period of active life; but she has judgment to perceive that these changes have not all been for the worse—that the world has not all together gone backward—that there are now as good people—as happy and as wise people as when she was in her prime. There is a primitive and Christian simplicity in her appearance, manners and deportment. She makes no pretensions; sets up no claim to the notice of others. She pays no homage to fashion, yet complains not of those who are affected by its regulations.

When her pastor had been calling elsewhere, she said, “It is sometime since I saw you, but there are many sick people for you to visit, and if you call upon them, I ought not to complain.” How much happier is a person in that frame of mind than one who is continually exclaiming “You never call here—it is six months—it is a year since you entered this dwelling, and when you do call you don’t make any stop.” With some aged people the house is rather too cold or too hot; they want attentions just at the time when it cannot well be had, and wish to help themselves when it is safe and better that they should have help.

Since these things are so how important it is that young ladies should earnestly seek those qualities of mind and heart that will give to them a serene old age, should study to be reasonable in their feelings, cheerful in their conversation, and judicious in their remarks *to* and *about* others; study to acquire that knowledge of human nature and those Christian graces which give a perfection to all other charms.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Cambridge Chronicle, writing from Nantucket, gives the following beautiful example of disinterested benevolence :—

Many years ago a husband and father started from his home to commence his morning work in a rope-walk upon our island. Breakfast time came, and as was her wont, his faithful wife left her home to convey her husband's breakfast to him. The snow had been falling for some time, but she heeded it not, and started to cross some open lots in the outskirts of our town. The wind blew violently, and the blinding snow disturbed her so that she lost her path, and when found, some time after, she was leaning against a rail fence smothered, frozen, dead. The father died also, I think, ere long, and their two orphan children were taken to our almshouse. Years passed, and the children grew to womanhood, and in turn were wives and mothers. The husband of one of them was drowned a few years ago near our island, leaving several young children. An aged man who had befriended his wife in early years, then took her to his home, and there she toiled hard to support her children. In some way the old man's property was used, until he had nothing left but his humble dwelling. Then the widow toiled to support him, till he saw that she was wasting away under her arduous labor, and nobly, generously, sent for a lawyer, and gave her his cottage, which he had toiled hard to obtain, and in which he had hoped to spend his days, and went himself to dwell in our almshouse. He shares a pauper's home to-day, but his gray hairs are a crown of glory to him. The widow would have preferred to struggle on for her benefactor, but he knew that his life's sands were almost run, and it mattered little where he should lie in the hour of death.

One day last winter a lady gave the children of this poor widow some food for their hard-working mother, and an apple each for themselves. When she next saw them, she asked how they liked the apples, and the reply was :

“ We did not eat them ourselves, but carried them to our grandfather at the poor-house.”

The teacher of our High School recently related the above to a large audience at a Sabbath School festival in our town, and while tears flowed freely even down the cheek of manhood, at the pathetic account, of which very few had any knowledge, every true heart recognized the real nobility of the aged pauper, and deemed such an act of self-sacrifice at once generous and disinterested.

THE BEAR AND THE CHILDREN.—I will tell you a circumstance which occurred a year ago in a country town in the south of Germany. The master of a dancing bear was sitting in the room of an inn, eating his supper; whilst the bear, poor harmless beast! was tied up behind the wood-stack in the yard.

In the room up stairs three little children were playing about. Tramp, tramp! was suddenly heard on the stairs; who could it be? The door flew open, and enter—the bear, the huge, shaggy beast with his clanking chain! Tired of standing so long in the yard alone, bruin had at length found his way to the staircase. At first the little children were in a terrible fright at this unexpected visit, and each ran into a corner to hide himself. But the bear found them all out, and put his muzzle snuffing up to them, but did not harm them in the least. He must be a big dog, thought the children, and they began to stroke him familiarly. The bear stretched himself out at his full length upon the floor, and the youngest boy rolled over him, and nestled his curly head in the shaggy black fur of the beast. Then the eldest boy went and fetched his drum, and thumped away on it with might and main; whereupon bear stood erect upon his hind legs, and began to dance. What glorious fun! Each boy shouldered his musket; the bear must of course have one too, and he held it tight and firm like a soldier! There's a comrade for you my lads! and away they marched—one, two,—one, two!

The door suddenly opened, and the children's mother entered. You should have seen her—speechless with terror, her cheeks white as a sheet, and her eyes fixed with horror! But the youngest boy nodded with a look of intense delight, and cried, "Mamma, we are only playing at soldiers!" At that moment the master of the bear appeared.

Editor's Miscellany.

BIBLICAL NOTES.

"The Songs of Zion." — Psalm 137: 1—9.

THIS psalm, written probably by one of the Jewish captives in Babylon, wells up from the deepest fountain of sorrow in the human soul. There the children of the captivity had been oppressed more than three-score years. Those who were taken in childhood and youth from Palestine, who remembered the temple in which their fathers worshipped, the cities in which they dwelt, the joy with which they sung their national airs, were far advanced in age.

Alas, how changed their condition! They were several hundred miles from their sweet homes,—away, far away from the cherished scenes of their childhood and from the sepulchres of their fathers—in the place from which their ancestor Abraham fled in abhorrence of idolatry, and where they were surrounded with its abominations—reduced to the most menial servitude and subjected to the greatest indignities.

Scattered through that great valley of the Eastern continent, they seated themselves beneath the shade of the willows, on the branches of which they hung their harps and which abounded along the banks of the rivers Tigris, Euphrates and their tributaries. There they went for retirement and devotion on God's holy day; and as they sat contrasting their present poverty, oppression and woe with their former wealth, freedom and joy, the cup of their sorrow overflowed and they wept aloud when they remembered Zion.

What a scene for an artist!—a company of captive Israelites weeping under the willow trees upon which their neglected harps are suspended! The river rolls in silent grandeur before them. Behind them is the city of Babylon with its temples, turrets and towers; with its massive walls and brazen gates; with its beautiful surroundings of gardens, orchards and vineyards—while on the distant hills numberless flocks and herds are grazing. Among these weeping, praying captives, there suddenly appears a company of their oppressors with haughty mein and insolent bearing, like that of the Philistines toward Samson.

"Sing us one of the songs of Zion," the captors say to their captives. Why did they make this request? Was it from a sincere desire to unite with them in worship? They were idolators, not proselytes to Judaism. Was it for the gratification of curiosity and musical taste? Possibly it may have been; yet with this sentiment may have blended a love of novelty, a desire to relieve the monotony by the chanting of a Hebrew melody with the harp accompaniment. The idea was probably suggested by the observation of their harps on the willows, which they so commonly employed in the high praise of their God. With the Hebrews, these songs were associated with all that was most interesting and sacred in worship.

But the idolatrous Babylonians would hear them from no religious motive, but merely for enlivening a pastime and the gratification of their love of music. Their tantalizing request called forth the most doleful lament from God's captive people: "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" Literally, "how can we sing the song of Jehovah in the land of a foreign people;" that is, amidst idolatry, in a place so remote from our beloved Zion and for a purpose not at all harmonious with our sentiments and feelings. They here express the true idea of *sacred* music, the specific difference between it and every other species of harmony; this consists in the expression of religious sentiment for the purpose of worship. It exercises the voice, the mind, the heart.

But no such idea entered into the mind of the Babylonians. They were idolaters and without any proper conception of true religious homage. They sought only amusement—an object entirely incongruous with the piety of these captives.

The thought of it prompted a deep sigh for Jerusalem—its temple and rites of worship which they charge their souls never to forget: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." Here is patriotism baptized at the altar of God—piety sustained by the most hallowed memories—the dominant desires of a devout mind centered upon the visible kingdom of God.

Their strong love of Zion naturally awoke a holy indignation against her enemies, especially against Nebuchadnezzar and his allied forces which overthrew her; against Edon or Idumia, which joined that unholy alliance. Theirs was not the spirit of retaliation and revenge, but of a just and holy displeasure.

So vivid are their conceptions of the leading part which their kindred, the Edomites, took in their own capture and in their over-

throw of their city, that they hear again the shout of the rush to the fearful charge,—“Rase it, rase it, even to the foundation thereof.” This dreadful war-hoop, after half a century, is still ringing in their ears. They did rase it—overturning its laws and altars, destroying its temple and walls, putting a multitude to death and carrying fifty thousand into captivity. Among these captives were Ezekiel and Mordecai, but Jeremiah was left in Judea to preach repentance and to prophecy to those who were left there of the restoration which took place under Ezra and Nehemiah.

While they meditate on the cruelty of the seige and destruction, their holy indignation burns; and by the spirit of prophecy they announce the reaction of this wickedness and foretell the just retribution of the Almighty: the Lord shall reward thee, O Babylon “as thou hast served us. Happy shall he be that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones.” The memory of the infants and little children, thus inhumanly treated in the destruction of their city and country, fired the magazine of their holy wrath against their persecutors. In the day of visitation, their own children should meet a similar doom.

Time rolls on, and at length fulfils the prediction. The destruction of Babylon under Cyrus, was even more complete than that of Jerusalem, showing, that as sin multiplies, the intensity of divine displeasure on account of it increases. Her remorseless conquerors spared not her little children who were destroyed in great numbers. The city fell, and great was the fall of it. Its site no man has been able for many centuries to decipher, till recent English travellers and enterprising American missionaries have lately discovered the spot, and the relics of her ancient magnificence are being exhumed to give interest to the museums of these two countries, and to warn all who behold them, of the misery which overtakes sinners and of the retributive justice of God.

A NOBLE BOY.—A boy was once tempted by some of his companions to pluck ripe cherries from a tree which his father had forbidden him to touch. “You need not be afraid,” said one of his companions, “for if your father should find out that you have taken them, he is so kind he would not hurt you.” “That is the very reason,” replied the boy, “why I would not touch them. It is true my father would not hurt me; yet my disobedience I know would hurt my father, and that would be worse to me than anything else.” A boy who grows up with such principles, will be a man in the best sense of the word. It shows a regard for rectitude that will render him trustworthy under every trial.

FASHIONS.



LADIES CLOAKS.

We take this illustration and description of a cloak from Leslie's autumn fashions.

The form is that of a circle, very large and ample, and it is composed of fine drab silk plush, intersected by wide stripes of plain silk plush in brilliant colors, one of which extends down the centre of the back. The combination and contrast of these two opposite styles of the same beautiful material is very striking and original, and produces the boldest and most daring effect. The drab centre of the hood is the form of a half-handkerchief, with the corner folded square across, and is finished by plaid side pieces and handsome tassels suspended from the corners. Heavy cord and tassels fasten it at the throat, and should be thrown over the shoulders, and it is braced together down the front with pointed straps and buttons.



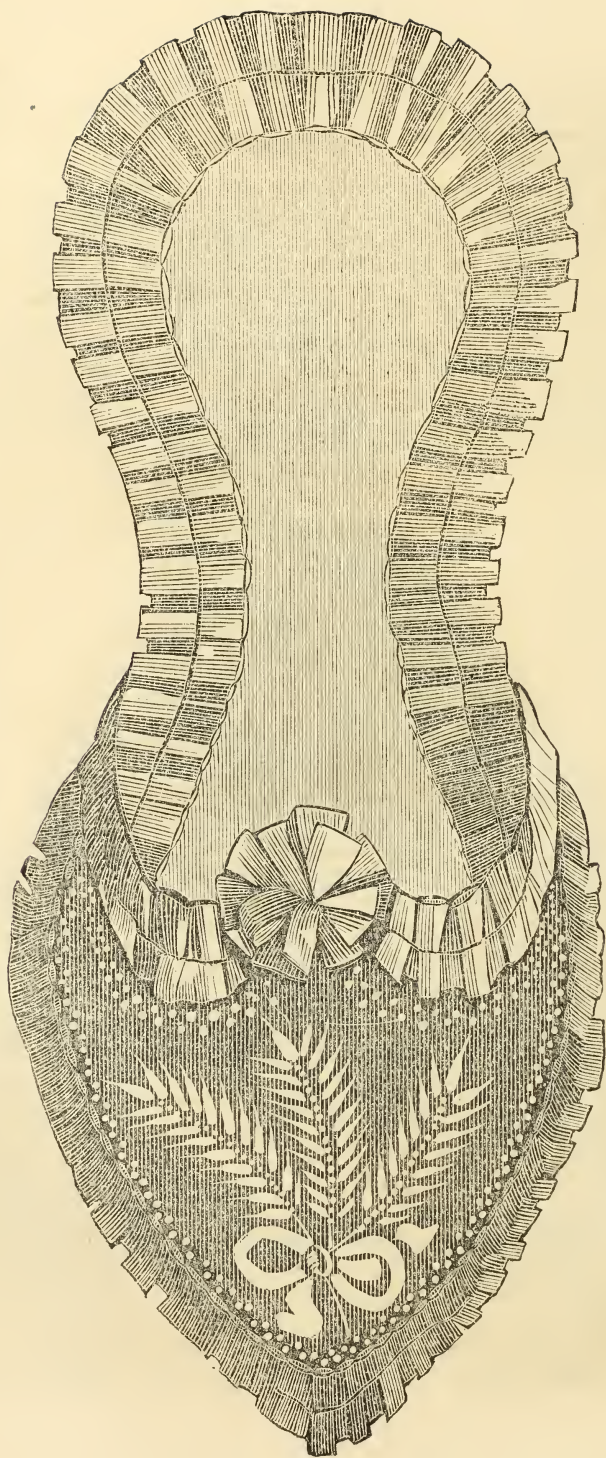
LADIES DRESS CAP.

This dress cap is made of white blonde and black lace, three short barbes of black lace falling back from the crown, and another surrounding it on the front. On each side there is a tuft of ribbon loops and ends of a lovely shade of violet, and narrow insertions of the same are passed through the edges of the blonde quiltings, which extend round and beyond the crown.

SLIPPER WATCH BASKET.

The form of the back of the slipper must be cut in cardboard and covered with colored velvet. Ruby, or blue, or green, or purple look extremely well, but as many other colors do so also, this must rest with the taste of the lady worker. The bunch of barley is formed of a satin bead which is very easily arranged into representations of the ears of barley, the surrounding spikes being put in with a single stitch of gold thread, from the point of each bead. The stalk down

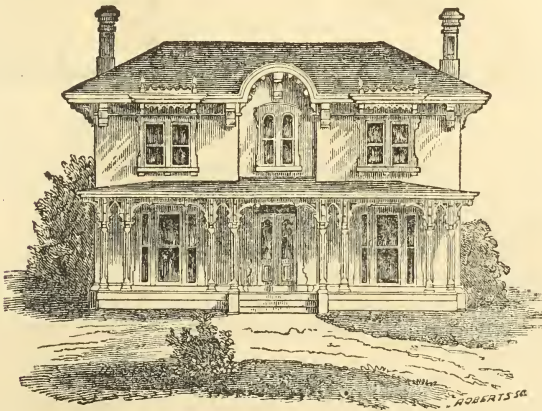
THE SLIPPER WATCH BASKET.



the centre is formed by a row of small gold beads. The bow which ties up the cluster is done in chalk-white beads.

The front of the slipper being thus worked, must be lined with wadded silk and fastened on the back, after which a quilting of ribbon, either of white or the same color as the velvet, is to be carried round the whole of the back. The front part having its own little border of white chalk beads, must be finished with a pretty rosette of ribbon in the front.

ARCHITECTURE.



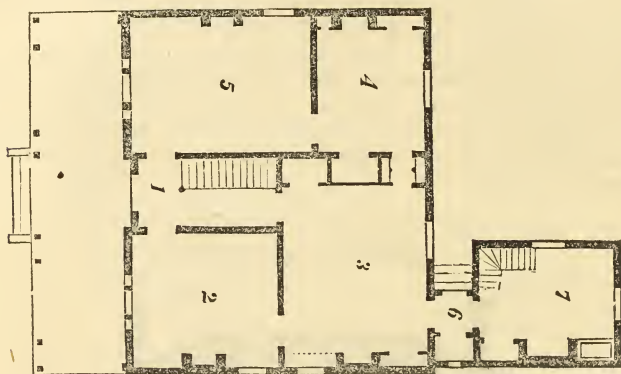
A SQUARE COTTAGE.

The plan exhibits a building, thirty eight feet front, and thirty-two in depth, with a wing of one or two stories, as the amount of accommodation needed may require—twenty feet by thirteen.

A wide veranda stretches across the front, and in the centre is the entrance hall, No. 1, with a staircase. Upon one side is a sitting room, No. 2, which is fifteen feet square, and in its rear a dining room, No. 3, fifteen feet by nineteen, provided with a china closet at one end, and corresponding with it an entry with drawers and wardrobe, leading to a bed-room, No. 4, the dimensions of which are 14 feet by ten.

No 5 is a parlour, with veranda, and with one of smaller size at the side. This room is fifteen by twenty feet six inches. All these rooms are ten feet high in the clear. The wing contains a back entry, No 6, with outer door and store closet, lit by a small window, and next to this a kitchen, No. 7, with a back stair-case to the rooms over (if the wings be made two stories in height) and under this, one to the cellar, which should be under the whole house, or only this portion, as the nature of the soil might permit.

The kitchen contains a sink and cook's closet, and is eight feet high in the clear.



PLAN OF THE FIRST FLOOR.

The wood house, necessaries, and other out buildings, are intended to be in a distinct erection, connected with the rear of the house by a covered way, or disposed in such a manner as the nature of the situation rendered desirable.

The arrangement of the chamber floor affords four large sleeping-rooms above the apartments below, and two small ones; the latter contrived in front, at the end of the hall, and the other, by a continuation of the same partition across the end of the room over the dining room.

The sleeping-room for servants would be in the wing.

The height of the chambers in the main body of the building is eight feet in the clear, with a space in the roof for storage.

The view of the exterior shows that by simple grouping of the necessary details of the building, a liveliness of effect can be obtained which the square form of the place seldom permits. The common defect is in the persisting of country builders in filling their houses with windows—to the destruction of all of what the painters call breadth, and to the actual discomfort of the indwellers, who show their sense of the existence of evil by invariably keeping the windows closed by blinds inside or out, but who rarely have the good sense to resist the temptation to make their house, when building, a perfect glass case. In the plan under discussion, the whole effect would be destroyed by pairs of windows in each room, and it is strange how constantly, in house after house, the blunder is repeated.

“Why is thirty-nine the number of lashes the Christian selects as the maximum of Christian flogging?” asked the Brahmin Poo-Poo of old Roger. Old Roger thought a moment. The question was a sarcastic one, and conveyed a severe reproof. “I suppose,” said he, “it is to keep within the limit of human forty-tude.” The Brahmin stroked his long beard, and the long tassel on his cap vibrated like a pendulum.

YELLOW SIBERIAN CRAB.

[SEE PLATE.]

There are few more impressive evidences of the progress of art and science than that afforded by a comparison of the crab with the almost endless varieties of the apple which have been produced from the parent-stock. To a person not familiar with the fact it seems well nigh incredible that they should have sprung from so mean an origin. Yet the process of multiplication goes on; many new and excellent varieties are added to our list every year. The plate at the beginning of this number is a faithful portrait of one species of the crab apple. This tree is a beautiful ornament of the garden.—Both the red and the yellow varieties of this fruit make rich preserves. The blossoms of this variety are white and abundant, and fruit fair, about three-fourths of an inch in diameter, of regular form, and a little flattened. The stalk is two inches long and very slender. The calyx is small and a little suppressed.

CHOICE SELECTIONS.

BE COURTEOUS.

Does a lady ever ride in an omnibus or a city rail-car? Women do often—and now and then a lady may, when impelled by some emergency of rain, or mud, or cash. The manner in which women take the seats vacated by gentlemen, who have in consequence to stand the remainder of the trip, is anything but confirmatory of the fact that our fair country women, as a class, know what common courtesy is, practically. In a daily car riding of five or six years, we cannot remember as many instances of a lady-like acceptance of a proffered seat. It is almost universal, that a gentleman's place is taken without the slightest acknowledgment by word, or look, or gesture, that a benefit has been conferred and received, and yet it is a very great accommodation; for to stand in the passage-way, while the cars are in motion for a dozen squares or so, the centre of thirty pairs of eyes, is very short of purgatorial; and being such an accommodation the smallest kind of a remuneration would be a word or look, or gesture of felt indebtedness. The perseverance which New-York gentlemen exhibit in instantly quitting their seats when a car is crowded, and a woman enters, is highly creditable to their manliness and chivalry.

We suggest, as a remedy, that all the “boarding schools,” “day schools” and “institutes” which have the prefix Female, hold a convention immediately, if not sooner, for the purpose of debating the question, whether or not a professor of “Politeness” might not be appointed to universal advantage, whose duty it should be to “give lessons in politeness” to every young girl in the school, from her

entrance until her exit from the establishment We have seen tottering gray headed men resign their seats to young women, and not a smile, or curtsy or "thank you," ever escape from their lips. Shame on the superficial, inadequate, corrupting and debasing system of "female boarding schools" and "institutes" as a class, whose absorbing object is not to prepare the girls committed to their care to become helping wives, intelligent mothers, discreet matrons of a household, and ornaments in useful and benevolent society, but to make money and return therefore a painted flower, a gilded time-piece, with no enduring quality but the brass of which it is chiefly composed. How sigh we for the wives, the mothers, the daughters of a by gone age!

There is a name, now passed away, we love to think upon! a synonym, a representative in his age, of all that was honorable in his dealing, courteous in his deportment, manly in his bearing, and Christian in his heart,—a fine Virginia gentleman of the old school was James Harper. He once related to us the following incident:

"Some years ago, an old woman entered a public conveyance in Broadway: it was raining, and there was no vacant seat. I instantly offered her mine; she declined, and in a manner which showed that she felt she had no claim for the seat, nor to such an evidence of consideration from a stranger. I insisted; and as if fearing to wound my feelings by a further refusal, she took it with a courteous expression of her obligation. When she wanted to leave the conveyance, it stopped in a muddy part of the street, and feeling assured that I was with a lady I did not hesitate to pass out before her, and hand her to the side walk. I then returned to my seat doubly gratified: first in having it in my power to oblige a lady: and second in seeing that it was appreciated—not a common thing, doctor, now-a-days:" as he turned away with one of his hearty, full-souled laughs.

But who was the lady?

"I learned afterwards that it was Mrs. Alexander Hamilton."

MOTHER'S APRON STRING.

"Before I'd be tied to my mother's apron string—and such a big boy as you are, too."

The boy who uttered these words was looking through the slats of the fence in front of Widow Lane's cottage, where Harry, her only son, stood with an axe in his hand chopping wood. Mrs. Lane had gone into the meadow to milk her cow, and left Harry to chop some wood, and take care of his sister Clara, who sat upon the door-sill tending her doll.

"There's no use in teasing me, Bill, I've told you a dozen times, I can't go, and I don't want to, either. I don't care how much you make fun of me."

"Well, then, I'll go, Harry. You'll never make anything great till you break loose and have fun like other boys." So saying, Bill Dixon went up to the tavern stoop to join a crowd of boys who

were ridiculing a poor old drunkard. Harry's mother soon returned, and they all went in to a good comfortable supper, a cosy chat, and early slumbers.

Though Bill Dixon could not shake Harry's resolution by his ridicule, and had to go his way alone, I have thought much of his words, and have feared they might tempt some other boy from his mother's side. "Tied to your mother's apron strings!" Who would think, to hear these words, that the mother thus spoken of was the best friend Harry had in the world. One who was denying herself many comforts to give her only son an education to fit him to act a worthy, honorable part in life. Who would think that she had watched and tended him night and day when he was a sickly baby; and never had laid him down to sleep without praying for his soul; and that next to seeing him a Christian, she longed to have him become manly and noble, and far more than Bill Dixon could mean by being something "great."

Satan, who goes about "like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour," puts these words into the mouths of wayward boys like Bill Dixon. He knows he never can make "anything great" of children he seeks to ruin, till he has persuaded them to "break loose" from a mother's influence. Till this first step is taken his power is feeble, for nothing guards a boy from sin and danger, like the prayers and counsel of a pious mother.

The Son of God, the only truly good being who ever lived on earth, and who was "King of kings and Lord of lords," obeyed his mother, and in dying gave her into the care of a beloved disciple. With this glorious example before you, fear not to be humbly obedient to your mother, even if you are a "big boy,"—when any one tries to ridicule you for being tied to "your mother's apron string," remember the words of Scripture,—

"My son, keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother.

"Bind them continually upon thine heart, and tie them about thy neck.

"When thou goest, it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee; and when thou wakest, it shall talk with thee."

"They shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head, and chains about thy neck."

"My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

WHAT A CONFESSION!—Lord Byron, in speaking of his life, said: "I once attempted to enumerate the happy days I had lived, which might, according to the common use of language, be called happy; I could not make them count more than eleven, and I believe I have a very distinct remembrance of every one. I often ask myself whether between the present time and the day of my death, I shall be able to make up the round dozen."

HOUSEWIFERY.

DOMESTIC YEAST.—Boil one pound of good flour, a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, and a little salt, with two gallons of water, for one hour. When milk-warm, bottle it with cork close. It will be fit for use in twenty-four hours. One pint of this yeast will make eighteen pounds of bread.

WASHING FLUID.—Take one pound sal soda and half a pound of unslacked lime, put them in a gallon of water and boil twenty minutes; let it stand till cool, then drain off, and put it in a stone jug or jar. Soak your dirty clothes over night, or until they are well wet through, then ring them out and rub on plenty of soap, and in one boiler of clothes well covered over with water, add one teaspoonful of the washing fluid. Boil half an hour briskly, then wash them thoroughly through one suds, and rinse well in two waters, and your clothes will look better than the old way of washing twice before boiling.

SNAKE BITES.—Since writing our article on insect bites, we have noticed that a child was bitten on the arm by a rattlesnake. It was bound up in *wet ashes*; no ill results were observed to follow. Whiskey was swallowed freely. But as spirits have been known to fail signally in such cases, we may attribute the cure to the alkali of the ashes and water.

SWALLOWING POISON.—If poison should be swallowed accidentally, take two table-spoonfuls of ground mustard, mixed in warm water. It will operate as an instantaneous emetic.

“WESTERN PONE BREAD.”—A quart of Indian Meal, put in a wooden bowl with as much salt as would be taken up with the thumb and fingers, that is about a teaspoonful; then add as much milk as will make it up into adherent dough, of which take up a double handful, laying it over on one hand and thus carry it to the pan or skillet for baking, turn it in with one pat of the hand, and so on until the vessel is full, and with a good heat, let it remain until the crust is a yellowish brown; put it on the table piping hot, press it open, lay in a large lump of grass butter just made, (if you can get such a thing,) and it is ready for demolition.

Corn bread is best if eaten while it is hot; it becomes sodden as it cools. The milk supercedes the use of lard or butter: no water is needed, although many use butter and water instead of milk; but the true constituents of a *Pone* of bread, are meal, milk, salt, nothing else. If you add eggs, it becomes Johnny cake, and is no longer a “Pone of bread.”

A more simple, healthful, nutritious and agreeable article of bread, is, in our opinion, never made than the one we have described. The roughness of the meal particles gives the advantages of brown bread; its natural sweetness makes sugar or molasses unnecessary; while the sweet milk answers all the purpose of soda or cream of tartar.

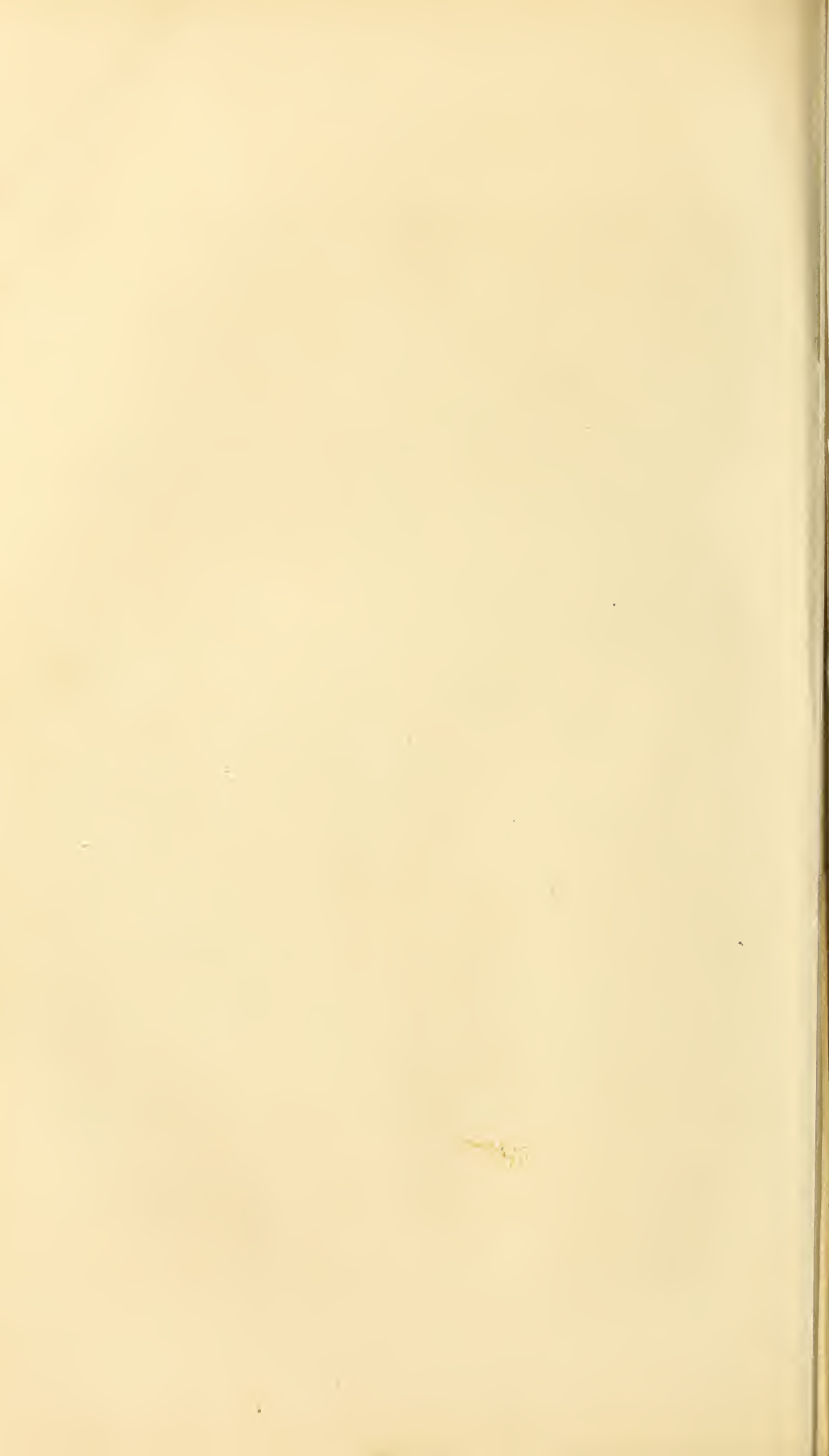
It is important to put it in the pan for baking, the instant it is made, and to have it baked as rapidly as practicable without burning the crust.



SAUL PRESENTING HIS DAUGHTER TO DAVID.



WASHINGTON PLUM



MRS. MALONE.

MUSIC BY J. W. TURNER.

Moderato.

1. She sat in her el-e-gant parlor a-lone, The graceful, the el-e-gant Mrs. Malone; Her
 2. "My birthday," she murmur'd; "I'm just twenty-four;" And round her liescattered ten years' work and more; These
 3. I think it may scarcely seem strange on the whole, Ma-hom-e-tans grant not to woman a soul, If
 4. She sat in her el-e-gant parlor a-lone, The graceful, the el-e-gant Mrs. Malone A-

white fingers sparkling with gems rich and rare, Touch'd lightly the braids of her eb-o-ny hair; Her
 chair seats, and footstools, and ot-tomans gay, My noblest productions, half work and half play; What
 work in the Harem be much like my own, For fi-nite and earthly it tells of a-lone; But
 -gain 'twas her birthday, and just thir-ty-four, Was hap-pi-er, fair-er than ev-er be-fore; The

MRS. MALONE. Concluded.

Guitar.

A Tempo.

harp was neglect-ed, the last novel laid, With half form'd rich roses her fin-gers had made; But the
lof-ty achievements, what pow'rs are display'd, What kindness to broadcloth and leath-er betray'd! What, my
how in the world may a woman break thro' These trammels of fashion? pray what can she do? Will E-
ten years just measured were filled to the brim With bright diamond drops which can never grow dim. They were

Rall.

cost-ly and beau-ti-ful things round her throne, Were but dross and but tin-sol to Mrs. Malone.
soul, will E-ter-ni-ty's whis-per-ings be, Of these twenty-four years just al-lot-ted to thee?
-ter-ni-ty give me re-gret for the plan, Should I make myself use-ful whor-ev-er I can?
smiles of the poor, of the wretched, and old, And her Saviour's smile thro' them gave raptures un-told.

INCIDENTAL EDUCATION.

CONCLUSION.

BY REV. WM. M. THAYER.

Many other topics belonging to this subject of incidental education might be discussed. But having accomplished the object we had in view at the beginning, viz, to present points enough to show that here is a powerful influence operating in the family, we bring our remarks to a close, after adding a few thoughts suggested by the foregoing.

If the truth has been presented, it follows that successful family government is a difficult work. It is much easier to preach than to practice it. We can theorize and speculate upon the matter, but a little experience often confounds both theory and speculation. We form splendid plans, and cherish golden ideas, about what we shall do when we become fathers and mothers, but the stern reality usually modifies our opinions by exposing our inability to govern children as we would. In imagination we behold our sons and daughters, a few years hence, becoming perfect patterns of propriety under the moulding influence of our discipline; but, alas! how poorly the children resemble these creations of our fancy. Perhaps we once said on beholding children of rude and unwinning behaviour, "*My* children will never behave like that. It is strange that parents will allow such things." We do not say so now. We have been to school, to that best of masters, experience, and learned a lesson that could be learned no where else. What we thought was an easy matter we have found to be a most difficult and perplexing work. We have little or no complaint to utter against the children of our neighbors; for we see enough at home to strike us dumb. Is not this the experience of a large number of parents?

A young clergyman was wont to preach much and pointedly upon family government, before he became a father, and some of his people enjoyed these discourses much. In the course of time the minister had a family of his own, and a change came over him in regard to his preaching. His people observed it. A few, longed for more of those faithful sermons on the training of children. Finally one of his class

ventured to speak with the pastor upon the subject. "Why," he inquired "do you not give us some more of the good sermons on family government, such as we used to hear twenty years ago?" The minister replied, "If you will let me alone, I will let you alone;" and here the affair ended. Most parents can appreciate the feelings of that clergyman. No where have they felt their incompetency more than in the management of children.

Consider how many things are to be regarded in the discipline of the young, such as their different temperaments, their varying tastes, their amiable or unamiable dispositions, their particular weaknesses, their besetting sins, the books they read, the associates they choose, the amusements they seek, the employments they follow, and a thousand other things which are constantly influencing them for good or evil. How difficult for the parents to keep in view all these things in the culture of the child! How easily may one of these influences be overlooked! The judgment may fail wholly in weighing them, or their power may work silently and unseen. Then, too, the child is not placed in the same circumstances every day. At one time temptations multiply around him; at another they are few and far between. To-day he is cheerful and happy in consequence of physical strength and elasticity: to-morrow he is peevish and irascible because of impaired health. At one time his pride is appealed to, at another his temper is provoked, at still another his patience is tried, while the opposite passions and emotions are in return, called into exercise.

Thus it is day after day with the children of a family, so that it becomes exceedingly difficult to administer successful paternal government. It is less difficult to rule a State than a household. Many a poor family disciplinarian has made a good Governor. Less knowledge of human nature is indispensable in the latter relation than in the former. When the parent is scarcely dreaming of danger, some incidental influence may be destroying his wholesome counsel, and developing the evil propensities of his child's heart.

Nor is this all that renders family government difficult. In

connection with these incidental things, there is much that relates to parents themselves. Self government is a necessary preparation for properly administering family government. Amid the trials and perplexities of the family this is an attainment not universally if generally made. To let patience have her perfect work at all times is what few parents do. This virtue is often sorely tried. The consequence is that they reprove in haste. They become impulsive in correcting the faults of their sons and daughters, which is an evil in paternal discipline. It often defeats the object in view. Perhaps this is a very general error ; if so, it shows that the least difficult part of family government is for parents to govern themselves, in order that they may govern their children properly. The *manner* of commanding and punishing may become an important element of success or failure.

We may learn from the subject discussed in this series of articles why we find "prodigal sons" in some of the best families. Occasionally a Christian father, whose character is adorned with spiritual beauty, and whose government at home is considered wise and wholesome, has a ruined son. He is the only one, perhaps, in a large family, who is disobedient, reckless, and unprincipled. All others are models of good behavior. With a small part of the parental effort which has been expended upon the erring one, they have grown up in the ways of virtue, beloved and respected in every circle, a comfort to their parents, and a blessing to the world. The unruly son stands alone in his transgression. Beholders wonder at it. They cannot understand it. It is a profound mystery to them. Perhaps the parents themselves are equally perplexed. They have endeavored to discharge their duties toward him with fidelity. They have labored and prayed for him as they never did for another son. They have their persuasion and entreaty, smiles and tears, flattery and reproof, reasoning and commandment, tenderness and severity, but all in vain. "Why is it?" they often inquire within themselves. It is a great burden upon their minds day and night, an oppressive weight upon their loving hearts.

An example of this kind is found in the family of Leigh Richmond. He was distinguished, as we have seen in another

place, for exertions in behalf of his children. His method of family discipline was well adapted to the end in view. He was celebrated for his government of children. Yet one of his sons became a vagabond. True he was subsequently reclaimed ; but for some years he was abandoned to gross vices and no one supposed that his reformation was probable. It was a singular circumstance in the view of all acquainted with the facts. That a father so justly distinguished for his wisdom and carefulness in training his offspring, should have such a son was indeed remarkable. It is one of those cases which deserve to be investigated. Why does one child make such shipwreck of his hopes when his brothers and sisters are exemplary ? Why does parental government appear to fail *occasionally* when it is generally successful ?

While we would not attempt to solve this difficult problem we may modestly venture a suggestion. May not a cause be found in those *incidental* influences to which no importance has been attached ? A picture or a toy, a pleasure or custom, the tone of voice or manner of speaking, may have been exerting a moulding influence upon the child's heart, when parents have been unconscious of it. If the writer has not exaggerated the subject of incidental education, is it not reasonable to suppose that in such instances some unconscious influence enters to nullify excellent counsel and discipline ?

Such a supposition is more consistent than the frequent reference to mismanagement when the other children are a proof in themselves of wise and wholesome training. We hear all sorts of reasons assigned for these cases of delinquency in families. "He was the youngest child and petted to death," says one, "He was the eldest child, and was ruined by indulgence," says another. "He always had his own way" says a third. A fourth person has his own views of the matter, and a fifth has his, and so on. But the existence of these incidental influences is never referred to, while no cause in many instances is more reasonable.

We leave the subject thus imperfectly discussed, satisfied that the longer it is pondered by parents and others the more important it will appear. Careful observation will show its

bearing upon family discipline every hour of the day. At points to which we have made no reference it will appear to the observant eye. We have said enough to call attention to the theme.

THE VIOLET.

“ I love all things the seasons bring,
All buds that start, all birds that sing,
All leaves from white to yet ;
All the sweet words that summer sends,
When she recalls her flowery friends,
But chief the violet.”

Never shall I forget my first search after violets with my mother, (now, I trust, in heaven.) Oh ! it seemed to me that nothing could be so lovely as the tiny flower with its delicately veined petals, and its delicious fragrance. This green earth was then to me more bright and glorious “than the shapes which float in fancy’s rainbowed visions.” And when I asked mother, who made the flowers ? I received in reply my first lesson on the power and glory of Him before whose name my childish spirit learned to bow with love and adoration. And when my dear parent said, “Oh ! how much we should love Him, my child, for all his goodness,” my young heart overflowed with confidence and love for Him who had bestowed upon me so many blessings.

As I listened to the songs of the birds, and gazed into the calm sunny atmosphere, I wished that I too had wings to fly up beyond the beautiful clouds and reach that Heaven where he dwells who died for all who would receive him, and where I had been told the good were to live, and where I thought all good children would go and dwell without anxiety or fear. If saved through Christ, to die, is to live there.

Alas ! once then I have learned to think Death my enemy, for he has taken from me dear parents, brothers and sisters. But there is a consolation in thinking that those I have loved have escaped the sorrows of earth, and are resting where winters snows and its chilling winds can ne’er reach them.

Oh, is it not a noble thing to die
As dies the Christian, with his armor on.

ESTELLE.

THE WITCH'S DAUGHTER.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

It was the pleasant harvest time,
When cellar-bins are closely stowed,
And garrets bend beneath their load,
And the old swallow-haunted barns —
Brown gabled, long, and full of seams,
Through which the mooted sunlight streams,
And winds blow freshly in, to shake
The red plumes of the roosted cocks,
And the loose hay-mow's scented locks —
Are filled with summer's ripened stores,
Its odorous grass and grained sheaves,
From their low scaffolds to their eaves.
On Esek Harden's oaken floor,
With many an autumn threshing worn,
Lay the heaped ears of unhusked corn.
And thither came young men and maids,
Beneath a moon that, large and low,
Lit that sweet eve of long ago.
They took their places ; some by chance,
And others by a merry voice
Or sweet smile glided to their choice.
How pleasantly the rising moon,
Between the shadows of the mows,
Looked on them through the great elm boughs !
On sturdy boyhood sun-embrowned,
On girlhood with its solid curves
Of healthful strength and painless nerves !
And jests went round, and laughter made
The house-dog answer with his howl,
And keep astir the barn-yard fowl ;
And quaint old songs their fathers sung,
In Derby dales and Yorkshire moors,
Ere Norman William trod their shores ;
And tales, whose merry license shook
The fat sides of the Saxon thane,
Forgetful of the hovering Dame !
But still the sweetest voice was mute,
That river valley ever heard,
From lip of maid or throat of bird ;
For Mabel Martin sat apart,
And let the hay-mow's shadow fall
Upon the loveliest face of all.

She sat apart, as one forbid,
Who knew that none would condescend
To own the Witch's child a friend.

The seasons scarce had gone their round,
Since curious thousands thronged to see
Her mother on the gallows-tree ;

And mocked the palsied limbs of age,
That faltered on the fatal stairs,
And wan lip trembling with its prayers ;

Few questioned of the sorrowing child,
Or, when they saw the mother die,
Dreamed of the daughter's agony.

They went up to their homes that day,
As men and Christians justified :
God willed it, and the wretch had died !

Dear God and Father of us all,
Forgive our faith in cruel lies,
Forgive the blindness that denies !

Forgive Thy creature when he takes,
For all the perfect love Thou art,
Some grim creation of his heart.

Cast down our idols, overturn
Our bloody altars ; let us see
Thyself in Thy humanity !

Poor Mabel from her mother's grave
Crept to her desolate hearthstone,
And wrestled with her fate alone ;

With love and anger, and despair,
The phantoms of disordered sense,
The awful doubts of Providence !

The school boys jeered her as they passed,
And when she sought the house of prayer,
Her mother's curse pursued her there.

And still o'er many a neighboring door
She saw the horse-shoe's curved charm,
To guard against her mother's harm —

That mother, poor and sick and lame,
Who daily by the old arm chair,
Folded her withered hands in prayer —

Who turned, in Salem's dreary jail,
Her worn old Bible o'er and o'er,
When her dim eyes could read no more !

Sore tried and pained, the poor girl kept
Her faith, and trusted that her way,
So dark, would somewhere meet the day.

And still her weary wheel went round
Day after day, with no relief ;
Small leisure have the poor from grief.

So in the shadow Mabel sits ;
Untouched by mirth she sees and hears,
Her smile is sadder than her tears.

But cruel eyes have found her out,
And cruel lips repeat her name,
And taunt her with her mother's shame.

She answered not with railing words,
But drew her apron o'er her face,
And, sobbing, glided from the place.

And, only pausing at the door,
Her sad eyes met the troubled gaze
Of one who, in her better days,

Had been her warm and steadfast friend,
Ere yet her mother's doom had made
Even Esek Harden half afraid.

He felt that mute appeal of tears,
And, starting, with an angry frown
Hushed all the wicked murmurs down.

"Good neighbors mine," he sternly said,
"This passeth harmless mirth or jest ;
I brook no insult to my guest.

"She is indeed her mother's child ;
But God's sweet pity ministers
Unto no whiter soul than hers.

"Let Goody Martin rest in peace ;
I never knew her harm a fly ;
And witch or not, God knows — not I.

"I know who swore her life away ;
And as God lives, I'd not condemn
An Indian dog on word of them."

The broadest lands in all the town,
The skill to guide, the power to awe,
Were Harden's ; and his word was law.

None dared withstand him to his face,
But one sly maiden spake aside :
"The little witch is evil eyed !

Her mother only killed a cow,
Or witched a churn or dairy pan,
But she, forsooth, must charm a man."

Poor Mabel, in her lonely home,
Sat by the window's narrow pane,
While in the moonlight's silver rain,

The river, on its pebbled rim,
Made music, such as childhood knew ;
The door-yard tree was whispered through,

By voices, such as childhood's ear
Had heard in moonlights long ago ;
And, through the willow boughs below,

She saw the rippled waters shine ;
Beyond, in waves of shade and light,
The hills rolled off into the night.

Sweet sounds and pictures mocking so
The sadness of her human lot,
She saw and heard, but heeded not.

She strove to drown her sense of wrong,
And, in her old and simple way,
To teach her bitter heart to pray.

Poor child ! the prayer begun in faith,
Grew to a low despairing cry,
Of utter misery : " Let me die !

" O ! take me from the scornful eyes,
And hide me where the cruel speech
And mocking finger may not reach !

" I dare not breathe my mother's name ;
A daughter's right I dare not crave,
To weep above her unblest grave !

" Let me not live until my heart,
With few to pity, and with none
To love me, hardens into stone.

" O God ! have mercy on thy child,
Whose faith in thee grows weak and small,
And take me ere I lose it all."

A shadow on the moonlight fell,
And murmuring wind and wave became
A voice whose burden was her name.

Had then God heard her ? Had he sent
His angel down ? In flesh and flood,
Before her Esek Harden stood !

He laid his hand upon her arm :
" Dear Mabel, this no more shall be ;
Who scoffs at you, must scoff at me.

" You know rough Esek Harden well ;
And if he seems no suitor gay,
And if his hair is touched with gray,

The maiden grown shall never find
His heart less warm than when she smiled,
Upon his knee, a little child ! "

Her tears of grief were tears of joy,
As, folded in his strong embrace,
She looked in Esek Harden's face.

" O, truest friend of all ! " she said,
" God bless you for your kindly thought,
And make me worthy of my lot."

He led her through his dewy fields,
To where the swinging lanterns glowed,
And through the doors the huskers showed.

"Good friends and neighbors!" Esek said,
"I'm weary of this lonely life;
In Mabel, see my chosen wife!

"She greets you kindly, one and all;
The past is past, and all offence
Falls harmless from her innocence.

"Henceforth she stands no more alone;
You know what Esek Harden is —
He brooks no wrong to him or his!"

Now let the merriest tales be told,
And let the sweetest songs be sung,
That ever made the old heart young!

For now the lost has found a home:
And a lone hearth shall brighter burn,
As all its household joys return!

O, pleasantly the harvest moon,
Between the shadows of the mows,
Looked on them through the great elm boughs!

On Mabel's curls of golden hair,
On Esek's shaggy strength it fell;
And the wind whispered, "It is well!"

HISTORY OF A SNOW-FLAKE.

BY S. S. ALLEN.

Unlike human beings, I can distinctly remember the period of my earliest organization, what may be called my birth, which I will proceed to describe for the amusement of my younger readers.

I perfectly well recollect that on a certain morning, in the month of December, I was floating about among a great many other disunited particles of mist, once the court-yard of a pretty house, surrounded with trees, orchards, and gardens. I felt cold and uncomfortable, and was sensible of a dreary kind of existence without beauty or use to myself or others; and I was not surprised to hear a little boy, who was looking through one of the closed windows, exclaim, "O the ugly fog! I wish it would go away." Just then a clear current of cold air swept over us from the north. I felt a keen, momentary shiver, and became suddenly sensible of a new spirit of life and a new mode of existence.

I found that I possessed a regular and symmetrical body, composed of light, feather-like limbs, of a shining, lustrous texture, and great elegance and beauty of form; while the hardness and solidity of my frame seemed to promise great powers of endurance and a long life. I was falling gently through the air in company with a great number of beings similar to myself, when coming near the window before mentioned, I was startled by a group of faces of rosy children, boys and girls, who were watching us with wonder and delight. Suddenly the window was raised, and a little boy thrust out a sheet of paper just in time to catch me and about fifty of my brothers and sisters. The window was closed, and we found ourselves in a pleasant breakfasting room. The family had just left the table. The father had no sooner beheld us than he went to the study for a microscope while the children gathered round the mother with shouts of delight. "Winter's come! winter's come! won't we have fine times with snow-balling and skating, and sliding down hill? Little Sally shall have a sled, and we will drag her over the snow to school." Little Sally clapped her hands.

When the microscope was brought they grew sober, and each looked in turn, with exclamations of surprise and admiration at the marvellously curious and beautiful appearance which we made, at our immense size, our perfect symmetry and dazzling lustre. One little girl said we looked like stars just fallen down from Heaven. Another thought that I ought to be called the Koh-i-nor, or *mountain of light*. The eldest sister proposed that I should be set in gold for a pair of bracelets, while Sally declared that we ought to be sent to the Crystal Palace for exhibition. I was sensible of a feeling of great pleasure in being thus admired by such charming creatures; but, as they carried us near the fire, I suddenly grew faint, and I think I should have expired at that moment, if we had not, just then, all been thrown out of the window. The cold air restored me, and a wind, passing along at that instant, wafted me into a sheltered situation in a hemlock tree which stood in a grove at the north of the house.

Here I lay at my ease and looked around me. Innumera-

ble flakes fell through the branches, some forming white flowers on the ends of the twigs, and some piling themselves up in mounds on the dark green grass. Occasionally an insect or a worm crawled slowly along, though I found that the greater part of these animals had wisely prepared themselves for winter by wrapping themselves closely in an outside garment, and nestling down among the roots of a tree or in crevices of the bark, where they would lie till the warm weather of spring should awaken them to life and enjoyment.

But the little birds had not been so thoughtful. They came chipping and twittering among the boughs, and asking each other what they should do and where they should go. Some proposed flying off to the south, as a great many of their acquaintance had done weeks before. Some were afraid to venture in the storm, but declared in plaintive, wailing tones that they should freeze or starve if they staid. A robin red-breast told the others they might go where they pleased; he was very sorry they had not looked out better for themselves, but that he should pass the winter in the grove. He said that he was not afraid of the cold, and that he had a friend in the house who would give him enough to eat. Presently I saw him hopping cautiously, nearer and nearer, and I observed that the mother softly opened the window, while the little girl threw out some crumbs of bread and cake.

The snow continued to fall all day, quietly, beautifully, till the ground was covered to the depth of several inches; but at night the storm-king came with his winds and made a terrible havoc. The rushing and roaring was tremendous. Myriads of flakes were raised into the air, and whirled, and dashed, and buffeted about. Some were lodged in great banks under the fences and by the roadside, while others were driven and piled up in deep, sunless glens in the midst of forests, there to remain till the next spring. I clung to the bough in my little nook, and thought I was safe, but in a moment I was swept off and carried into the air, higher than the tops of the highest trees, where I was whirled round and round till I became dizzy and fell to the ground. I alighted on the top of a high bank not far from the parlor window.

The tempest roared and thundered. The branches of the trees waved and groaned; wild spirits seemed whistling and calling to each other; but though there was such a turmoil without, all seemed quiet and peaceful within. The curtains were undrawn, and I could see through the parlor window the family assembled around the cheerful fire. The father was reading, while the mother and daughters were busy with some kind of needle work. Presently little Sally came and climbed upon her father's knees to kiss him good night. She went round the circle kissing and laughing and then she came to the window. "Poor little Robin! where is poor little Robin now, I wonder? Good night, little Robin, wherever you are!" she said. Presently I saw a gleam in a distant chamber for a few minutes, and then all was dark. She was not afraid to go to sleep in the dark if the wind did blow, not she. She thought that God would care for the poor little robin as he did for the sparrows, and that he would also take care of her.

All night the tempest raged, and I felt the snow piling up far above my head; but just at sunrise in the morning the wind went down, the clouds cleared away, and all was calm and still. And O! how beautiful. The clear blue sky, the broad, red sun, tinging the distant hills, and lighting up the plain with tiny sparkles, as from a million of diamonds. The pure and perfect whiteness of every object was wonderfully lovely.

I had not thought of my own immediate situation till little Sally came to the window, and exclaimed, "Papa! Mamma! Sister Emily! Brother Robert! Come quick and look at this beautiful thing!" They rushed to the window and opened it, when I became aware that I and my companions were the object of their admiration. From some law which I do not understand we had, in the course of the night, assumed one of the most graceful and artistic forms which can be conceived. We looked like a specimen of the finest architecture, wrought in the purest alabaster or marble, a kind of entablature with an overhanging cornice, with mouldings and flutings of the most exquisite fineness, the whole surmounted with an orna-

ment which exceeded in grace and beauty the flowing acanthus cup or twisted volute of the Grecian orders. The father gave quite a lecture on the lines of beauty and proportion. The mother remarked that as the elm tree must have suggested the Gothic arch, a snow-bank must have given a model for some of the ornaments of Grecian architecture. Emily thought they had never seen snow-banks in Greece. Robert was very sure that the boys and girls of Athens knew all about the pleasure of sliding and coasting. In looking at and listening to this charming group of happy human beings, so rich and warm, and full of what seemed to me a divine affection, I felt a pang of regret that I had not been endowed with their superior nature, and when the window closed I seemed to freeze and die.

I lay in this state of insensibility for about two days, when I was awakened by shouts of laughter to find myself adhering to the worsted fringe of little Sally's cap, and just in the neighborhood of one of her glossy, yellow curls. Her soft, smooth cheeks glowed like a June rose, and every time she laughed, which was every minute, the very prettiest of little dimples clustered about the corners of her mouth. All the family were collected near the edge of the evergreen grove, to look at a snow giant which Robert and some of his young companions had been making. And, truly, it was such a ludicrous object that no one could look at it without a shaking of the sides. The short, thick legs, the great, unwieldy body, the broad, round face with bits of coal inserted for eyes and mouth, the icicles hung around to represent hair, and a circular tin bath, with a brim like that of an immense hat upon its head, altogether presented such a grotesque caricature of man, as was never before seen. One arm was extended. When the noise and merriment, caused by the first introduction of the family had subsided, Robert asked the company to give their statue a name, and also to suggest something characteristic to be placed in his hand.

"Daniel Lambert!" cried one, "look at his legs!" "King Cole!" shouted another, "see his eyes!" "Captain Parry," said one of the girls, "he can bear the cold so well." "George

the Fourth!" suggested one of the boys, the most splendid gentleman of his time." Beau Brummel, all in white!" "King James the First! no pistol ball could ever reach his heart!" "Oliver Cromwell, with his broad brim!" Everybody had a name to suggest from some fanciful and ludicrous resemblance.

"Let mother give us a name," said Robert, "and settle the question."

After thinking for some moments, and consulting with her husband the mother declared, with much gravity, that there was no one whose memory she should more delight to honor than that of old Dr. Johnson, and that as she really thought there was a personal resemblance, she had decided upon that name, and she suggested that a cup should be placed in his hand to denote his fondness for tea.

This decision was hailed with universal acclamation, and three hearty cheers were given for Dr. Johnson.

A deep, earthen pudding dish was brought from the kitchen, and in this was placed a quart bowl for a cup, with a long-handled wooden spoon, scoured as white as snow. But how to place it on the Doctor's knee without injuring the image. It was proposed that little Sally should take it in her hands and be raised up to a level with the knee, and gently place it there. Sally was a little afraid of being sent into the air to perform such a delicate mission, but when her father offered to hold her in his arms, she made no farther objection. Steps were brought, on which he mounted, and holding her firmly aloft, she gently put the huge cup and saucer in its place. "A brave girl! Hurra for little Sally!" shouted a dozen voices as she descended, but I heard only an echo of the mirth, for, as she turned away from the statue, I was taken by a sudden breeze and lodged on a twig of a willow tree at the end of a long avenue near the gate.

Here I remained dozing until the next day, when the jingling of sleigh-bells, coming rapidly down the avenue, aroused me. The horses were gay, and as they turned to pass through the gate the sleigh was swung a little to one side. It hit the slender trunk of the young willow, and I was shaken from

my resting place to fall upon the back part of a fur tippet worn by Miss Emily, little Sally's elder sister, who was on the middle seat with Robert, while Sally was with her father and mother behind. I had discovered that my most powerful enemy was the sun, and I rejoiced that I had fallen into the shade, where he could not lay his eye upon me, for I felt that if he did I must die. The horse pranced, the bells rang, parents and children were full of joyousness and gaiety. Little Sally could scarcely contain herself. She thought that snow was the nicest, most beautiful thing in the world, and sleighing the most charming pleasure. She said the houses and trees were all taking a drive the other way, and she wondered they did not clap their hands and laugh as one of Mr. Tennyson's trees did, that sister Emily read about last evening. Emily said they had no leaves to laugh and clap with. Robert thought that branches might clap as well as leaves.

We met and passed a great many sleighs filled with gay people and rosy children, who smiled and nodded, and said funny things. Sally said it seemed to her as if people could not help laughing when they went sleighing. Sally's father remarked that he knew some little people who could not help laughing at any time. "I know very well whom you mean father?" said Sally. "But O! papa," cried she, suddenly changing her tone, "do see that poor woman with her lame, little boy, trudging through the snow; how cold and tired they look?"

Sally's father called to the driver to stop, while he gave the poor woman a piece of money, for which she seemed very thankful. Sally fumbled in her muff, and drew forth a large piece of cake which her mother had given her before leaving home, for fear she would be hungry. She held it out to the little boy, and he seemed so glad to get it that she thought it was a great deal better than eating it herself.

Presently, they came to a frozen pond, where there were a great many boys skating, and some who were drawing about little girls upon sleds. Sally knew one of the little girls who asked her if she would not like to be sliding with her.

"Yes," replied Sally, "I should love it dearly, if I were not sliding with my papa and mamma, but I like this quite as well."

When they arrived at the town, they stopped before a large hotel; but just as they were going up the steps, Miss Emily's mother gave her tippet a little shake, and I was thrown under the piazza at the foot of a small, square, brick pillar, which helped to support it. Fortunately, I fell into the shade where the sun could not spy me, but where I could overlook both the kitchen and the street. Here I remained for several days and witnessed things which greatly lessened my desire to belong to the human race, and made me thankful that God had given me a pure and transparent nature. I saw chamber maids, when they should have been at their work, frolicing and gossiping with each other, and suddenly seizing a broom or a towel and appearing to be immensely busy if their master or mistress came near them. I saw petty stealing, and drunkenness, and idleness.

But I will not describe to my young readers, all that I saw of evil. I would rather tell them of the good. There was an old negro hostler, named Ben, who was so busy all day in the stable, that he never came into the kitchen till after ten o'clock at night. After washing his face and hands thoroughly, in soap and water, brushing his hair, and changing his thick stable-jacket for a tight clean one, he took two little books from a shelf, and sitting down in a corner of the fireplace, with a small lamp in his hand, he began to read and to sing. He did not seem to mind what was going on about him, but read in a low tone, first, a part of the History of Jesus Christ, and afterwards one of the psalms of David. Then he sang the sweetest and most plaintive tunes; but the burden of the words was always the same, Heaven and Jesus. As he sang, the tears trickled down his old cheeks, and yet, he was so cheerful, so kind, so ready to help every one, I felt sure he must be happy. Even with my limited powers of observation, I had discovered that goodness and happiness always go together. His bed was in a little closet, almost touching my sheltering pillar. I could see that every night

before undressing, he knelt by his bedside, and clasping his hands together, and looking upward, made a prayer. He called every body by name that he prayed for. I observed that he never forgot to beg that God would bless Miss Matty, and that the Lord would take care of her day and night. Miss Matty was the only child of the keeper of the hotel, a girl of fifteen years of age. I had never seen her except at a distance near a certain door, where broken victuals and old clothes were given to the poor people who came to beg for them. She seemed a merry, joyous little creature, but so full of pity and compassion, that at the sight of a poor little beggar child, the tears would chase the smiles and laughter from her face, like a sudden cloud over the sunshine. I longed to have her come into the kitchen that I might see her nearer but she never came.

I had laid several days in my quiet nook, and began to think I should pass the winter there, when just at twilight one evening, there was a sudden change to cold. The wind whistled through the streets, and a whiff sweeping through our area, took me up high in the air, and bore me on its wing to new regions. I was carried along the streets of the city, sometimes thrown against tall houses, and then lodged for a moment in the branches of a tree. Once, I was dashed against a window pane, where I had a momentary glimpse of a chamber brilliantly lighted and splendidly furnished, in which were two young ladies preparing for a ball, all covered with gauzes and spangles, and artificial flowers. I would gladly have remained there for a while, but was taken off by the next gust of wind and wafted along, till, having reached a quarter in the suburbs where the buildings were small and low, I was carried under the eaves and through a crack in the wall of a poor old house, into a dimly lighted chamber, where I dropped upon the corner of a bed. It was upon the bolster that I fell, and I observed that there was quite a pile of snow near me, which had gradually sifted through the crack and fallen there, and also, that there was a much larger one in another corner of the room.

A woman lay gasping and sighing on the bed, while a little girl sat weeping on a low chair. There was nobody else in

the room. A few embers were decaying on the hearth, and a tallow candle was burning low in the socket on an old bureau.

"Nelly," said the woman in a low voice, light another candle, this one is going out."

"There are no more, mother."

"Well, then, put a stick of wood on the fire, it is so cold and dark."

"There is no wood, mother. I have put on the last stick."

"Have you had your supper, Nelly?"

"I don't want any supper, mother."

"You must eat, my child. Take a piece of bread and butter, and toast a bit for me, if there is fire enough, I am so weak."

Nelly went to the cupboard as if looking for bread, then she came softly up to the bedside and whispered, "there is no bread, dear mother."

The mother groaned, and hid her face under the coverlet. Afterwards, she was perfectly still for several minutes, and I knew that she was praying. Presently she lifted up her head and looking almost wildly, yet with a touching expression of love and pity upon her daughter, she said, "I cannot work to-morrow nor next day, and—O: my dear, sweet, Nelly, I don't know how to ask you, but it must be done,—we must submit to the Lord's will—can you beg, Nelly?"

Nelly threw her arms around her mother's neck, while she sobbed out, "I can do anything for you, mother, I can beg. And you can eat, you are hungry—I will go this minute."

"What, alone, and in the dark, and in the cold snow! O, must my Nelly do this?"

"I sha'n't mind it mother," said the little girl, as she took an old cloak and hood from the closet, yet I could see that she was pale and trembling.

Just then a knock came to the door. Nelly opened it. A young girl entered and approached the bed, while some one outside gently closed the door and stood in the entry. The girl threw off her hood, and I saw that it was Miss Matty.

"Don't you know me?" said she to the woman on the bed.

"No"

"Have you forgotten Matty Henderson, that you nursed when she was a baby, and took care of till she was eight years old, through whooping-cough and measles and scarlet fever, and all those ugly things? that you used to dress and sing to, and play with, and that you almost spoiled like a dear good Mary Wilson as you were?"

The woman weak as she was, raised herself upright in the bed. "Are you Matty Henderson, my little Matty? the dearest little girl that ever was seen, and the best little girl that ever was born! yes, you are Matty; I see your eyes, and your hair, and your smile,. But how you have grown, and how beautiful you are. Where do you live? and how came you to know I was here?"

"Ben told me all about it; how he had found you out; and how you had lost your husband; and how you had a little girl of your own; and how sick you were; and—how—poor you were," added she looking about the room.

"O! thank God that I see you again, my dear little Matty;" whispered the poor woman, and sank back upon the bed. "Is your mother so very ill?" asked Matty turning to the little girl.

"She has been very sick," said Nelly, but she is hungry now. I am going to beg something for her to eat."

"Ben! Ben!" called Matty.

The door opened, and Ben the hostler entered the room, with a good sized basket in his hand.

"Set down your basket this minute, Ben, and make a fire quick!"

"There is no wood," said Ben, looking about the fire-place.

"Get some then at the nearest yard, as fast as you can run! and bring a loaf of bread and a chicken." She gave him some money, and hurried him away.

While he was gone she unpacked the basket, where were wine, crackers, sugar, and tea. She mixed wine, water, and sugar together, in which she soaked some crackers, and brought them to the bed. "Dear, good Mary," said she, "I have obeyed you a great many times; now you must mind me. I am going to be your little cook and nurse to night; and you must do just what I tell you."

The exhausted woman sipped and ate a little, and then laid her head back upon the pillow, but in such a way that she could see what was going on. Matty looked around the dim cold room. She saw the snow driving through the cracks, and piling itself up, even on the very bed of the invalid. Tears rained from her beautiful eyes, as she murmured, "Sick, cold, and hungry, my Mary, that I loved so, that was so good, so kind, so true! But she will never spend another such night while I live; no, never. Mother says that she shall come and live with us, and take part of the charge of her house; and then, won't I make her happy? And little Nelly too: she shall be as merry as the day is long; yes, that you shall, little Nelly,—for I know you are a good little girl; my Mary's little girl is good, I know she can't help being good."

Just then, Ben came in with wood, and a quantity of things which he had brought from the grocer's. He made a bright fire, filled a kettle with water, and put a chicken down to broil. Matty stopped up the cracks, drew the table close up to the bed, and began to prepare it for a supper. She glided about and found a cloth and some cups and plates. She laughed and wept by turns, and by turns pitied and encouraged the mother and child, both of whom seemed wrapped in a kind of joyful wonder.

From the moment the fire began to blaze up the chimney, making the room look so cheerful and comfortable, I had felt a faintness which increased every moment. I feared I should die, yet I had never felt so great a desire to continue in existence. I had heard of human loveliness which could warm a heart of ice, but now I felt it. I longed to meet, to mingle, if but for a moment, with this lovely, soul-creating humanity.

My wish was granted. Matty came up to the bed, and after looking pitifully for a moment, and repeating some lines of poetry which ended with, "Chill, o'er their slumbers, piles the drift heap;" she swept me and my companions from the pillow with her handkerchief. The others fell to the floor behind the bed. I adhered to the corner of the handkerchief; when her small white hand giving it a little shake, I was thrown upwards and lodged in one of her dimples, where a smile and a tear

were lying together. At the moment when I touched her rosy cheek, her nurse drew her gently forward to give her a kiss and a blessing. At that instant I was blessed with a most exquisite and heavenly thrill of enjoyment, and with a glimpse of supernatural insight. That tear, that smile, that kiss, that aspiration,— God, love, gratitude, pity, and blessing! I knew, I felt what they were. I could not resist the law of my being; I did not desire it; for I felt that all was right and good. But I also felt as I melted away and was dispersed in air, that I could not be lost in God's Universe; that I should continue to serve his purposes; and that I might perhaps again have such moments of enjoyment, as would repay me for ages of unconscious existence.

A POEM FOR THE TIMES.

BY REV. E. P. DYER.

"Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

A kind man lived my next door neighbor,
Who earned his living by his labor,
Till times grew hard and money tight,
When he was in a rueful plight:—
For though his meal was scarce out yet,
He knew not where the next to get:—
He would have toiled with willing mind,
But no employment could he find;
The Factories had ceased to spin,—
The harvests all were gathered in,—
The northern winds began to blow,
And sift to earth the chilling snow,
And, from the quarter whence they blew,
The wild geese in triangles flew,
Proclaiming with their southward bills,
Cold winter just behind the hills.

Thanksgiving day was drawing near,
That day of mirth and social cheer,
When housewives from their ample hoard,
Are wont to crown the festive board

With luxuries of every sort,
(Although their guests may suffer for't,)
That all, the greatest and the least,
May make a most abundant feast.
At such a time my neighbor's purse
Was empty quite; and, what was worse,
Employment gone and raiment scant,
He felt the pangs of coming want.

One morning as he rose from bed,
His wife said, "Dear, we have no bread!
The meal is out, the meat is gone,
And what think we shall breakfast on?
You know you told me yesterday,
To "be not anxious but to pray;"
"To-morrow will take thought" you said,
"For its own things; but where's our bread?"

The good man, turning, dropped a tear,
And faintly whispered, "never fear;
Our God is good and kind and just,
He asks of us a filial trust.

He owns the silver and the gold,—
No good thing will his hand withhold
From those who walk uprightly, Dear,
And therefore said I, 'never fear;'
For He who doth the ravens feed,—
Who surely knows our pressing need,—
When he has tried our faith and love,
Will send us blessings from above."

"Ah, yes! my dear, you seem to think
That God will send us food and drink,
And clothe us all the winter long!
I don't believe it, right or wrong."

"Dear wife," said he, "you should not feel
Distrust of God; come let us kneel
And offer up our mutual prayer,
That HE will make our case his care."

They knelt, but while together kneeling,
Strange thoughts were through one bosom stealing;
One rich man's breast, that seldom moved
To thoughts of pity, or approved
Of giving to the poor a cent,
Or cutting down a tenant's rent,

However hard the times might be,
Though others did so, never he, —
“ If I can live, then others can ! ”
So said this hard, tight-fisted man.
Now he an inward impulse feels, —
Strange pity to his heart appeals ;
And want's sad tones he seems to hear,
Though well assured no soul is near ;
A mountain presses on his heart,
And from his eye the tear-drops start ;
He whistles first, then heaves a sigh,
His heart relents, he knows not why ;
His troubled conscience seeks repose ; —
So straightway to the barn he goes,
Like one bewildered in a dream,
And orders thence a man and team,
To take a barrel from the store,
And leave it at John Jones's door ;
Nor this alone, a bag of meal,
A firkin, and — “ but—stop—I feel—
No—go along and—I declare
I hardly have these things to spare ; —
But you may take a pound of tea,
That turkey which you picked for me,
And two good cod-fish from the bin,
And put seven pounds of sugar in.”

'Twas said — 'twas done ; to Jones's door
This tribute from the grocery store
We leave awhile to wend its way,
And turn to those who knelt to pray ;
The unbelieving wife, to dust
Was humbled when she saw the trust
Her husband in the Lord expressed ;
Faith took possession of her breast,
And both united, poured the prayer
Of Faith, which baffles wan despair.
Importunate to God they cried
With Faith that could not be denied.

But scarce their fervent prayer is said,
When, lo ! the Lord hath sent them bread !
The rich man's wagon at the door
Has brought them all they asked, and more ;

A barrel filled with finest wheat —
A firkin full of butter sweet,
A box of sugar, bunch of fish,
And more than Faith had dared to wish.
As slow the wagon wheeled away,
John Jones and wife knelt down to pray,
With tears of gratitude they knelt,
And tried to utter what they felt,
But all in vain ; they can't express
The goodness and the tenderness
Of Him who, with a shepherd's care,
Supplies their wants and answers prayer,
And keeps his word when two agree
To offer their united plea,
Nor e'er considers it a task
To grant them whatsoe'er they ask.
John Jones's children still in bed,
Knew not that God had sent them bread ;
But on their pillows sweetly slept,
Nor knew the grateful tears *they* wept,
Who, when the wagon left the door,
Knelt down upon the kitchen floor,
And prayed for him whose team had brought
The blessings they from God had sought.
They praised the goodness of the Lord,
That plenty smiled around their board ;
They prayed that God would daily bless
The rich man for his tenderness,
That while he lives, his life may be
Exempt from pain and penury ;
That he may never suffer need,
But find in Christ a friend indeed,
That when the heaven's shall pass away,
When comes the great decisive day,
Such deeds as he this day hath done,
May be remembered one by one,
And from the Judge his sentence be,
Well done ! thou didst it unto me.

That rich man lives, still lives to tell,
The luxury of doing well ;
A luxury best understood
By those intent on doing good ; —
He lives to count what he has given

The poor, as treasured up in heaven.
 And grateful Jones and wife still live,
 To bless the hand that deigns to give
 Assistance to the needy poor,
 From pocket-book or grocery store.
 Then go do likewise, wealthy man!
 Whenever and where'er you can;
 And when the Judgment-day shall set,
 Instead of sorrow and regret,
 Thy heart, with joy and sweet surprise,
 Shall overflow in yonder skies,
 To hear the King Eternal say,
 All thou hast given will I repay;
 For I was once "a man of grief,"
 And thou didst come to my relief;
 Henceforth a crown of joy is thine,
 A crown of glory all divine.

Hingham, Oct. 30, 1857.

O, HOW SADLY!

BY META LANDER.

Dearest daughter! O, how sadly
 Gaze I on thy wasted form!
 All my life-blood would I gladly
 Shed, thine icy cheek to warm.

Ah, sweet child! more deep my feeling,—
 Thou to me art dearer far,
 With that shadow o'er thee stealing,
 Than when shone thy morning star,

With its lustrous light unclouded,
 Over our domestic sky,—
 Darkly now by grief enshrouded,
 As we watch thee fade and die.

THE STOLEN DRESS;

OR, THE EFFECTS OF UNDUE INDULGENCE.

BY MRS. MADELINE LESLIE.

"Mamma, dear mamma! I know you will not refuse my request. I will promise to be very discreet and prudent, if you will allow me to accompany that charming lady, Mrs. Benson, to Mrs. Lothrop's levee."

Mrs. Lang slowly shook her head; but Ida, not in the least doubting whether she should gain the desired end tossed back her curls, pouted out her full red lips in a manner her young admirers had often assured her was irresistible, and throwing herself into a large, easy chair, added in an indifferent tone, "Well, then, I shall miss the best opportunity I have yet had for forming the acquaintance of Mr. Murray, about whom you and father have so much to say."

"Are you sure he is to be present? I did not know he had returned from the country." Mrs. Lang had suddenly acquired interest in the subject under discussion, and as by her kindling eye and eager inquiry, Ida became convinced that she was upon the right track, she calmly replied: "Oh, yes, he is sure to be there; Mrs. Lothrop is a connection of his mother's, and herself assured me of his presence."

"But can you make suitable preparation in so short a period? I should wish you to appear to advantage; that is," she added, as Ida, seeing the victory was won, threw aside her assumed indifference and sprung from her chair, "that is if I consent for you to go,—but, really, Dexter," she continued, addressing her husband, "I have serious objections to having our daughter appear in company with a person of so doubtful reputation, and all the more because she is, as Ida says, charming and fascinating. What do you think? Is it well to trust Ida with her?"

"Don't appeal to me," replied Mr. Lang with a smile, "let Ida plead her cause and decide for yourself."

The gentleman, for the last half hour, had been quietly watching the manœuvres of his daughter, and though conscious

that her course was neither straightforward nor honorable, yet he could not help being amused at the tactics she had displayed, neither could deny that the variety of expression her face had assumed had served to heighten her beauty.

The mother heaved a profound sigh, as she rejoined: "It is always so. In any case of difficulty you say, 'decide for yourself.'"

"After all," said Ida, "I don't know as I care to go. I dare say it will be dreadfully dull as there is to be no dancing; and Mr. Murray and I should not agree at all, he is so dreadfully prosy, and expects ladies to behave at a party as if they were in church. I will stay at home or go with Ruth to visit her mother."

As she said this the young girl glanced from under her long lashes to witness the effect upon her father and mother. There was an expression upon the countenance of the former which she could not understand, but one look at her mother convinced her that she would not be allowed to absent herself from the society of Warren Murray.

At this moment Mrs. Lang was summoned from the room: and Ida, approaching her father, repeated, in a most dutiful tone, "Yes, I will stay at home with you."

"Nonsense, child," was his unexpected reply, "I see through all your manoeuvres, and am pained that you should resort to artifice and deceit to accomplish your purpose."

For one moment Ida was so wholly astonished as to be unable to reply. At the words of stern reproof from her father, the first she had ever received from his lips, a flush of genuine emotion rose to her cheek, and, with a faltering voice, she asked, "father, what can you mean?"

"I mean, my child, that we are all wrong, but your mother and I are far more so than you. I wonder I have never seen the subject in this light before."

"Yes, I will confess I have been deeply pained at the thought that my beloved Ida, instead of pleading earnestly and truthfully for permission to attend the levee should exhibit such want of frankness, and with so much skill too as to prove her to be an adept in such arts.

“ Oh, my daughter, if, after all my love for you, my dearest hopes should be disappointed ; if, instead of an affectionate, dutiful child, I should wake up to find you given wholly to fashion and display, discontented and weary when called to the performance of home duties, only wearing your gayest smiles when you are surrounded by the silly young fops who flatter and flirt with you ! ”

“ Dear father ! ” cried Ida, interrupting him and lifting her long lashes, heavy with unshed tears that she might look in his face, “ I did not wish to pain you. I did not think I was doing wrong.”

Mr. Lang caught his daughter to his breast, imprinted a kiss upon her low, broad brow, and without another word retired from the room.

Ida Lang was an only child. From her birth she had been accustomed to every indulgence which money or affection could procure. Her mother was a woman of weak intellect and almost from the child's infancy, had been obliged to yield to Ida's stronger will. Absorbed in mercantile pursuits, Mr. Lang had only seen his daughter at the short intervals when she was at home from school, and then, as she was loving in manner, and exquisitely lovely in person, deemed himself most happy in being the father of such a child.

At sixteen, Ida left school and entered society, where her beauty and apparent artlessness created quite a sensation. She had now been at home but a few months and her father had been the witness of several scenes not unlike that narrated above. At first he was merely amused to see her seize upon the weak points in her mother's character and use them as weapons in her own behalf ; but of late he had feared that all was not right in her moral training, and had experienced secret misgivings as to the result of her school education.

He found it impossible to shut his eyes again to the fact that his dear Ida though as perfect a vision of loveliness as a father's eye could rest upon, was anything rather than the artless child of nature he had fondly imagined. Bitter remorse often caused him to arise from a sleepless couch, and he experienced the keenest regrets that he had not sooner studied the character of his only child.

Months passed on and amid the pleasing anticipations of the present, all past anxieties seemed forgotten. The most delightful wishes for their daughter were realized when Warren Murray led her trembling and pale from emotion, to their presence for a blessing upon their love.

In the blissful realities to which her young heart had awakened, the lovely traits in Ida's character seemed to acquire a new lustre, while those that were false and forbidding were cast into a deep shade. With all the fulness of a fresh heart, she loved him who had turned aside from the gay belles who had so earnestly sought his notice, and had chosen her in her youth and inexperience to be his bride.

Mrs. Lang would willingly have consented to the eagerly urged wishes of her lover for a speedy union, especially as he was about to visit Germany for a year, and wished Ida to accompany him; but Mr. Lang was resolute in his refusal. He wished her character to be more fully developed. She still needed several months before the completion of her sixteenth year, had received no domestic education; and he himself had experienced too many discomforts from a want of thorough training for home duties in the case of his wife, to be willing to subject the husband of his daughter to similar trials.

And so the lovers parted with the most implicit confidence in each others purity of heart and governing motives for life. Ah, how often before they again met did the father regret that he had not waived his objections to their wishes, and allowed her to adapt herself to home duties under the sheltering influence of a husband's love.

For a time the young girl was inconsolable, positively refused to go at all into society, and gave herself up to the comfort of nursing her own griefs. During the winter which followed, her chief pleasure was in receiving and answering letters from her dear Warren, and in repeating over and over again to her cousin Ruth the history of her love.

This young girl was the daughter of a cousin of Mr. Lang. Early deprived of a husband's support, Mrs. Grant had obtained a situation, in an Academy for young misses, and her daughter had shared Ida's home. Upon the return of the latter from

school, Ruth had joined her mother; but now Mr. Lang had persuaded his cousin to leave for a time at least, her arduous duties and superintend his daughter's home education. He wished her to be what his mother had been, a thorough housewife.

Under the superintendence of her aunt, Ida, in these months of comparative quiet, acquired some degree of skill in housewifery, certainly enough to elicit high praise from her father, though her mother continually wondered why he wished their daughter to soil her hands by contact with culinary utensils.

The summer succeeding the departure of Mr. Murray, this young girl was rendered very sad by intelligence from him that his return would probably be delayed until Spring.—In order to divert her mind, her father readily consented that she should join a party of friends who were intending to make the tour of the lakes; visiting Saratoga, Niagara, Quebec and Montreal. Alas, for the effects of this trip? Poor Ida was wholly overpowered with the flattery, nay, the homage which she received. It so happened, that unknown to her father and even to Ida at the time the tour was projected, Mrs. Benson was of the party, and then in a few days resumed all her former influence over the susceptible girl. On her return home after an absence of scarce two months, her friends could hardly believe her to be the same loving, amiable child from whom they had so lately parted. At home unless excited by company, she was languid, and often irritable that she did not receive the amount of adulation which she claimed as her due; and though her father, who, at her importunity, accompanied her night after night to places of amusement or parties of pleasure, could not restrain an emotion of pride as he watched her, the centre of a gay circle, her exquisitely turned features lighted by excitement, her eyes vying with the diamond circle upon her finger; yet such a feeling was quickly succeeded by pain, as he witnessed her affectation, and evident desire for admiration.

Poor Ida! what wilt thou do in the hour of adversity which with swift wings is approaching.

During the autumn Mrs. Grant and Ruth, often noticed that

Mr. Lang was unusually serious, but attributed it at first solely to his anxiety for his daughter. It was therefore not quite so much of a shock to them as to his immediate family when one day he returned from the counting room, pale with excitement and in answer to their eager inquiries, said "I'm a bankrupt."

Yes, his riches had taken to themselves wings and flown away. By the imprudence of a young partner who had been taken into the firm, bad debts had been incurred, and one of their largest creditors failing at this time, they were obliged to suspend payment.

The effect of this sudden announcement upon Mrs. Lang, was a severe fit of sickness, from which her mind never recovered its tone. Upon Ida it seemed to produce but little effect. She appeared more than ever desirous to plunge deeper and deeper into the exciting pleasures of the season. Her aunt reasoned and advised and Ruth remonstrated with tears, but with little effect: excitement Ida persisted she must have, or she should die. She already perceived in the failing attention of some of her admirers the sad influence of her loss of property and determined to regain it by increased affability.

Until his misfortunes gathered thick and fast about him, Mr. Lang never realized the treasure he possessed in Ruth. Indeed hers was a character, which needed adversity and trial to make it shine, she had always been timid and retiring, especially in her intercourse with strangers, and had been pained far more than she ought to have been, at her position of dependence.— Now she felt was the time to repay the kindness which had been lavished upon her.

Soon after the change in Mr. Lang's circumstances, Mrs. Grant resumed her duties in school, leaving Mrs. Lang in charge of Ruth. Finding Ida shrank from the duties of house-keeper, Ruth gradually assumed the entire charge of the domestic arrangements.

By the consent of the creditors Mr. Lang was able to keep his elegant mansion, and an annuity, settled upon his wife, afforded them a respectable support. The gentleman often felt that if the change in his circumstances should be the means of restoring his daughter to him, he would not regret it. It was his

intention as soon as his affairs were fully arranged to solicit a clerkship in the firm of some of his friends who had already pressed upon him their assistance, but of this Ruth knew nothing. With her uncle's advice and permission, she had reduced the household by dismissing most of the servants, and her voice would be heard, as clear as a bell, singing for very joyousness as she ran from room to room, in the performance of herself imposed duties.

Early in the winter Ruth received an urgent invitation from one of her mother's pupils, a young lady who had for a time been a class-mate of her own, to spend a few months with her previous to her marriage, and then to join her party in their wedding tour. For a few hours she hesitated, as it had been the fondest wish of her life to visit Europe, but duty triumphed over inclination, and the brave girl wrote an affectionate refusal. She, however, afterwards consented to visit her friend for a week, and this resulted in her offer to make up some of the elegant dresses which were part of the bridal trossseau. In this way she hoped to be able to add somewhat to the comfort of her uncle's table, though well aware he would have opposed such a measure.

The time for the wedding drew near, and one after another of rich silks and satins passed under Ruth's skilful fingers, been satisfactorily completed and carried home, no one but her cousin being aware of the fact.

One morning early in March, Ida received an invitation to a large ball, which she instantly accepted, but afterwards regretted having done so, as she had nothing suitable to wear in so gay an assembly. The day of the ball arrived, and still the important question what she should wear was undecided. She knew it would be in vain to ask her father for money; and Ruth, whose advice she often sought, was gone to pass the evening and night with her friend. As the young girl wandered restlessly through the house, she perceived lying upon her cousin's bed an elegant rose colored, satin dress, exactly what she would have chosen for the occasion had the means been within her reach. She approached the rich garment, held it up before herself in front of the mirror, "Oh how becoming,"

was the involuntary exclamation. "What harm would there be in my wearing it to the party and returning it here before daylight," was the question at which her thoughts had arrived when half an hour later she sought her own room. By what sophistry she answered this question we cannot tell, but an hour before her friend was to call for her she sent their only female servant with a note saying, "I wish to make my toilet at your house," and a carriage soon appeared conveying her and the stolen dress away for that purpose.

"How exquisitely beautiful," "how lovely!" were the exclamations which met her ear, as an hour or two later, she entered the ball room leaning on the arm of the husband of her friend.

And this was true, never before had a vision of more perfect beauty and grace met the admiring gaze of eager eyes. The well fitting bodice displayed to advantage her rounded symmetrical figure, which below the folds of the rich flowing skirts appeared the toe of a tiny white satin slipper. In her hair which was chestnut and which she always wore in loose flowing curls, was twined a wreath of natural flowers, and in exquisite white fringed camellia was fastened in her bodice in the place of a brooch. There was an unusual lightness in her eye and a deeper rose tint on her cheek, whether occasioned by the consciousness of her loveliness, the reflection of the delicate shade of her dress, or by the whisper of conscience, I will not undertake to say.

The evening was passing most triumphantly. The engagement for her hand were so numerous that to fulfill them would require her to be upon the floor more than half the night. Soon after her return from the refreshment room, feeling very weary, she seated herself in a large chair, and watched the parties forming a quadrille. Her attention was quickly arrested by the sound of her father's name, and she leaned eagerly forward in the endeavor to hear what was said.

"Yes, I always believed so," added another voice, "at least until to-night." He always seemed to be an honorable man, but I confess I have had my doubts since I have seen his

daughter dressed out like a queen; money must be plenty to find such rich dresses as that."

"I have wondered myself how she procured such an expensive wardrobe," added the first voice; "but I have no doubt as to her father, he is the very soul of honor."

"What do you think Murray will say to all that has taken place. I hear he is soon expected home, she does not seem to mourn his absence any more than she does her father's losses."

"I do not think the change of fortune would affect his affection in the least; but I do think that her heartless conduct in leaving her sick mother for places of amusement, and in returning her father's indulgence with neglect, at a time when her dutiful attentions would be a cordial to his heart, will affect him so much that he will break their engagement. He will do so if he is the man of sense I deem him."

Poor Ida gasped for breath, and leaned against her chair the high back of which hid her from view, she covered her face with her hands and for one moment thought herself suffocating, then with a great effort controlling her feelings she rose from her seat with the determination to seek her friend and return home. She had advanced, however, but a few steps when she perceived a figure in her path, and without raising her eyes was hastening to pass it, when her name was pronounced in the well remembered voice of her lover, and looking up she saw him before her.

"Can I assist you? he asked, are you in search of your carriage?"

"I want to find Mrs. Sever, I wish to return home," faltered the poor girl, the blood receding from her heart as she perceived from the manner of Mr. Murray, that the words of his friend would prove true.

Weary with the fatigue and excitement of the evening, stung with chagrin and remorse at the remarks she had overheard, she was ill-prepared for the conviction which was so suddenly forced upon her that her lover was lost to her, she staggered and would have fallen to the floor had not Mr. Murray sprang to her assistance, and lead her to a chair. But alas! her troubles were not yet over. In the slight bustle, consequent

upon her faintness, some one jostled against a servant who was carrying a salver of wine glasses, and the whole contents were spilled upon the stolen dress.

Bursting into a passion of tears she sobbed out, "oh take me home? I must go home."

Scarcely five minutes were passed before she found herself borne away from the brilliantly illuminated hall, the scenes of which she had anticipated with so much pleasure. She scarcely realized that she was the only occupant of the coach, she was in such agony of fear as to the result of her misconduct. When the vehicle stopped she drew her veil closely over her face and not noticing the tenderness with which she was lifted to the ground and assisted up the steps, was not aware that Mr. Murray, had taken a seat with the driver in order to see her safely home, until he said in a voice of forced calmness "Good night, Ida, I will see you in the morning"

Without a word in reply she rushed to her room, shut and bolted her door, and gave herself up to her grief and remorse. During the long hours of that never to be forgotten night, she walked her room sometimes, weeping and wringing her hands, then trying to control herself that she might devise some method of escape from detection. Would it be possible to deceive Ruth by denying that she knew anything of the injury to the dress? she feared not. At length in the midst of her distress a still small voice whispered, "confess your guilt and ask forgiveness." She started and gazed around the room so distinctly did the words come home to her heart, and with a fresh burst of tears she acknowledged that was her best course.

At breakfast the next morning Mr. Lang, perceived that his daughter, though pale, wore an expression of calmness which he had not seen upon her face for many months. They had not left the table when Mr. Murray, was announced, and her father after waiting a few moments and wondering at the restraint of the young couple went up to his wife's room leaving them alone.

"Mr. Murray," said Ida as soon as her father had closed the door, "I have a sad story for your ear," and without giving

him time to remonstrate, she commenced with her trip to Niagara, and gave him a faithful account of her conduct from that hour up to the events of the last evening. She made no effort to excuse herself, though her confession was not without many tears and much effort at self-control. Then rising she took from her finger the ring he had placed there, and putting it into his hand said, "I am not worthy of your love" then fearing her deep emotion should be betrayed she hastened from the room.

"Ida, Ida," he called, but she had heard her cousin Ruth enter the hall, and joined her to make a similar confession, I need not describe the scene which ensued. Ruth perceived that her cousin was really penitent and though grieved beyond measure at what had occurred yet she could but hope that the lesson would prove salutary. She also deeply sympathised with her afflicted cousin in the burst of grief which followed her announcement that Warren and she had parted forever.

My story has already far exceeded its limits, and I must hasten to a close. By the considerate care of Ruth the injury to the bridal dress was remedied by the abstraction of the soiled breadth, and on the afternoon of the same day was returned to its owner in as perfect a state as ever. But not so soon did poor Ida recover from the effects of her folly and thoughtless extravagance. Conscience at length was aroused and set in order before her the long catalogue of her sins. In vain she endeavored to throw the burden upon her parents and those who had pandered to her weakness, the small voice of the inward monitor whispered: "the fault lay in thine own heart." It was not until after a fearful struggle, continuing through many months, during which time sickness and death had entered their household, that peace at length came to her weary spirit.

Four years later, in a small but beautiful suburban cottage, a couple stands before a man of God who has just pronounced the solemn words which bind them to each other for life. "And now," he adds, "my beloved, may God keep you and bless you, and cause the light of his countenance to shine upon you and give you peace. Amen."

He ceases, and Ruth, now a happy young matron, leads up to the bridal pair an elderly man, feeble from recent illness, that he may bestow his parental blessing. Ida raises her tear-dimmed eyes to his face, and in answer to her low-spoken words of love, whispers, it is Warren's desire, dear father, as well as my own, to render your last days your best days.

In after years, when the care of young immortals was given to the young mother, she prayed earnestly for grace and wisdom to train them in the paths of virtue and strict rectitude, and if ever she perceived signs of youthful vanity in her young charge, would remind them of the sufferings she had experienced in connexion with the stolen dress.

THE BROKEN FAMILY.

BY E. ALDEN, JUNIOR.

Few are the houses in which there is no deserted chair, no memorial of the departed. Few across whose sunlight the wings of the angel of death have never cast a shadow. Here a father and his children are seen toiling on life's journey together; but the wife and mother sleeps beneath the clods of the valley. There a lone widow struggles with poverty in her unwearied exertions to train up her offspring for respectability and usefulness. And here and there,—oh! in how many households is a void in the ranks of the children. There has been mourning for the first-born” or “bitterness for the only son,” or the Joseph, or the Benjamin; perhaps both have been taken away; or as in not unfrequent instances the stricken parents have seen one after another of their buds of promise broken off until they are written childless.

But need the broken family be a desolate family. Must the deserted house continue without comfort and peace. So it seems in the freshness of affliction. We follow the loved remains of the darling objects of our affection to the cold, damp tomb; we return to behold the vacant seat; to miss the departed at every turn; to have our loss recalled by innumerable associations; and oh! it seems at times that nature must sink under the burden. The present and the future are alike

dark. Sometimes we weep. Again we cannot shed a tear. And sometimes we wonder that we feel no more. But the stricken heart does bleed. It is only an aggravation of sorrow to undervalue it, or to compare it with some other, or to divert the mind from it. "Miserable comforters" are such as pursue these methods; for "the heart knoweth his own bitterness."

But we rejoice in the counterpart of the proverb, "And a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy." Those who have peculiar trials have an opportunity to verify the promise of special consolations. The broken family may find a balm for their sorrows; and though in a subdued light and with chastened emotion, rejoice in a happy home.

The bereaved household are sustained by the assurance that the event which they deplore was brought about through the purpose and by the agency of a *Father in Heaven*. *With Him* they may still be *united*. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord:" that consolation of a deeply affected servant of God,—has since been the stay of many Christian families. It is the only solid basis of comfort, when death invades our habitations. To dwell upon second causes; to allow the mind to range the field of possibilities and the heart to mourn with regrets, is both unscriptural and unwise. While we may learn wisdom from sad experience we must look beyond nature's laws to the lawgiver; beyond mistakes and follies to the great Disposer who in his comprehensive plan, permits evil as well as wills good.

Let the Christian, too, view affliction as a special mark of divine love; a tie which draws him into *closer* union with God. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." The bereavement which clothes us with sackcloth and brings us down into the dust, is a seal of adoption to all who have evidence that God is their Father.

That tenderness of love, pity, is the feeling which our Father in Heaven exhibits "towards them that fear him." When God is seen presiding over the darkness of a stricken household, when his presence is felt, shining forth in the sovereignty of a compassionate Father who loves his children too well to allow them to worship idols, pamper self and for-

get him, the source of all good ; this glimpse of paternal love, throws across the gloom the light of penitence, faith, gratitude, and love. Darkness and desolation are dissipated by the enlivening beams of the sun of righteousness. All households are permitted to look away and behold the hand of God in afflictions. All christian families verify the promises.

The bereaved household are comforted in living more earnestly *for the welfare of the survivors*. Death divides : and yet rightly improved becomes *a bond of union to the living*. Nature indeed bids us retire into the chamber and nurse our grief. It makes us selfish in our sorrows. It tempts us to feel that no one was ever smitten as we have been ; no friend is like the one who has departed. To give way to such emotions is self-torture : or at best, a refined kind of selfishness which leads us away both from the love of God and man. This was not the course of David after “ the child died.” God has taken away our idol. Shall we worship the memory of that idol and thus rebel against God. Shall we forget our surviving friends. Shall we fail in sympathy with others who are bereaved. We may weep, but we must not wail. We may, we ought to sacredly cherish the memory of our departed, but we may not do this to the neglect of the living. But when affections are sanctified, they lead us to love the dead no less, but the living more. A tenderness and sympathy diffused throughout the household, a readiness to bear and to forbear with weakness and a disposition to minister to every want, increase our mutual happiness by deepening its character, although the number of its participants is diminished, it gains in depth what it loses in expansion. And a truly chastened spirit extends its sympathies beyond the threshold of home or the circle of relatives. It feels for all in affliction. And the reciprocal action of love, and the mutual interchange of kindly offices by members of different families, increases the chastened joy of a family, as they employ their sorrows as motives to action instead of permitting them to subside in sentimental selfishness.

The broken family are often comforted *in hope of reunion beyond the grave*, not always : for we are now uttering words of true consolation, not of false peace. But when a child of

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the covenant is taken away, the believing parent has solid ground of hope of meeting that dear child in "a home high up in heaven." When a venerated parent who has long been a faithful witness for his Saviour, is removed, the children of that sainted father or mother, mourn not for the departed. When a beloved brother or sister falls "asleep in Jesus," we cannot doubt that we shall meet that dear companion of our childhood again. We may sometimes apply the words of one of Wesley's hymns in a literal sense,

"One *family*.—we dwell in him :"
"Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream of death."

As God seems to fit for the great change those whom he is about to remove ; as he frequently takes the lambs of the flock and suddenly houses them while we are slowly guiding them towards the fold ; as there appears to be truth in the oft quoted words, "The good die first ;" we may be frequently comforted with the hope of reunion. Yet the thoughtful and candid Christian does not cherish this hope, any more than of personal salvation without evidence. And the follower of God, who reads the promises and in answer to fervent prayer, obtains the presence of the Comforter, can always say, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted ; that I might learn thy statutes." A christian household is led near to God by affliction. Its members love each other and labor more for each other than ever before. The saints in heaven, standing on a sea of glass, sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, and rejoice in the glory of God as exhibited in the overthrow of all allied with Pharaoh and his hosts. We may have neglected to pray and labor for the salvation of a beloved friend who died without an interest in Christ. Friends depart whose exit from this life of probation, is unspeakably painful to the natural feelings. Yet every family in bereavement may be comforted, consolation comes through confession of remissness ; repentance of the sins which occasioned discipline ; and unwavering assurance that the Judge of all the earth will do right.

WOMAN'S MISSION.

BY MRS. M. G. BRUTON.

Woman's mission is truly one of love and labor ; yet by many of the opposite sex she is regarded as the idol ; and they, the worshippers. They elevate her to the pedestal and bow down before her. They look upon her as a being formed to amuse them in their leisure moments ; but too delicate and precious to be subjected to the slightest hardship or toil.

On the other hand some regard her as being capable of aspiring to nothing higher than a domestic slave or nurse of their sick-room. While others are so sensitive in regard to their own rights that they would rather keep woman a jewelled captive in a bower of roses than to see her elevated to her true position in society, as a social and thinking being.

Then again we hear some of our fair sisters loudly calling for the right of suffrage, the right to have endowed colleges of *their own*, in short to stand first where man stands in the political world.

Now all of these are mistaken views of woman's mission. We would neither be regarded as a slave, doll, nor lawgiver. In the first two cases we would be deprived of our right as intellectual and social beings ; in the third there would be aspirations for public applause unbecoming the modest dignity and delicacy of woman. Yet we cannot believe that this love of sway with which woman is so often taunted is natural to her. In her the affections predominate, and were she properly trained her greatest desire would be to labor where they could have full development. With her from infancy to womanhood there is an instinctive tendency to look to the strong mind for counsel, to lean upon the strong arm for protection: This too often leads her to commit her all of faith, hope and love to some one who is unworthy of the trust.

It seems to have been the original design of the Creator that woman should be the helpmate of man. We infer from this that her most efficient field of labor is within the sacred precincts of home. Here she may exercise her most powerful

weapons, the affections, both to her own pleasure and that of him who is dear to her as life. The silent resistless influences of home, well ordered, is woman's true glory; and if it be as the poet sings, that "domestic happiness is the only true bliss that has escaped the fall," how important that woman should turn her attention to her true field of labor and preserve this relic of pristine glory inviolate by a careful and prayerful performance of her high and holy duties. Instead of being content with leading a life of dependence and indulging weakness; or stepping forth upon the arena of strife, she should make her home and fireside a quiet, sweet sanctuary for less favored ones, who must mingle among the jarring and conflicting elements of the world.

In order that woman may perform the responsible duties resting upon her, it is necessary that she cultivate a firm and holy character. To wait, labor and love, truly, devotedly, through joy and sorrow, from girlhood to womanhood, from womanhood to declining age, woman *must* possess force of character corresponding to these great requirements. Yet alas! how many there are who grow up ignorant of all their obligations and with no stability of character as though they expected to live on fogs and sunbeams. Man pursues these pretty flutterers from flower to flower until he secures the prize; for awhile he takes pleasure in gazing upon his helpless captive and gratifies his vanity in exhibiting her to others; of this however he soon becomes weary and begins to look for something more intrinsically valuable than mere external beauty. He finds that he is badly treated when he searches for the qualities of the industrious bee in his pretty butterfly. The feeble, helpless thing that sentimental poets and visionaries would make woman, might suit the climes where she is immured in a harem, amused with baubles, decorated with fine clothes and jewels, to be the toy of some ignorant tyrant, but woman in our enlightened land is expected to be the *intelligent, efficient help-mate* of man.

The want of cheerful self-dependence in woman is one great cause of so many unhappy homes. The daughter suffers her mother to rise in the morning and superintend or perform the

duties of the family while she is reposing on her pillow—she passes her days in soothing her imagination with visions of a life of luxury and ease, a fond husband who will gratify her every whim, who will be blind to her faults and exaggerate her virtues. She experiences a delightful compliance in viewing herself in the flattering mirror held up before her and fancies herself a perfect model of what men wishes woman to be. But alas ! when she assumes the solemn duties of life she finds to her sorrow, that after all, man expects something more of her than to be a mere parlor ornament. The lover in his days of courtship may flatter his affiance instead of teaching her truth ; but after she has promised to obey him, he will tell her that however *well* the idle visions of romance may suit girlhood, that the sober duties of reality are expected from a wife.

Then let every woman feel it to be her highest duty to strive after moral greatness of character, and let parents aid her in this endeavor. Were the intellectual faculties of woman developed and strengthened by proper culture there would be no occasion to reproach her with mental imbecility. And were industry, self-reliance and energy as carefully fostered as indolence and helplessness generally are, she would reveal a strength of character, of which she is now deemed quite incapable. Let the women of the present day imitate those who have shown themselves to be models of female greatness, among whom may be found Mary the mother of Washington.

WOMEN'S SPHERE OF ACTION.

BY JAMES THOMPSON.

This be the female dignity and praise ;
To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn ;
To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page ;
To lend new flavor to the fruitful year,
And heighten nature's dainties ; in their race
To rear their graces into second life ;
To give society its highest taste ;
To make well-ordered home man's best delight ;
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
With every gentle care-eluding art,
To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
And sweeten all the toils of human life.

MERIT APPRECIATED.

BY ESTELLE.

“Home of my youth, I have come to thee,
To kneel once more by thy altar tree,
And stand yet again on thy mountain top,
And drink from thy fountain the cooling drop;
I have come thy forest haunts to tread,
And breathe the balm of thy violet bed,
And view the rock where in childhood’s day,
I sported the noon-tide hours away.”

Do you see that cottage by the brook, with its porch overhung with evergreen, its white curtains draped back, and every window filled with happy faces.”

That is the home of the sweet and modest Mary Allen, and this is her wedding day. She is to marry one who can appreciate her worth, and who will take to his home and his heart a wife who, although portionless in land and money, will yet bring to him a rich dowry in all that goes to make up the true loving woman whose virtuous principles would make any man rich beyond what this world’s goods can bestow.

But let us enter the house and softly; for the man of God has just commenced that ceremony which shall unite the pair before him for life. In sickness and in health, in prosperity and in adversity, they are henceforth to cleave to each other and to bear each other’s burdens. That pair feel deeply the solemnity of the vows they are taking upon themselves, and as their beloved pastor addresses to them a few words of advice and affection tears flow from their eyes.

But the prayer is offered, and all, with the good pastor, (who loves to see his flock enjoy themselves in a rational manner) engage in conversation, and the younger people in innocent sports becoming their years. We will leave them a moment while I will tell you the history of the wedded pair.

Mary had the misfortune to lose her parents when very young, and as no one claimed the little orphan she was sent to the village poor house. “A sad lot,” say you. “Yes, sad in many respects; but those who strive to do right will always find friends. So at last it was with little Mary, who never forgot the counsels of her mother. She was at length loved

by the matron of the establishment and by its inmates. How could they avoid loving so sweet a child who was ever so forgetful of herself and so desirous to administer to their comfort!

When Mary was twelve years of age Mr. Brown, one of the overseers, saw her, and being a widower and childless, he resolved to adopt her as his own. And he did not regret that step, for a more grateful, devoted child never blessed the declining years of any parent. William Parker saw Mary first in the choir at church, for she was a sweet singer, and the tones of her voice, together with the deep feeling which she manifested as she sang the songs of Zion, made him think that she had a heart attuned to praise and full of generous and noble feeling. A further acquaintance confirmed this belief, and, although he possessed houses and land, yet he hesitated not to take for his wife the good but portionless Mary, believing that her true worth was of far more value than a wealthy but thoughtless bride who cared only for the treasures of earth.

Many were surprised at his choice, and the Squire's wife wondered, for her part, what he could see in a girl taken from the poor house to make him overlook her daughters, who were far more stylish and had money in abundance. As a general thing, however, all rejoiced in the good fortune of the orphan, whom they could not help loving, for she was ever ready to weep with them when they wept, and to rejoice with them when they rejoiced.

But to return to the bridal guests, how happy they all look, yet there is a tear in the eye of Mr. Brown, who, although he rejoices in the happiness of his child, yet he cannot help thinking how lonely his fireside will be without his protegee. There is a pleasant surprise in store for him, and also for the bride, for William has thought of the old man's loneliness and he will not rob him of his treasure without a compensation. He whispers a few words in Mr. Brown's ear, and whose eye at once lights up with joy as he accepts the offer made him to come and live with the wedded pair, and be a father to both as he has so long been to one of the parties. And what is it

that causes the gentle bride's eyes to fill with tears of joy. William has not forgotten her happiness, and with true delicacy he has concealed from her the plan which has for a long time been in his mind, that of purchasing and fitting up the home where her parents died, and which he has so frequently heard her express a desire to possess.

But we must leave them ; beautiful exemplification of the sentiment that true merit is appreciated and rewarded. They must be happy, for religion and true affection will make them so.

Editor's Miscellany.

BIBLICAL NOTES.

"In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity consider : God also hath set the one over against the other, to the end that man should find nothing after him." — Ecc. vii: 14.

PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY,

OR, HARD TIMES MADE EASY.

CHAPTER I.

The cry of "*hard times*" meets us on every hand ; the report of suspensions, failures, bankruptcies and great losses goes forth in a thousand journals. Fortunes in vast number are carried down by this vortex. The hearts of many fail them for fear. Strong men tremble ; financiers are at their wit's end ; capitalists search in vain for safety, and look with alarm on riches extending their wings and flying away. But it was not always ; indeed it was not lately so. We were made for *prosperity* and have enjoyed it. Man was created free from such embarrassments and misfortunes, placed primarily in Eden to dress the garden and to keep it, and authorized to expect competence and comfort as the reward of his painless and delightful labor. His original transgression violated the law of success and of prosperity and subjected him to pain, disappoint-

ment, adversity, death ; it brought a curse on the beasts of the field and on the ground more deeply to impress on him the guilt and wretchedness of his posterity.

But redemption mitigated that curse, and gave him a second probation, in which justice and mercy meet, righteousness and peace embrace, and in which the law of success is so modified by that of failure as to secure a wholesome discipline, as to remind him of the greatness of his loss, of the insecurity of all earthly things, and of the necessity of laying up treasures in heaven. For this purpose every vegetable product has its destroyer, whose ravages call for constant vigilance, and every species of earthly possession has its exposure and insecurity. With the exceptions which these create, productive industry is still rewarded, the agriculturist's toil ensures a crop, and the laborer has his hire in all honorable pursuits. A prosperous agriculture is oil to the machinery of life ; it makes thriving arts, commerce, manufactures.

From this primitive source of individual comfort, national wealth and power has arisen, the unparalleled prosperity of the United States for the last ten or twenty years. Our crops have been abundant ; our barns filled with plenty ; our merchandise has found a ready market at a remunerating price ; our national territory has doubled ; our mines have poured out their inexhaustible treasures ; our fisheries have been lucrative ; our arts and manufactures have yielded a rich reward ; the sails of our prosperous commerce whitened every sea ; the improvements of yesterday been supplanted by those of to-day ; inventive genius has filled the patent office with models ; the hum of productive industry has circled our hills and been wafted by propitious breezes through our vallies ; success has rolled in upon either shore of the Republic ; the tide of immigration, in its westward course, has passed through the ravines and defiles of the Rocky Mountains, and mingled with the waves that lave the Pacific shore ; enterprise has taken wing ; the wilderness has budded and blossomed as the rose ; the desert has become a garden ; air, earth, water, heat, lightning have been made to work for us ; the poor of yesterday have become the capitalists and bankers of to-day ; fortunes suddenly made have been invested in bolder enterprises of ac-

quisition, in more adventurous speculations ; and, as a natural consequence, fashion has whirled even to giddiness ; luxury and extravagance abounded ; speculation has taxed invention ; all, all have fancied themselves rich ; and, in the infatuation of the moment, we have thought there was no limit to the expansion of trade or of the American system.

CHAPTER II.

But the wheel of fortune has suddenly turned. *Adversity* has overtaken us, a commercial embarrassment which has no parallel in history ; the cry of distress, notes of lamentation and of woe fall upon our ear from the mart of business. Hard times are in the city and the country, at every point of the compass, in the cottage of the poor and the palace of the rich. Large operators, who were thought independent, have been constrained to ask for extension ; most of our banks have suspended specie payment ; speculators are caught in their own traps ; and, however we may rejoice in this latter result, yet we cannot but weep and mourn to see commercial houses, which have stood deservedly high in public confidence, and which were thought independent, crippled and destroyed — to see our manufactories closed which gave employment to thousands who were dependent upon their labor for their daily bread, who consequently look with alarm on the approaching winter and ask with painful solicitude how they are to be warmed, fed, clothed ! the cloud has been long gathering and a provident few have provided against it, having perceived in the ascending scale of exorbitant prices, in the large excess of our imports over our exports, in the constant afflux of specie to pay our foreign debt, the sure signs of its approach. But to the mass its approach was unexpected and sudden ; the first they know, this gale struck them, and the violence of the tempest was on them, increasing with every moment till the sea and the waves roar and the earth shakes with the mighty commotion.

In such an extremity we ought to look after the safety of ourselves and of those dependent on us ; and as the fury of the blast passes and gives us space for reflection we ought also to inquire for the causes of this calamity that we may avoid them

in future ; we ought to search diligently for a remedy for this disease. "In the day of adversity consider." We inquire for the cause of sickness only to aid us in the selection and application of appropriate remedies. The province of the secular press is to describe accurately the true sources of this evil, that of the religious press and of the pulpit is more extensive. They must not only define these but lead the thoughts of men to their sins and to repentance, to duty and to God. They must not only point out the way of safety, but exhort and persuade men to walk in it.

This calamity, this putting out the sun of prosperity and leaving us in adversity's dark and cold shade is not the result of accident, a mere fortuity. It has its proper place in the wise and benevolent purpose of the Lord. "Shall there be evil in the city, and the Lord hath not done it?" "God maketh poor and maketh rich ; to him belong the issues of life," the treasures of earth. He is Lord of all.

That is a superficial view which ascribes this evil entirely to our banks, to our tariff, to our free institutions, for, however any of these may have contributed to the result, or hastened and aggravated it ; yet these, like every other governmental institution, are what the wishes of the people make them. Our government is a social compact ; our laws, the exponents of the people's will, of their habits. These are our monarch, elected once in four years. Our President, laws, and free institutions are creations of this power. They are altogether a secondary formation ; the old red sandstone and the granite lie deeper.

In a free, elective, and Protestant government like our own, where such a result is reached readily and without the restraints imposed by monarchies and hierarchies, and where, of course, the remedy is more accessible and easier of application, if not more efficient, the human sources of the evil are to be found in the heart of the body politic, in the desires and habits of the people. Every American citizen, every man, woman, and child has a share in it, and has contributed thereto. It calls us all, therefore, to reflection, self-examination, possibly to repentance and humility.

Among the affections and customs which have procured it, I

assign a prominent place to that *selfishness* which is so evident in trade, and which a distinguished American Divine* calls the essence of depravity, to that *covetousness* which inspiration pronounces idolatry, to that *inordinate love of the world* which God condemns as incompatible with the service of Christ. You may give these milder names, calling them love of acquisition, ambition, desire of independence; you may even dignify them with titles of honor, styling them benevolent, wise, great; but uniform them as you will, they have been destroyers of our prosperity, they have crippled our literary, moral, philanthropic and Christian enterprises, and have created a preference for display rather than for worth, for civil engineering and trade before classical or religious learning, for railroad stocks before deposits in the bank of faith, for Mammon before the living God.

Another of the causes of these hard times is an *idolatry of fashion*, fickle as the wind. Pardon this implied reproach of the element which, in some latitudes, and sometimes even here blows quite steadily in one direction for successive days and weeks while the style of hats and bonnets, of coats and dresses undergoes several revolutions, and that too not for the relief of necessity, not for the increase of convenience and comfort, no, not even for conformity to standards of correct taste, but merely for the sake of appearance, for the momentary adornment of a lump of clay. perchance, to vie with an invidious rival. Alas! there is too little inquiry at our furnishing houses for the "modest apparel" which Paul recommended. Not enough of our maidens and matrons adorn themselves "with good works," the only uniform of the sacramental host. Alas! it is these twenty dollar handkerchiefs, these shawls at five hundred dollars, the sets of furs at a thousand dollars, these costly laces and dress-patterns, these gems and jewels in gold caskets, that make the times hard, and the hearts of the men and women who set their affections on them still harder. These foster bad passions and habits, encourage excessive importations in the departments to which they belong, and a transgression of the precept,

* Dr. Emmons.

"I will that women adorn themselves not with brodered hair, or gold, or pearls, or COSTLY ARRAY."

Another of these causes is *luxurious living*, not so much in our daily house fare as abroad, and on special occasions, in banquets, at entertainments, assemblies and levees, in saloons, steamboats and hotels, vying with each other in whatever can tempt appetite. This wild game at fifty cents a pound, these cigars at ninepence a piece, this wine at one dollar or three dollars a bottle, this brandy at ten dollars a gallon, these tropical and foreign fruits worth almost their weight in gold; these and other articles like them tend to make us and our children followers of Epicurus, worshippers of Bacchus and other heathen deities rather than disciples of Christ. How unlike our fathers whose steady habits and simple fare made them grasp and hold the helm of the ship and the handle of the plough and sword with a firm and steady hand.

Closely allied to this is the *speed mania*, the desire of every man for a railroad direct to his own door, a preference for express and lightning trains, the passion of fast men and boys, for fast horses, a love of haste, of quick time. The machinery of modern society moves with such fearful speed that a reflecting observer is constrained to exclaim, "Oh, what if that belt or shaft should break!"

"Never mind the red hot axle on which the fervid wheel turns" cries the popular voice, "if we do but make or anticipate our time. Minutes must be saved."

In vain is the response, "but property is in danger, life in jeopardy!"

They put on steam, and in their headlong rush forget the command of God, "thou shall not kill."

We are an extravagant people, over-driving, over-working, over-doing everything except humility and benevolence. We over-trade and over-reach; we build our houses too high, place too many observatories on the top, too many mortgages at the foundation; we construct them on the sand, no wonder they do not well endure the winds or storms. We endeavor to serve God by proxy. We build a church, mortgage it to some prince of this world and then by dedication give it to God; we

settle a minister to pay a debt, and if he does not serve the term, unsettle him and obtain another who can serve Mammon better. We were fast becoming an extravagant, worldly, wicked nation. We deserved restraint, rebuke, chastisement; and behold they are upon us.

CHAPTER III.

God has visited us for our sins. We have put our faith in merchandise, stocks, capital, securities, corporations, when we ought to have trusted in the Lord of hosts; and now he takes away our idols, because he is a jealous God, and he would have our affections centered more upon him. When we abuse prosperity he sends adversity in its place. "He has set the one over against the other," and often renders the space short and easy of transit between them.

Both are essential parts of his moral government over his erring creatures; as necessary for their good and his glory as day and night, summer and winter, propitious breezes, and furious tempests, are for the vegetable and animal kingdoms.

The oak does not flourish well in a green house; it loves the free air and open cultivation; it needs to be rocked by the wind and pelted by the storm to make it strike its roots deep and oppose a firmer trunk to the blast. A novice may guide a vessel in safety before a fair wind and over a smooth sea. But great nautical skill is required to navigate a ship in a tempest when the ocean boils like a seething pot. The men who out-ride this commercial storm will derive a rich experience and command a confidence which they could not otherwise have acquired. This is one of those afflictions which God has promised shall work together for good to them that love and honor him. At such a crisis we need men who can commune with the Patriarch of Uz, when the objects of his earthly hopes perished, "The Lord gave; and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord"—men who can walk through the busy mart where the countenances of tradesmen are blanched with fear, soliloquizing in the words of Israel's sweet Psalmsist "Why art thou cast down, O my soul! why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance"—men

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who can pray with the Jewish Lawgiver in hard times, "Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil"—Christian men who will cry in the ear of their panic-stricken brethren, "all things are yours, whether the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours, and ye are Christ's and Christ is God's,—men who will declare "the law of God's mouth to be better than thousands of gold and silver;" and pray "O Lord, teach us out of thy law, until a pit be digged for the wicked!"

I know it may be suggested, "does God punish the righteous with the wicked?" It may be said in truth, "honest merchants fail. This mill-stone is not confined alone to the neck of the prodigal and the spend-thrift." Three considerations relieve this objection; first, justice is but imperfectly displayed in the present life, and in probation; many things are disciplinary, evidently designed to nurture us for a higher and better state;—secondly, God in adversity does not treat the honest merchant who fails, worse, but better, incomparably better than he deserves;—and thirdly, by the calamity of such a man God teaches him, and those about him, many valuable lessons which could not be communicated so effectually in any other way. He has wise and benevolent purposes to accomplish, by suffering these hard times to visit us. "*He has set the one over against the other to THE END that man should find nothing after him.*" By this commercial embarrassment, by this alternation of adversity with prosperity, he would deeply impress on our minds our own immortality, the vanity and insecurity of all earthly things. How forcibly He illustrates these sentiments by a state of society resembling the surface of a northern ocean in a storm, where iceburgs dance like dolphins amidst merchant vessels that are suddenly dashed to pieces and engulfed; where the elements war with each other; and where faith and hope can rely securely only in Him who makes the cloud his chariot, and whose voice commanded the waves of Galilee to rest. Such is the ocean we navigate; and if you would learn the value of property in this exposure ask those who escaped from the wreck of the steamer "*Central America*," and who saw their comrades strew gold as dust upon the briny deck, unable to purchase

with it, either safety or a moment's delay of impending death. There the treasures of earth have lost both their relative and their specific value, and have become a vanity and a burden, while the soul's amazing worth and the treasures of heaven assert their just claim to human regard. We talk of *perfect* security and independence, but the latter is found only in God; and the former, only in the things of his kingdom. At such a time that man only is sure who despises a suretyship. No deposit is safe, but in the bank of faith. The revolutions of the wheel of fortune may convert all bills receivable into those payable, and therefore perhaps ruinous, except the promissory notes of Heaven. These are always honored at maturity; these are the only notes always and everywhere good.

CHAPTER IV.

In an embarrassment like the present, when fortunes are lost in a day, when manufactories are closed, when merchandise is locked up in ware-rooms and store-houses, to preserve it from ruin, when suspensions and failures are innumerable and Mammon trembles and falls like the idols in Dagon's temple, God makes bare his arm to teach us *his original proprietorship* and *our mere stewardship*. He repeats the declaration, "Every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. I know all the fowls of the mountains, the wild beasts of the field are mine. If I were hungry, I would not tell thee, for the world is mine and the fulness thereof." We, like our first Father, are proprietors at will, mere stewards of divine bounty. What we call ours belongs to Him; and when we appropriate it to ourselves exclusively and with it, feed selfishness, covetousness and worldlymindedness, he takes away the idol that we may see his hand, acknowledge his claim and humble ourselves before him.

When he scatters the property which *an inordinate love of acquisition* has accumulated, scatters it as chaff is driven by the wind, He repeats to us his will requiring *the diffusion of earthly possessions and comforts*. That will he has plainly revealed not only by appointing man lord of this world, but by causing the earth and its treasures to be originally shared in nearly

equal proportions between the sons of Noah its second proprietor,—by that provision of the Levitical law relating to jubilee which on the fifteenth year (Lev. 25.) released every Israelite sold into voluntary servitude or enslaved to discharge his debts and which made all property, however encumbered, revert to its original proprietor or to his lineal male descendants, a provision which not only kept every tribe and family distinct, but prevented the existence of a perpetual and abject peasantry, of pauperism and consequent misery, and secured general competence and comfort;—by making the jubilee which prophets and the New Testament writers call “the acceptable year of the Lord,” (Isa. 61 : 1, 2.) a type of the Messiah’s reign and of the whole Christian dispensation—but, above all, by such commercial revolutions and embarrassments as the present. Wherever legislation, trade and the habits of society tend inappropriately to widen the distance between the rich and the poor, to aggrandise the few and to impoverish the many, wherever there are no incrusts of forms of monarchy or hierarchy to modify and regulate this tendency, but wherever free institutions accelerate the action of this principle, and aid large and sudden accumulations, not the most conducive to the largest amount of human happiness, nor the most harmonious with Heaven’s design, there God sends adversity. By these failures, the poor have little or nothing to lose, while the capital of the rich is reduced, and property, though not equalized, (a result perhaps neither desirable nor possible,) more generally diffused.

These hard times tend to rectify *wrongs in our system of credit*. They use up or restrain the men who, on a capital of ten thousand dollars invested in merchandize, which they sell or exchange once a year, do an annual business of one hundred thousand, and thereby expose to loss in that time ninety thousand dollars of the property of their fellow men. If a man has negotiable paper which he has endorsed to cover the larger of these sums, his endorsement is really good for only the smaller of these amounts. If he received that paper from others as good or even better than himself, yet what security has society and monetary institutions that they too are not playing the same game? Thus a

vast amount of fictitious capital is created, and for a period business is transacted upon it, as if it were property of intrinsic worth, but when times are hard, men fail on these bills receivable because they never represented a real value. The bubble burst by the expansion of the air which inflated it.

This is man's way of giving and receiving credit; God's is safer and better. By inspiration he taught his peculiar people, if they borrowed property to lodge pledges for full amount with their creditors—pledges which the latter could appropriate to themselves, provided the debt was not paid. These were valid securities, consisting of lands, houses, cattle, flocks, products furniture, ornaments, and all kinds of merchandise, of personal service and personal liberty, till jubilee. The property so pledged was generally for the time in the creditor's power and could not be touched by the debtor till its redemption. The principle of this law is incorporated with the New Testament, and adopted by Christ and his Apostles, who say, "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," property to whom property is due; "Owe no man anything," extend not your liabilities beyond your capital. Where this principle reigns, there is, there can be no overtrading. This law excludes it.

But I must close. If I have already taxed your patience too long, the importance of the theme and its pertinence to our times furnish my apology. I will merely prescribe a few *rules* which this discussion suggests *for making hard times easy*.

Seek the general welfare more, the aggrandizement of the individual, and personal interest, less.

Strive to reduce our credit system to a Scriptural standard, to owe no man anything but love.

Pray with Agur, "give me neither poverty nor riches," and in the words of Jesus, "give us day by day our daily bread."

Having food and raiment, competence and comfort, let us be therewith content, contentment is a diamond in the Christian's crown.

But to prayer and contentment, we must add exertion. Find something usefully to do, and then do it diligently, perseveringly.

Among the pursuits of honest industry to which the Allwise and Infinite has promised a reward, give a decided preference to the arts of production in trade to the useful over the ornamental, in education, to the zeal over the idol, and in all things to substance over shadows.

Let the consumer commence as closely as possible with the producer, and dispense with as many as possible of the multitude who strive to stand between them, and to live by speculation on the labor and products of the one, and by professing to serve the convenience of the other. We may have too many overseers, operators, adventurers, mere functionaries—too many idlers and busy bodies; too little obedience to the precept addressed to each, “six days shalt *thou* work.” Ride less, walk and work more.

Commence retrenchment with superfluities, and extravagance in dress and equipage, with luxuries injurious to health, with a return towards Puritan simplicity.

Seek the treasures of heaven with an assiduity and a zeal suited to their amazing importance; this alone can make prosperity safe, and will tend to revere it, since Godliness has the promise of the life which now is, and that which is to come.

A BURIAL DIRGE.

We lay thee, Ella, in the grave,
Where once entombed the Saviour lay,
Here sweet thy rest, and calm thy sleep,
For many a day.

And we will drop affection's tear,
And bless thy mem'ry, dearest one;
Nor will we murmur that thy life
Has closed so soon.

Here rest thee, darling, undisturbed,
The green turf be thy infant tomb.
Awhile and we'll come to thee,
And all go home.

To that glad home of bliss in Heaven,
Where Jesus sits enthroned above,
And welcomes all the blood-bought throng,
To prove his love.





THE ANGEL OF THE LORD APPEARING TO JOSEPH IN A DREAM

By J. G. Thompson



THE ORANGE RASPBERRY

